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FEMALE CHARACTERS OF GOETHE AND SHAKSPEARE.

1. *Aus meinem Leben, Wahrheit und Dichtung.* GOETHE'S *Sammtliche Werke.* (Truth and Fiction from my Life ; GOETHE'S collected Works.) Vols. xx., xxi., xxii. 1840.
2. FREIEISEN (J. C.) *Die beiden Friederiken in Sesenheim.* (The Two Friederikas in Sesenheim.) 1838.
3. NÄKE (A. F.) *Wallfahrt nach Sesenheim, herausgegeben von VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.* (Pilgrimage to Sesenheim, VARNHAGEN VON ENSE.) 1840.
4. PUDOR, *über GOETHE'S Iphigenie, ein Ästhetisch-literarischer Versuch.* (On GOETHE'S *Iphigenia*, an *Æsthetic-literary Essay.*) 1842.
5. F. LEWITZ, *über GOETHE'S Torquato Tasso.* 1839.
6. LÖRING'S *Leben Goethe's.* (Life of Goethe.) 1840.
7. Schiller *über Egmont.* (Trauerspiel von GOETHE.) *Sämmtliche Werke.* Bd. 12. 1839.
8. *Characteristics of Women.* By MRS. JAMESON. 2 vols. 1846.

CARLYLE said, in his Hero Worship, that the appreciation of Goethe in this country must be left to future times ; and when he made the remark, there seemed reason enough for it. We well remember ten or fifteen years ago, the difficulty with which Goethe's very name was pronounced by Englishmen. What was to become of the *h* in the middle, or the *e* at the end, no one could tell ; and the diphthong was an obstacle as insurmountable as the Pentagramma on the threshold of Faust's study. All this, however, has been changed within the last few years, and there is not now a boarding-school girl of fifteen, to whom the name of the great German bard is not as familiar as that of her own music-master. Whether much real progress has been made in penetrating the deeper nature of the profoundest of poets, is a question which we shall

not attempt here to answer. In many respects it may be that he still continues, to the majority of our reading public, as great a mystery as he was before ; and there are not a few points of view in which he is, and, we believe, will continue to be, a mystery to the Germans themselves. But although we may be disposed to dismiss a portion of Goethe's writings as incomprehensible for the present, and to regard other parts of them as not without the need of those commentaries which they have so largely received at the hands of his countrymen, both in the shape of lectures and of books,\* we

\* We give the following as a specimen of the industry with which the Germans have commented on the Faust alone :—*Carus*, Briefe über Goethe's Faust, 1836 ; *Deyck's* (F.) Andeutungen über Sinn und Zusammenhang des 1ten und 2ten Theils der Tragödie Faust, 1837 ; *Düntzer*, Goethe's Faust in seiner Einheit und Ganzheit dargestellt, 1836 ; *Ent*,

should do little justice to the many-sidedness which so remarkably characterizes him if we forgot that, whilst he is the deepest and the most abstruse, he is also the most popular of all modern poets. He has a language for the many as well as for the few; and the avenues which lead to the temple in which he has preserved the hidden treasures of his genius, are strewed with the fairest and the tenderest flowers. Whilst we are marvelling at the almost prophetic sagacity with which he enters into the feelings of a learned misanthrope, in whose eyes knowledge has become worthless from its very familiarity, we are, by a gradual and insensible transition, led to weep over the sorrows of a village maiden who has stumbled on the very threshold of life and enjoyment. In one page we have matter which may give pause to the most thoughtful—the next transports us from the region of intelligence into the very innermost recesses of the natural heart. It would be no easy task to determine with which of these two departments of our nature Goethe was most thoroughly conversant. In the general case we find that men who have cultivated to a very great extent their intellectual faculties, either in order that they may apply them to some department of learning or science, or that, as metaphysicians, they may make them the subject of their own contemplations, have done so to the almost entire exclusion of their affections and their passions. They are for the most part, amiable, and even kind-hearted; for this simple reason, that, giving themselves little trouble about the love or the hatred of others, and their evil propensities being curbed by their continual occupations, the kindlier feelings which preponderate in most natures are left to a free and unconscious exercise. They seldom mingle at all in the affairs of life, because they take little interest in them either one way or another; and if they do so it is generally on the side of friendship, because it is less troublesome, on the whole, to do a kindness than an injury—the latter can always be omitted with advantage, and the “laissez aller” is their rule in such mat-

ters, to which they do not willingly make an exception. Poets and romancers, on the other hand, and all that class of men whose aim is happiness rather than knowledge, are usually, almost entirely, the creatures of impulse—their converse is with the affairs of the heart—they are dragged hither and thither by their passions—they cannot live without sympathy—and even hatred is less intolerable than indifference. As examples of this class, Rousseau and Byron at once suggest themselves. Under neither of these categories can Goethe be ranked, for, in truth, he belonged almost equally to both. With the single exception of his profession, which was the Law, there was, we believe, no department of mental exertion, even the most unpoetical, in which he had not labored vigorously during some period or other of his long life.

In these multifarious occupations he engaged, not as the impulse of the moment might direct, but as he considered most suitable for the preservation of his mental equanimity. Thus, on the occasion of Schiller's death, he shut himself up in his house, and for days applied himself to scientific research. Even his works of imagination were engaged in, less with a view to the gratification than to the government of his passions. *Werther's Leiden*, it is well known, were written for the purpose—and had the effect of forcing the mind of the author from that morbid sentimentality so characteristic of many of his countrymen. In his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, he mentions that so early as during his residence in Leipsic, he formed the habit of turning whatever exalted or depressed him, or otherwise much affected him, into a picture or poem in order, he says, as it were to balance accounts with his own mind—to set himself to rights with the external world. His aversion to violent emotions he is said to have inherited from his mother; but whencesoever it came, the mode which he adopted to preserve the mastery over his feelings, whilst it proved their strength, shows, at the same time, how little he was disposed to be their slave. His whole life indeed, seems to have been a series of mental observations and psychological experiments; and his own emotions he regarded only as the means of enabling him to become more intimately acquainted with what he wished to study, and to portray. His true position was that of an observer; and the duties belonging to it he was equally ready to exercise upon himself and upon

Briefe über Goethe's Faust, 1837; Falk, Goethe im persönlichen Umgange; Lucas (Dr.) Ueber den dichterischen Plan von Goethe's Faust; Rauch, Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, 1832; Schönborn (Dr. G.), Zur Verständigung über Goethe's Faust, 1838; Schubarth, Vorlesungen über Goethe's Faust, 1830; Weisse (C. H.), Kritik und Erläuterungen des Faust, 1837; Rotzcher, Der Zweite Theil des Goethischen Faust, 1840.



others. Had the emotional part of his nature been less powerful than it was, the range of his observation would have been narrowed; had it been less under subjection, the power of observing would have been lost. As it was, he had the faculty of immediately converting the subjective into the objective; and the marvellous truth of the latter is no doubt in a great measure to be attributed to the intensity of the former. In him we have the singular, and, we believe, unparalleled phenomenon, of the enthusiastic temperament of a poet united with the faculties of a cool and dispassionate observer. It is no doubt difficult to conceive the union of elements usually so antagonistic; and to those who are partially acquainted with the works of Goethe, but who have devoted little attention to the study of his most singular character, it will seem incredible that beings so perfectly natural, often so childlike in their simplicity as the imaginary characters whom we everywhere meet in his pages, should be the creations of an observer. The difficulty lies in continually bearing in mind, that whilst he observed he also sympathized. If he had been a mere vulgar observer,—one, that is, who is continually on the watch for phenomena, he would, like most men of that character, have made few discoveries, for the very simple reason, that he would have had little to observe; while on the other hand, if he had been a man of emotion and passion merely, his characters like those of Byron, would have been colored by the medium of his own imagination, through which, and through which alone, he would have seen them. But, uniting in himself the apparently incompatible elements of the one character and of the other, the seeming paradox was explained, and what he felt intensely, he saw and painted in the light of nature alone. We may picture to ourselves Goethe the philosopher, sitting serene upon a rock, looking quietly down upon the troubled sea which agitated the heart of Goethe the man.

It is to this double nature, if we may so speak, and to the unwearied perseverance with which he availed himself of the advantages which it gave him, that we have to ascribe the wonderful truth of Goethe's imaginary characters. From the minute knowledge which he had acquired of the workings of his own mind in every possible condition, from indifference up to the most violent emotion, and from the intense sympathy which opened to him the minds of

others, and enabled him to reproduce their feelings within himself, he could enter so thoroughly into an imaginary character, as to say with something little short of certainty, what his or her mental state in any given circumstances would be. In working out a tragedy, therefore, he drew less upon his fancy than upon his positive knowledge; the data being given or assumed, he possessed within his own mind the means of arriving at a certain and infallible result; and thus it is, that in perusing his work, we feel not as if it were giving us the fruits of his imagination, but as if it were relating to us what had positively been. He does not create to us beings who might have existed had man been differently organized, or more highly endowed; but he places beings, such as do exist, in imaginary circumstances, and then he lays open before us the whole workings of their hearts. We are astonished, not at meeting with new and unknown natures, but at seeing the whole instead of the half of that nature with which we are already familiar.

From these observations it will be seen, that we are disposed to regard Goethe in the light of what may be called a poetic realist. His first endeavor seems ever to have been to obtain the most intimate possible union with the person who for the time had awakened his enthusiasm—to enter into his very nature, and to live his life. When thus saturated as it were with the feelings of a real character, his marvellous objectivity came immediately to his aid, and the imaginary being rose like an exhalation from his own mind. This we shall scarcely illustrate better, than by tracing the origin of a few of the most celebrated of his female characters.

From the perfect candor with which Goethe has laid before us the history of his early loves, we are enabled not only to discover how it was that he contrived to become so thoroughly acquainted with every shade of womanly feeling in general, but also to trace, for the most part, the sources from which his individual characters were derived. In some cases he has given us direct information on this point—in others he has left the resemblance to be traced by the ingenuity of his readers.

In poets and in painters, and perhaps in men who are neither the one nor the other, it is tolerably certain that the object of their first sincere attachment furnishes not a few of the elements which go to make up the character which continues through life,

for them to be most attractive. Their ideal woman, however exalted and refined by their own further development, will continue to bear a sisterly resemblance to their first love. Who can fail to recognise, even in the most spiritual of Raphael's later creations, the fair-haired Madonnas of his earliest time? We may conceive the Madonna di San Sisto, as representing the glorified body of the "bella Giardiniera." A more minute acquaintance with the early days of the prince of painters, would probably reveal to us the simple story of some yellow-haired daughter of Urbino, whom he had wooed on the breezy heights of the Apennines, while yet he listened to the instructions and sat at the feet of old Pietro Perugino, and whose recompense for many an hour of youthful bliss has been, that her image has been consecrated by the hands of her lover, and for ever entwined with the highest conceptions which men in after times were to form of sacred beauty. In the other great painters, it seems to us that we can trace something analogous,—the delicately sensual air which characterizes the whole of Correggio's women—the sunny glow of wanton life and joy which warms those of Titian—and the mild and saint-like spirit which is shed over Murillo's virgins, seem to mark them out as three distinct families of beautiful sisters, in each of whom we can trace the resemblance to some common parent. They have each, in short, what is called a *type*, the origin of which may be that which we have suggested.

In the little story of Goethe's childish passion for the Frankfort Gretchen, and the description which he has given of her person and character, one can detect many of the features which peculiarly distinguish his females. It is pretty certain that she was the mother of the Gretchen in Faust in more than the name; and as the prototype of this—at once the simplest and most celebrated of the sisterhood—it will probably not be out of place if we should introduce her to such of our readers as may not already have made her acquaintance. Whilst still a school-boy at Frankfort, and living in his father's house, Goethe informs us that he accidentally made the acquaintance of several boys of a lower rank of life than that to which he belonged. His chief reason for frequenting their society seems to have been the passion which even at this early age, he possessed, for making himself acquainted with the habits and feelings of men in all the positions of life; and the tie which

bound them to him, besides the pride of associating with a person above their rank, was his poetical talent, which even then had begun to show itself, and which enabled him to come to the aid of their more tardy invention, in the manner in which another great poet is said to have done to that of a great king. He was the means of enabling them to carry on a small mystification, by supplying them with verses which they sent to the sweetheart of one of their number; and his ready wit also contributed the responses to his own effusions. In pursuance of this little piece of boyish wickedness, his friends had invited him, on one occasion, to take part in a small supper party in a tavern, and here it was that he encountered the object of his first attachment in the humble capacity of the bar-maid. We should probably injure the beautiful *naïve* description which he has given us of the whole scene more by a paraphrase, than even by an imperfect translation; and we shall therefore endeavor to present it to our readers as nearly as possible with its original coloring. Speaking of the trick which they were engaged in playing off on their companion, he says,—

"My natural good-heartedness left me little pleasure in such a wicked deception, and the repetition of the same theme began already to disgust me. I should certainly have spent a tiresome evening, if an unexpected apparition had not brought me suddenly to life. When we came, we found the table already covered—tidy and nice, and supplied with a passable quantity of wine. We took our seats, and remained alone, there being no need for service. At last, however, as the wine ran short, one of the party called for the servant, but instead of her, there came a girl of uncommon, and indeed, when one considered her position, of incredible beauty. 'What do you want?' she said, after she had greeted us with a friendly good evening; 'the girl is ill, and has gone to bed. Can I serve you?'—'We want wine,' said one of them; 'will you go and get us a couple of bottles, like a good girl?'—'Do it, Gretchen,' said another; 'it's only a kitten's jump over the way.'—'Why not?' said the girl, and taking a couple of empty bottles from the table, she ran out of the room. Her figure, seen from behind, was even more fascinating. The little cap sat so neatly on her pretty little head, which a slender neck united in the most charming way with her delicate shoulders. Everything about her seemed perfection; and now that the attention was no longer attracted and fettered by the sincere quiet eye and the sweet mouth, one could follow at leisure the effect of her whole figure. I reproached my companions for sending the pretty child out alone into the night, but they only laughed at me, and I was speedily consoled by her reappearance, for the tapster's was only on the



other side of the street. 'Now, in return you must come and join us,' said one of them to the girl. She did so; but alas! she did not sit beside me. When she had drunk a glass to our healths, she left us with the advice that we should not remain very long, and above all not to get *loud*, as the old mother was just going to bed. It was not her mother, but the mother of our landlady."

We have here a picture worthy of an artist's pencil. The little old Frankfort *Schenke*, with its smoky walls and its oaken rafters, the boys around the table, and the beautiful features of the youthful Goethe, beaming with the glow of a first emotion, as he gazed in astonishment upon their lovely attendant, form an *ensemble*, which seems to want nothing but the touch of genius to transfer it from the page to the canvas, and to convert it into the most charming cabinet-picture:—

"The image of this maiden," he says, "followed me, sleeping and waking, wherever I went. It was the first permanent impression which a female nature had made upon me; and since I neither could find, nor was willing to seek, a pretence for seeing her again in the house, I went to church for her sake, and was not long in discovering where she sat, and thus I had abundant opportunity, during the long Protestant service, of gazing at her till I was satisfied. When the congregation dispersed, I had not courage to speak to her, far less to accompany her home, but was transported with joy when, by a little nod of her head, she seemed to return my greeting."

His hopes of a second meeting, however, were destined to be gratified at no distant period. His friends were pressing him for an answer to the love-epistle, and as the recompense, he knew, would be another sight of Gretchen, it may be supposed that he did not idle over his task.

"I set to work immediately," he says, "and thought of everything that would be most agreeable to me if Gretchen were to write it. I thought that I had succeeded so thoroughly, in writing every part of it as if it had proceeded out of her person, her nature, her manner, and her mind, that I could not restrain the wish that it might really be so; and I lost myself in rapture at the very thought that something of the kind might really be addressed by her to me. In this way I succeeded in mystifying myself, whilst I was engaged in making another ridiculous, and it was destined that I should yet be rewarded for my pains, with many a joy and many a sorrow. When I was again called on for the piece, I was ready, and promised, and did not fail to come at the appointed hour. Only one of the youths had arrived; Gretchen was sitting at the window spinning, and the old mother was going about

through the house. The young man requested that I would read my production aloud. I did so, and not without emotion, while I peeped over the paper from time to time at the beautiful child; and when I imagined that I perceived a certain restlessness in her manner, and a slight blush on her cheek, I read in a clearer and more lively manner the parts which expressed what I wished that she had addressed to me. My friend, who had often interrupted me with his commendations, at last requested that I would make some slight alterations. They had chiefly reference to those parts which indeed suited better for Gretchen's condition than for that of the girl from whom they were supposed to come, who was of a good family, wealthy, well known, and respected in the town. When the young man had pointed out to me the passages which he wished to have altered, and had brought me writing materials, he took his leave of us for a short time, in consequence of an engagement, and I remained sitting at a bench against the wall, behind the large table, trying my alterations upon the large slate which usually lay in the window for writing the reckonings upon, and on which also those who came and went used to inform each other of their motions. I had been laboring for some time in vain, writing and rubbing out again, when at last, losing patience, I called out, 'it won't do any way!' 'So much the better,' said Gretchen, firmly, 'I should be very well pleased if it did not do at all; you ought to have nothing to do with such tricks.' She rose from her wheel, and coming to the table beside me, she read me a lecture with great good sense and good feeling. 'The thing seems an innocent jest,' she said; 'it is a jest, but not an innocent one. I can remember more than one occasion where our young people came into a great deal of trouble in consequence of such a piece of mischief.'—'But what shall I do?' I replied; 'the letter is written, and they trust to my altering it.'—'Believe me,' she said, 'and don't alter it at all; indeed the better way is, that you take it back, put it into your pocket, and go away and try to put the affair to rights through the intervention of your friend. I will also say a little word on the occasion; for look you, though I am a poor girl, dependent upon these people, who are my relations, and who, though they don't, it is true, do anything that is positively bad, still often, for fun and for profit, play many a desperate trick: I stood out against them with the last letter, and would not copy it as they wished; they copied it themselves in a feigned hand, and they may do the like by this one, if the thing cannot be otherwise. But you, a young man of good family, wealthy, and independent, why should you allow yourself to be made the instrument for carrying out such an affair, out of which nothing that is good, and perhaps much that is disagreeable for you, may arise?' I was beyond measure happy to hear her thus speak continuously, for hitherto she had only put in a word in the conversation from time to time. My interest increased inconceivably. I was no longer master of myself, and replied, 'I am not so independent as you think, and what does it help me to be

rich, so long as that for which I most wish is denied me.'

"She had taken the draft of my poetical epistle into her hand, and read it, half aloud, very sweetly and pleasantly. 'It is exceedingly pretty,' she said, whilst with a sort of naïve pointedness she held her breath for a moment, and then added, 'it is only a pity that it is not intended for any real use.' 'That were indeed much to be wished,' I exclaimed; 'how happy must he be who should receive from a girl whom he really loved such an assurance of her affection.' 'It would require a great deal to bring that about,' she said, 'and yet many things are possible.' 'For example,' I continued, 'if any one who knows you, esteems you, honors you, and worships you, were to lay such a sheet before you, and prayed you most importunately, most heartily, and most kindly, what would you do?' I pushed the paper over to her which she had returned. She smiled—reflected for a moment—took the pen and wrote her name under it. I could not contain myself for joy. I sprang from my seat, and was going to take her in my arms. 'No kissing,' she said, 'that is something so vulgar, but loving, if it be possible.' I took the paper, and put it carefully past. 'No one shall have it,' I said, 'and the thing is at an end. You have saved me!' 'Now finish what I have begun,' she exclaimed, 'and run as fast as you can, before the others come and bring you again into trouble and embarrassment.' I could not turn myself away from her: but she entreated me in the kindest manner, and taking my right hand into both of hers, she pressed it most lovingly. I was not far from tears. I thought I saw her eyes moist. I pressed my face on her hands, and ran away. In my whole life I had never been in such a state of distraction."

He frequently refers afterwards, in the same pleasing and natural way, to this boyish attachment, which subsisted till shortly before his departure for the university, when it came to rather a disagreeable termination, by his male companions getting involved in a serious scrape, which brought their doings under the notice of the authorities, and exposed the whole of his connexion with them. His family as may be supposed, when the matter came to light, took effectual steps to put an end to his further intercourse with Gretchen. She was removed from Frankfurt, and he never saw her again; but he tells us, that what wounded his feelings most of all was, that when the girl was examined about the relation that existed between them, she called him "a child."—"I," he says, "who regarded myself as a very knowing and adroit young man."

She seems, indeed, to have been a sensible and very superior girl, and to have regarded him all along in no other light than that of a love-sick boy, whose precocious talents, and handsome person, rendered him

a very agreeable and interesting playfellow. We know not whether the identity of name, and the similarity of position, have had any influence in inducing us to think, that there is so strong a resemblance between this girl and the Gretchen in Faust, as to warrant the conclusion that the one is the original of the other. In both, we find the same sound, natural, simple sense, and deep, true feeling. They seem both to be the happiest of nature's productions, unaided and uncontaminated by one single tinge of art. These children of nature, indeed, seem all along to have been the women whom Goethe most loved, holding, as he did (what, with regard to females, at all events, we believe to be the orthodox doctrine), that all training which has another effect than that of bringing out their natural qualities is prejudicial, and believing that the ordinary occurrences of life (what Byron calls—

"That useful sort of knowledge  
Which is acquired in nature's good old college,")

will, in most cases, accomplish this purely feminine development quite as well as the most labored education.

It would be altogether out of place to offer any analysis of a character so well known even to purely English readers as the Margaret in Faust. The natural buoyancy of her innocent heart, when she is first presented to us, at once secures our affections and our sympathies. She is the "May Queen" of Tennyson, with something more of thought and character; and the deep pathos of the latter scenes in which she mourns over her fall, is unequalled by anything which we have ever seen in any language. Her prayer to the Virgin, above all, is so perfectly heart-rending in its deep and tender grief, that we believe very few who understand it in the original, and are capable of feeling at all, would undertake to read it aloud with dry eyes.\* It is not unworthy of remark, as illustrative of the perfect artlessness with which Goethe has succeeded in investing this marvellous creation, that although every actress of note in Germany, since its first publication till the present day, has attempted to personate it, not one has succeeded in so far laying aside all appearance of art, as to do so to the satisfaction of

\*We make no apology for the following translation of this celebrated scene, notwithstanding that some sixty or seventy versions of it have been published. As they are all confessedly faulty, we can scarcely be blamed for making one effort more in behalf of the English reader. If we fail, we shall



the public. Mephistopheles has been acted to perfection, and some have even been tolerably successful with Faust; but although Margaret appears on the stage, in all, only some five or six times, and although all she utters, including her two little songs, might be spoken with ease in eight or ten minutes, yet the reproduction of her character in an animated form is a difficulty, which as yet has been found insurmountable. From the general character of Jenny Lind's acting and singing, we should think that it would lie nearer to her, than to any of those who have hitherto attempted it.

In pursuing the course of Goethe's early attachments—at least of such as exerted an influence on his literary labors and his after life—the next personage who presents herself is the Friederike of Sesenheim, the original, as he tells us, of the two Maries—the one in *Götz von Berlichingen*, and the other in *Clavigo*. But before proceeding to this, the most notable and the most interesting of his youthful passions, as also that in which he was most to blame, we shall present our readers, by way of episode, with the amus-

do so in company with many, with whom we shall not feel ashamed to be classed.

*A narrow chamber.—An image of the "Mater dolorosa" in a niche in the wall, with a vase for flowers before it.*

GRETCHEN.

*(Puts fresh flowers into the vase.)*

"Thy head in pity bend,  
Mother of sorrows lend  
Ear to my woe.  
The sword within thy heart who feelest,  
As in anguish now thou kneelest,  
The cross below.  
Now to God thy sighs ascending,  
Comforts now from him descending  
Succor thy woe.  
Who feels  
What anguish steals,  
To me through flesh and bone;  
What my feeble tongue would mutter,  
How my poor heart now doth flutter,  
Thou canst know, and thou alone.  
To thee I ever go,  
Woe! woe! woe! woe!  
My heart is rent in twain.  
When I would my matins keep,  
I must weep, and weep, and weep;  
My head will burst with pain.  
My tears upon the window-sill  
Fell down like morning dew,  
As from the eglantine I plucked  
These fresh-blown flowers for you.  
Full bright within my little room,  
The morning sun did shine,  
Whilst I, bewailing still my doom,  
Upon my bed did pine.  
Oh! mother, save from shame and woe,  
To thee I ever, ever go;  
Oh! hear thy handmaid low."

ing anecdote of the two pretty daughters of the Strasbourg dancing-master.

Goethe's father, who had retired from the active duties of his profession with a considerable fortune and a high-sounding title, and who seems to have been a strange, eccentric, and in many respects childish old man, took upon his own shoulders the whole duty of superintending the early education of his son. In this avocation his zeal knew no bounds, and the most trifling accomplishments, and the most needful acquirements, were equally important in his eyes, provided only that they had reference to Wolfgang. Even dancing was not beneath his notice; and Goethe has given us an amusing description of the manner in which he used to play on an old *flûte-d'oeuse*, whilst he taught his sister and him to stand in position and square their toes, and himself inculcated his precepts by his example. The instructions of the old "Königlicher Rath," however, seemed to have infused into the mind of his son no very passionate fondness for the fantastic art; and during the whole of his residence in Leipsic, he informs us that he never once attempted to avail himself of them, except when forced to do so by dire necessity.

On his arrival in Strasbourg, however, he soon discovered that the want of this accomplishment, which he had succeeded in despising in the north, very considerably interfered with his enjoyment of the light-hearted life which prevailed in the sunny Alsace, and he therefore determined forthwith to supply the deficiency, by putting himself into the hands of a regular professor. This personage, he informs us, was a stiff old Frenchman, whose instructions would probably have proved little more amusing than those which Goethe had formerly received, had he not had the good fortune to be the father of two pretty daughters. So soon as the old gentleman had laid a firm foundation in the rudiments of the art, these fair assistants were called in to his aid, and the advancement of the pupil was thus most effectually secured.

"Instructed in the art from their youth, they were exceedingly dextrous, and by their aid even the most awkward scholars must soon have attained a certain proficiency. They were both very polite—spoke nothing but French, and I, on my side, did my best in order not to appear awkward and absurd in their eyes. I was fortunate enough to gain their good opinion, and they were always willing to dance a minuet to their father's little fiddle, and what, indeed, was a more difficult matter, even to drag me round and round in the

waltz. Their father seemed to have no great number of scholars, and they probably led rather a tiresome and solitary life. On this account they used often to ask me after my lesson was over to remain with them and help them to chatter away the time for a little; and this I was no-wise loath to do, particularly as the younger one pleased me exceedingly, and they both behaved themselves in a very becoming way. I used sometimes to read them a piece of a romance, and they in their turn did the like. The elder one, who was quite as pretty—perhaps prettier than her sister, but for whom I had not by any means the same liking, behaved always more kindly, and was in every way more obliging than the other. When I got my lesson she was always at hand, and often she was the means of prolonging the hour, in consequence of which I frequently considered it my duty to offer her father two tickets, which he, however never would accept. The younger one, on the other hand though she was not unfriendly, kept herself out of the way, and always waited till her father called her to relieve her sister."

The reason of this conduct he soon discovered to be that the younger one was engaged to be married, whilst the heart of the elder, as she herself informed him, was free. An old fortune-teller having made her appearance one evening, the girls engaged her to tell their fortunes. The result for the younger one was all that could be wished; but when the fate of the elder one came to be decided, the response of the oracle was, that "she loved, that she was not beloved in return, and that another person stood between her and the object of her affections." This she immediately applied to her own and her sister's relation to Goethe, and a violent scene immediately ensued, which terminated in her going to bed in a pet, and in his rushing out of the house.

"The next day," he says, "I did not venture to return, but the day after, Emilie (the younger one) sent me word by a boy who had already brought me many a message from the sisters, and carried to them flowers and fruit in return, that I must positively come. I went at the usual hour, and found the father alone; who had many improvements to suggest in my gait, and carriage, and walking, and dancing, but on the whole seemed tolerably well satisfied with me. Towards the end of the lesson the younger sister came in and danced a most graceful minuet with me, in which she showed herself off to the greatest advantage, and the father assured us that he had not often seen a handsomer or more expert pair upon his boards. When the hour was ended, I went as usual to the sitting-room, and the father left us, but Lucinde was not to be seen. 'She is lying in bed,' said Emilie, 'and I am

very well pleased to see it; don't you give yourself any concern about the matter. Her mental ailments always get better soonest when she takes it into her head that she is ill; for as she is not very anxious to die, she does anything then that we choose to ask her. We have some home-made medicines which she takes on such occasions, and the raging waves are laid by degrees. She is exceedingly gentle and lovable when she suffers from such an imaginary disease, and seeing that she feels very well in reality, and is suffering from nothing but passion, she imagines to herself all sorts of romantic deaths, with which she frightens herself in a pleasant sort of way, pretty much as children do with ghosts. Last night she assured me in the most passionate manner, that this time she certainly should die, and told me that I was not to bring the false and ungrateful friend to her bed-side till she was quite near her end, when she was to reproach him in the bitterest manner, and then give up the ghost.' I told Emilie that I could not charge myself with ever having expressed any affection for her sister, and added, that I knew of one who could very well bear witness to the fact. Emilie smiled and replied, 'I understand you perfectly, and if we don't behave prudently and firmly, we may all of us get into a bad scrape. What would you say if I were to ask you to give up your lessons?' "

She then explained to him that on the former evening, after his departure, the fortune-teller had thrown the cards for him, and that a person, whom she took to be herself, had been ever by his side, between him and her sister. She also informed him of her engagement, and of a growing affection which she nevertheless felt for him, and showed him what a disagreeable position he would find himself in between two sisters; one of whom he had made unhappy by his affection, and the other by his coldness. The argument seemed unanswerable. Goethe consented to depart; but his farewell to the younger sister was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the elder, who, rushing into the room, exclaimed, "You shall not be the only one who takes leave of him."

"I tried to take hold of her hand and say something friendly to her, but she turned herself away, and walked with great strides two or three times through the room, and then threw herself down in the corner of the sofa. Emilie approached her, but she beckoned her away, and then there was a scene which it is painful for me even now to recollect, and which, though there was in reality nothing theatrical about it, but, on the contrary, it was extremely suitable to the nature of a passionate young Frenchwoman, would still require an actress of no common merit to reproduce it worthily on the stage.



"Lucinde overwhelmed her sister with a thousand reproaches. 'His is not the first heart,' she said, 'which was inclining toward me, of which you have robbed me. Was it not the same with your absent lover, who at last betrothed himself with you under my very eyes? I was forced to look on and see it quietly. I supported it; but I know how many thousand tears it has cost me. And now you must take this one from me also, and that without letting the other go. How many do you intend to have at a time? I am open and good-natured, and therefore every one thinks that he can know me in a moment, and on that account is entitled to neglect me; you are sly and quiet, and people think that something very wonderful must lie hidden within you. But there is nothing within you but a cold, selfish heart, which can offer everything up to its own gratification. This, however, no one discovers, because it lies deeply hidden in your bosom, and is as little recognised as my warm true heart, which I display as openly as my face.

"Emilie was silent, and seated herself beside her sister, who became more and more violent in her language, and even expatiated upon subjects with which it was not at all necessary I should be acquainted. Emilie, on the contrary, who tried all she could to pacify her, made me a sign from behind that I should make my escape; but as jealousy and suspicion see with a thousand eyes, Lucinde remarked it in a moment. She sprang up and advanced towards me, but not violently. She stood before me, and seemed to reflect, then she said, 'I know that I have lost you; I make no further claim on your affection. But neither shall you have him, sister!' With these words she laid hold of me by the head, fastened both her hands in my hair, and kissed me again and again on the mouth. 'Now,' she said, 'beware of my curse. Whoever shall kiss these lips for the first time after me, may misfortune upon misfortune follow her for ever and ever! Now, tamper with him again, if you dare: Heaven, I know will hear me this time! And you, sir—run, run as fast as you can.'

"I rushed down the stair with the firm determination never more to enter the house."

We may search long before we find a more perfect specimen of the thorough French "*scène*" than that with which this little anecdote presents us. It is interesting, too, as showing the wonderful attraction which Goethe must have had for women at this period of his life,—an advantage, indeed, which, like most of those which he possessed, he retained even in old age—as witness the passion of the enthusiastic Bettina. Judging indeed from the number of his conquests, and the sincerity which appears to have characterized them on the side of the ladies, he might well have shared with Louis XV. the enviable title of "*le bien-aimé*." That such should have been the

case in his youth, at all events, is not surprising. If, to his great personal beauty (of which the testimony of his friends, and the portrait which remains of him, leave no doubt), we add easy and affable manners, which enabled him, in conversation, at all times to avail himself of his transcendent talents—good birth—and, for his country at all events, very considerable wealth, we have altogether an aggregation of charms, to which the hearts of few women were likely to remain indifferent. We shall presently have to deplore that his conduct was not always worthy of the advantages which he thus possessed, and that he was too often forgetful of the duties of self-government and self-denial, which in a well regulated mind ought ever to be associated with the consciousness of power.

During his residence at Strasbourg, Goethe made the acquaintance of Herder, and spent much time in his society, particularly during a long and painful illness, when he seems to have been his almost constant attendant. Herder was five years Goethe's senior, and possessed as he was of inexhaustible information upon almost every conceivable subject, and of the purest and most discerning taste, his converse seems to have exerted a very powerful influence upon the mental development of his youthful friend. Amongst other hitherto-unexplored regions into which he was the means of guiding him, one was the literature of England, then just beginning to exert an influence upon the progression party of the literati of Germany. Goethe's English reading, like that of most foreigners, began with the Vicar of Wakefield—a book indeed, which, on the continent, seems now to be set apart as the acknowledged-stepping stone to English; and the bare mention of which will, we doubt not, recall to some of our readers scenes of mutual instruction, not very dissimilar to that which Byron describes as taking place between Juan and Haidée—

"Where both the teacher and the taught were young."

Goethe has pronounced an eloquent eulogium upon this happy little romance, which seems to have continued a favorite with him to the end of his days—its charms being probably not a little enhanced by its association with the scenes to which we are presently to introduce our readers.

Herder, he tells us, regarded it with the eyes of a critic, whilst he "*felt*" it as a man—or rather as a youth, to whom all was

living, true, and present." In order, however, still further to realize the scenes with which in description he had been so much delighted, Goethe procured, through one of his fellow-students, an introduction to the family of the pastor of Sesenheim, a little village in Alsace, about six German miles from Strasbourg. The circumstances and whole position of this worthy Vicar, for such in his own country he was, seem wonderfully to have resembled those of him of Wakefield; and Goethe tells us that the attractions which his house was represented to him as holding out, beyond boundless hospitality, were a sensible wife and two very interesting daughters. On the occasion of his first visit, Goethe dressed himself in a sort of disguise, in order to see what effect his presence would produce when personating the character of a poor student of Theology. This, and the shame which he afterwards felt at playing so awkward a part in the presence of the young ladies, and which induced him to borrow the clothes of the son of an innkeeper in the village, gave rise to some curious adventures, with which, though droll enough in themselves, we shall not at present trouble our readers. The description of the scene of these exploits, however, as indicative of the character of the inhabitants, is not unimportant. "The house," he says, "had about it exactly that which we call picturesque, and which always so much charmed me in Dutch pictures. The influence which time exercises on all the works of man was here very apparent. The house, and sheds, and stables, had all of them arrived exactly at that point in the process of decay, at which one wavers between repairing and building anew, and omits the one without adopting the other." The former, however, was the desire of its possessor—a somewhat weak old man, into whose good graces Goethe very soon succeeded in insinuating himself, by furnishing him with innumerable suggestions for the accomplishment of this, his favorite project. During their first conversation on this fruitful subject, Goethe's friend had gone in search of the other members of the family. At last he returned, accompanied by the mother, whom Goethe describes as a very different person from her husband.

"Her features were regular, with an expression of great good sense. In her youth she must have been extremely good looking. Her figure was tall and thin, but not more so than was suitable for her years, and when seen from behind she

had still quite a youthful air. The eldest daughter came springing into the room after her, and asked after Friederike, as the two others had already done. Her father assured them that he had not seen her since they all three had gone out together. The daughter went to the door again to seek for her sister; the mother brought us some refreshments; and Weyland (Goethe's friend) entered into a conversation with the spouses, with reference to the circumstances of their common acquaintances, as is usually the case when friends meet after a long parting. I listened, and learned what I had to expect from the circle into which I had thus been introduced.

"The eldest daughter came back again hastily into the room, and seemed uneasy at not having found her sister. They were all concerned about her, and talked of this and the other bad habit which she had—with the exception of her father, who said, quite quietly,—let her alone, children—she will come back when her own time comes! At this very moment she came in at the door—and then sure enough a most lovely star arose over the horizon of this rustic heaven. Both daughters were dressed in the German fashion, as it was then called, and this almost exploded national costume sat with particular grace on Friederike. A little short white frock with a flounce, just short enough to show her pretty little feet and ankles, a little white bodice, and a black satin apron—thus she stood halfway between a peasant girl and a daughter of the city. Slender and light—she moved as if her clothes were no weight to her, and her delicate neck seemed almost too slender for the profusion of fair locks which adorned her well-formed head. She glanced brightly around with her clear blue eyes, and her nice little nose, slightly *retroussé*, seemed to breathe the air as freely as if there had been no such thing as sorrow in the world. Her straw hat hung from her arm, and thus I had the happiness, at the first glance, to see her in all her grace and all her loveliness."

Goethe, as may be supposed after this description, was not slow in opening the trenches, and laying siege, with all his might, to the heart of this charming little personage, and in this his conduct is perhaps not greatly to be censured, or if it be, there are probably not a great many men who would be entitled to sit upon the jury which should condemn him.

The desire to obtain the esteem and even the affection of a beautiful woman, is with most men, in the first instance, an involuntary and almost invincible impulse, nor is it blamable, except when indulged in such circumstances, or to such a height as to endanger the happiness of the beloved object. It is in failing to exercise those restraining influences, which time and reflection must bring to the aid of every man of good sense and good feeling, that culpability alone exists.



During supper the resemblance to the Wakefield family impressed itself more and more upon Goethe, till at last the appearance of a younger son, who sprang into the room, and without almost noticing the guests, took his seat at table, and made a vigorous attack upon the viands, almost forced him to exclaim, "and are you there also, Master Moses?"

Friederike was Goethe's companion at table, and their mutual frankness soon made them friends. When supper was ended, his friend proposed a walk in the moonlight:—

"He offered his arm to the elder, I to the younger sister, and thus we wandered over the broad meadows, contemplating rather the heaven above us, than the earth which stretched itself out around us in a boundless plain. There was no moon-struck madness, however, about Friederike's conversation. The clearness with which she expressed herself, converted night into day; and there was nothing in what she said which either indicated, or necessarily awakened sentimentality; except that her remarks had reference to me more than formerly. She acquainted me with what it was desirable I should know, with reference to her own position—the country in which she lived, and her acquaintances, and added a hope that I would make no exception to the many strangers, who, having once visited them, gladly did so again.

"It gave me no small pleasure to listen to the picture which she thus drew of the little world in which she moved, and of the persons whom she most esteemed. By this means, she gave me a clear, and at the same time, an amiable view of her own position, which had a singular influence upon me, for I was seized at once with a feeling of regret, that it had not sooner been my fate to live by her side, and at the same time with jealousy and suspicion, towards all those who had formerly had the happiness to surround her. I listened with the most jealous attention, as if I had already had a right to do so, to all the descriptions which she gave of men; it mattered not under what denomination they came, whether they were neighbors, or cousins, or god-fathers,—and I laid my suspicions now upon the one, now upon the other, though, considering my perfect ignorance of the relative position of the parties, it was impossible that I could discover anything of the real state of matters. She became more and more talkative, I more and more silent. It was so pleasant to listen to her, and now that I could perceive nothing about her but her voice—her features being hidden by the darkness which covered the rest of the world, it seemed to me as if I saw into her very heart, a heart which could not be other than pure, since she could thus open it before me, with so little constraint."

The night was spent in interrupting the sleep of his friend, with all possible ques-

tions regarding Friederike, "Was she in love, or had she been? or was she a bride?" And on the morrow follow a number of comical scenes, arising out of the gradual discovery by the different members of the family, of the false colors under which, till then, he had sailed. A declaration of mutual affection takes place between him and Friederike, in a scene which is rendered delightful by the air of simple rustic life and of sincere youthful passion with which he has contrived to invest it. In the evening the little party retired to a shady bower, where Goethe gave them a specimen of his inventive powers, by extemporizing a little tale, with which, he tells us, his audience was enchanted, and he himself was so well pleased, that he afterwards committed it to paper, and published it, under the title of "*Die neue Melusine*." He seems indeed to have possessed in an eminent degree the talents of an "improvisatore;" and when Dr. Gall, the phrenologist, examined his head, he informs us, that he pronounced him to have been intended by nature for a popular orator. "A revelation," says Goethe, "which filled me with no small consternation, since, had it been true, the efforts of my whole life must have been, and continued to be, a struggling against nature, seeing that there is no opportunity for oratorical displays in Germany."

On Goethe's return to Strasbourg, he found the study of the Law still less enticing than it had formerly been, and even the medical lectures which he had attended for his amusement, had lost much of their charm. Some necessary preparations for passing his examination, were accordingly despatched as quickly as possible, and *Sesenheim* again found him a guest, wandering by the side of the beloved Friederike. Our space prohibits us from attempting to place before our readers more of these sunny scenes than are necessary in order to put them in possession of the character of this fair saint, to whose shrine the worshippers of Goethe have since thought proper to direct their pious steps.

Those who are curious on the subject will find ample opportunity of gratifying their wishes for further information in the "*Pilgrimage of Sesenheim*," published so lately as 1840, and edited by no less a personage than Varnhagen von Ense. Most persons, however, will probably find a greater charm in Goethe's own simple descriptions; and to those who are not already acquainted with them, we confidently recommend them as their next "after dinner reading." One passage, in which the whole being of Frie-

derike is laid open with peculiar felicity, we shall transcribe before parting :—

"The friendly greetings of the peasants which were chiefly directed to her, showed that they regarded her as a beneficent being, in whose presence they felt at ease. In the house the elder sister was her mother's chief assistant, nothing that required much bodily exertion being required of Friederike, whom they spared, they said, in consequence of the weakness of her chest.

"There are some females who please us more in a room, others who appear to best advantage in the open air: Friederike belonged to the latter class. Her figure, her whole nature, never appeared so enchanting as when she was tripping lightly along some elevated foot-path. The grace of her gait seemed to rival the flowery earth on which she trod, and the unclouded serenity of her lovely countenance to contend with the clear blue of the heaven. The joyous and exhilarating ether which thus continually surrounded her, she contrived to bring with her even into the house, and well did she understand how to arrange little misunderstandings, and by the gaiety of her manner lightly to remove all disagreeable impressions.

"The purest pleasure which one can find in the person of a beloved object is in seeing that she is equally the delight of others. Friederike's conduct always exercised a beneficent influence on the society in which she moved. On our walks she glided hither and thither an enlivening spirit—filling up gaps wherever they showed themselves. We have already extolled the lightness of her motions, and indeed in no position was she so charming as when she ran. As a roe seems to fulfil the intentions of nature when it bounds lightly over the shooting corn, so her whole being seemed to find its perfect expression, when lightly skimming over heath and meadow, she ran to fetch something which had been forgotten, to seek something that had been lost, to call in a distant pair, or to arrange something necessary for the common enjoyment. In these exercises she never got out of breath in the smallest degree, and preserved her balance with the utmost grace, a circumstance which showed that there was no great cause for the anxiety which her parents had about her chest."

One can scarcely imagine any situation in which such a being as this could have been other than the pride and the joy of him whom she loved, and the sacrifice of any fancied advantage in social position would have been, one would think, nothing more than what a lover would have rejoiced in being able to lay at her feet. What, then, will our readers think of the sincerity of Goethe's feelings, or of the goodness of heart of which he often boasts, when they hear that no sooner did this little rustic family make its appearance in Strasbourg,

in order to enjoy the society of their city connexions, who, as he himself informs us, were of a good position and in easy circumstances, than he felt something which, notwithstanding the circumlocution with which he has confessed it, was neither more nor less than shame for the awkwardness of their manners, and the homeliness of their attire! The mother, who had been probably brought up in town, and had seen good society in early life, behaved herself, he tells us, like other ladies, but the eldest was like a fish out of the water, and even Friederike, with her poor little old-fashioned German dress, was not suitable for her new position.

Though on one occasion he read the whole play of Hamlet aloud to a large audience in order to please her (or perhaps to gratify his own vanity), he had not the manliness to set himself so far above the silly conventionalities with which he was surrounded, as sincerely to enjoy her society, and at last he fairly confesses that when the family left Strasbourg, he felt as if a stone were taken off his heart. All that we afterwards hear of Friederike, is that he likens his passion for her to a bomb, which mounting gradually into the air, seems to mingle with the stars, and even for a while to remain among them; but afterwards describing the converse of its upward course, descends again to the earth, where it spreads destruction and havoc around it. There was no fault on her side; for he says, that she remained ever the same, nor thought, nor wished to think, that their intercourse was to come to so speedy an end. He, however, had determined that it should be so. He had gained from it all that he wished, which was momentary gratification, and experience of life; and although he makes a farce of having been for some time heart-broken at the *inevitable* parting, his conduct leaves little doubt, that he folded up within the recesses of his own selfish heart, every recollection connected with her, with pretty much the same composure with which he may have stitched together the notes which he had taken at one of his favorite medical lectures.

True, he had done her no injury of which the law could take account, or on which even the rules of society could pronounce their ban, and he does not seem to have done, even what he did on a future occasion, viz. to have broken a promise of marriage; and the calculating man of the world may think that he only availed himself of the opportu-



nity for retraction, which always remains open before the final conclusion of every bargain. Those, however, who regard such matters from a higher point of view, will not probably be disposed to pronounce upon him so lenient a sentence. He had excited and long continued to cherish and foster, by every means in his power, hopes which he never intended to gratify, and from gratifying which he was hindered by nothing but his own selfishness, and his own weakness. The excuse that he was a minor, and that it was at the worst only a piece of youthful folly and rashness, is a justification which we can see no grounds for admitting. For our own part, we see neither folly nor rashness in the matter. If he was not already of age, and there is reason to believe that he was, he was at least thoroughly responsible for what he did—he was standing on the very threshold of a profession which by his great talents (of which he was perfectly conscious), and the influence of his friends, could at once have been rendered a lucrative one; and besides, he was the son of a wealthy and doting affectionate father, who never would have ultimately thwarted him in any reasonable wish. We cannot imagine circumstances more favorable for the contraction of a lasting and honorable connexion, and we can scarcely regard the misfortunes which waited upon all his future endeavors after matrimonial bliss, in any other light than as a just retribution for his conduct on this occasion. With these observations we shall dismiss the man with his deeds, and turn our attention to the monuments which the artist has raised over the ashes of poor Friederike's love.\*

Amongst the dramatic compositions of Goethe, we confess that the bold and irregular play of *Gotz von Berlichingen* has ever held a prominent place in our affections. The life-like reality with which the scenes of that rude and sturdy time are placed before our eyes, reminds us at every page of the writings of our own Shakspeare. The Boar's Head tavern in East Cheap is scarcely more familiar to us than Gotz's Castle of Ixthausen, or the palace of the Bishop of Bamberg. We mingle familiarly in the picturesque throng which crowds their courts and halls, and every face is the face of an old acquaintance. So intimate, indeed, is our knowledge of their individual peculiarities, that it seems to us as if we

\* Those who are anxious to see a defence of Goethe's conduct on this occasion, will find it in the "Pilgrimage to Sesenheim," above referred to.

could predict what each would say, and how he would bear himself. Old Gotz himself, ever upright and honorable—with no wonderful share of acuteness, but at the same time no fool in worldly matters—overbearing but not selfish—bold, and even ferocious when thwarted, but kind and tenderly affectionate to his family and his friends, is the very model of a good knight of the olden time. We stop not to inquire whether the character is consistent with that which has been handed down by authentic history. Whatever he may have done on other occasions, Goethe has here nowise overstepped the legitimate license of the dramatist in raising the character of his hero. He has neither distorted nor misrepresented—he has simply elevated. We are willing to accept the character as he has given it; and most of us, probably, when we think of the Knight of the Iron Hand, will think of him rather as the Gotz of the drama, than as the not very consistent leader of the peasant war, whose faults and failings modern writers of history have been at no pains to bring into view. Then there is his noble wife—the bold, true-hearted, simple, but dignified German matron, of whom her husband says, that "God gives such wives as her to those whom he loves." Then there is George—"the golden boy," the joyous and light-hearted aspirant to chivalry, whom old Gotz loved as a part of himself, and who is indeed the very perfection of boys. With the elegant and tender-hearted Weislingen we are compelled to sympathize, notwithstanding his faithfulness and his many faults, for these are the result more of his accidental position than of his vices. On him, as on Hamlet, has been laid a burden too great for him to bear, and we cannot help wishing that his temptations had been more proportioned to his powers of resistance. Adelheid has the horrible basilisk-charm of a female Iago; but of all the best beloved is the gentle sister of Gotz—the tender, womanly, Maria von Berlichingen. We know of no character, even in the writings of Shakspeare himself, more perfectly feminine and delicate, and at the same time more thoroughly free from every approach to over-refinement. She is, in our opinion, beyond all question, the best specimen of a *gentlewoman* to be met with in Goethe's writings, and she alone is sufficient to remove from him the reproach of having been unable to comprehend that peculiar delicacy and purity of sentiment which, in our pride, we are sometimes tempted to claim as the exclusive

birthright of an English lady. Mary of Berlichingen would do no discredit to the bed-chamber of our Queen.

We cannot trace in her much of the character of Friederike, and if she was, as Goethe says, in his mind when he drew the character of Maria, he must have portrayed rather what she might have become, than what she was when he knew her. We suspect that the resemblance between the characters and conduct of the lovers—between Weislingen and himself—is considerably nearer. Maria has less vivacity than Friederike—there is more of a gentle reserve in her presence, and tender affection, rather than passionate fondness; is the character of her love.

The conversation between her and her little nephew Karl, is one of the most skilful things of the kind with which we are acquainted—her part is so perfectly that of a woman—his so thoroughly that of a child. The scene, however, in which she finds her faithless lover, Weislingen, on his death-bed, poisoned by the hand of his mistress, the haughty and heartless Adelheid, when she comes to beg for her brother's life, is the perfection of pathos.

In the Maria of Clavigo the resemblance to Friederike is more apparent, though to us, at all events, she is a much less interesting character than the sister of the iron-handed Gotz. She is a lively, passionate, French girl, with something more of tenderness, and a good deal more of constancy, than usually belong to the vivacious daughters of Gaul. In her lover, Clavigo, we have also much more both of the character and conduct of Goethe than in Weislingen. He is represented as an accomplished scholar, and elegant man of the world, whose better feelings, though never extinguished, were continually proving too weak for the selfishness with which they had to contend. In his desertion of Marie de Beaumarchais, he is actuated by precisely the same motives, which induced Goethe to abandon Friederike, the very vulgar ones, viz. of feeling that his social position was now in some degree superior to hers, and the hope of making a better match. This double confession of a single act (in Gotz and Clavigo) is remarkable as an illustration of that tendency which seems to exist in all minds, even the strongest, to confess in some way or another whatever they themselves feel that they have done amiss; and it is a proof of what Goethe himself says somewhere in his Autobiography, that his whole works may be re-

garded as a series of confessions, of which that work was the supplement. Nor is it unworthy of note, that he has represented the aberrations of conduct, both of Weislingen and of Clavigo, as the result of the influence of more resolute characters, by whose consistent wickedness they were in a measure held in subjection, whereas there is no indication of anything analogous having existed in his own case: a proof, it would seem, that he considered the self-suggested heartlessness of his own conduct as incapable of being clothed with interest even in a drama.

Before we quit the gallery of Goethe's beauties, there is one other face to which we cannot refrain from calling the attention of our readers. It is that of a simple, love-sick girl, of one whom Goethe himself has spoken of as one of nature's maidens, and on whom Schiller has also pronounced a very eloquent panegyric. We allude, as many will divine, to the Clärchen in *Egmont*. She belongs rather to the class of which we formerly spoke than to that of which Maria Von Berlichingen may be considered as the type; and we should not have reverted to the subject of Goethe's childlike female characters, had it not been partly from the feeling that we had unjustly overlooked her when formerly treating of them, and partly from the circumstance of *Egmont* belonging as a composition altogether to the time of Goethe's maturity. We are quite of Schiller's mind with reference to the dramatic error which is involved in the circumstance of her appearance at all; and we regard it, moreover, as a singular and lamentable proof of Goethe's perverted moral taste, that he considered a parting scene between a fictitious Egmont and his mistress, more likely to enlist the sympathies of his readers, than one such as must actually have taken place, between an affectionate husband and a loving wife. Poetical license is one thing, and poetical slander is another; and if poor Egmont, with all his faults, left at the last an unblemished moral character, we see no reason why he should in this respect be needlessly misrepresented.

Whether Schiller was entitled to cast the first stone at Goethe in behalf of good taste, at all events, will perhaps seem a question to those who remember the parting scene between Leicester and Mary Stuart in his own drama. But leaving the vexed question as to whether poor Clärchen ought or ought not to have been where she is, there are few of our readers, we believe, who will



not hail her as a beautiful creation wherever she may be, and some of them, perhaps, will thank us for the little glance which we shall give them of her, as she walks to and fro in her mother's humble abode in Brussels, waiting for her lord.

"CLARA AND HER MOTHER ALONE.

*Mother.* "Such a love as Brackenburg's I have never seen; I thought such things were to be found only in the histories of the saints.—(*Brackenburg was an honorable suitor for Clara's hand.*)

*Clärchen* (*walking up and down through the room, humming a song between her lips*),

"Happy alone  
Is the spirit that loves."

*Mother.* "He knows of thy intercourse with Egmont, and I believe if you would show him a little kindness, he would marry you yet."

*Clärchen* (*sings*),

"Joyful  
And sorrowful,  
Thoughtful in vain;  
Hoping  
And fearing,  
Alternating pain;  
Heaven-high shouting,  
The saddest that lives;  
Happy alone  
Is the spirit that loves."

*Mother.* "Leave off that ranting, child."

*Clärchen.* "Don't scold me for it, mother. It is a powerful song. I have sung full-grown children to sleep with it before now."

*Mother.* "Thou hast nothing in thy head but that love of thine. Would that thou couldst think of something else. Brackenburg might place you in an honorable condition, I tell you. He may still make thee happy."

*Clärchen.* "He?"

*Mother.* "O yes! a time will come! You children cannot look before you, and will not listen to our experience. Youth and love all come to an end, and a time may come when you will thank God for a roof to cover you."

*Clärchen.* (*Shudders, is silent, and then exclaims*), "Mother, let that time come as death will come! To think of it beforehand is horrible. And, when it comes! When we must—then we shall bear ourselves as we may. Egmont! to renounce you! (*in tears.*) No! it is impossible—impossible."

Clärchen's little song, in this scene, short though it is, is one of the most powerful of Goethe's lyric compositions. It is, indeed, as she calls it, "ein kräftig Lied." As an outpouring of the emotions of a passionate and loving heart, we know not its equal.

The translation which we have given, we present to our young lady readers, as only one degree better than the very miserable one which they will find in their music-books. The original, however, with the beautiful music of Beethoven, we recommend to their serious consideration; and we think it might, without prejudice, be adopted as a substitute for "Woodman, spare that tree," or, "Ye marble Halls," or, "Beautiful Venice," or, indeed, for most others of the lays of modern England with which they are at present in the habit of lulling their papas to slumber.

Did our limits permit, we would gladly linger in the society of the beautiful daughters of Goethe's brain, and the names of many of them, we are sure, would require only to be mentioned, in order to rekindle the enthusiasm with which our readers must have once regarded them. The majestic form of Iphigenie would rise up afresh, with its statue-like beauty, and the childish tenderness of the melancholy Mignon would again claim a tear. In the gay and profligate Philline we should still take pleasure, in spite of our disapproval, and the two Leonoras would once more divide our admiration and our love. But we must hasten away from the enchanted circle, and we shall detain our readers only with a very few observations on the characteristic differences between the female characters of Goethe and those of our own great dramatist.

Goethe's females are less dignified, less heroic, so to speak, than those of Shakspeare. They are truer to nature, not in the higher sense of what nature might and would produce in given circumstances, but in the lower sense of what she usually does produce, and what we see around us in the ordinary intercourse of the world. They are one degree further removed from the antique, in that they are less the embodiments of abstract passion, and approach nearer to the complexity of ordinary nature. Nor have they the power of Shakspeare's females. Tenderness and sweetness are their chief characteristics. There is not one of them, so far as we know, who could support the passion even of Juliet, or in whose nature such a passion, if represented, would not be felt to be an incongruity. How different is the part which Portia plays from that which Goethe has assigned, or could with propriety have assigned, to any of his female characters! In female characterization, as in every other department of dramatic composition, we hold religiously to the opinion

that no poet, ancient or modern, has ever equalled Shakspeare, and we are disposed to place the female characters of Goethe, both poetically and morally, on a lower level than his. Still, they are as they should be. The ages for heroic conception are gone—gone, so far as we can see, beyond recall; and the epic, we fear, is not the only form of poetic composition which is unsuited to our time. In Shakspeare's days the middle age still lingered with a sunset glow, and its grandeur was blended in his imagination, with the bright soft tints of the coming time. He stood, as it were, upon a height, between the day which had been and the day which was to be, and his eye descried the dawn, whilst the rays of the evening still gilded the west. Even the majestic shadows of the Roman grandeur may be supposed to have stretched to him; for it was the cloud which had sunk down upon it which was rising on all sides when Shakspeare was born. It was the same with the great painters of Italy; and in their works we see much of the majesty of classic art—not copied, but still remaining in spirit—united to the picturesque luxuriance of the Middle Ages, and the clear conception and perfect *technique* of modern times. Goethe, again, is the poet of an altogether new civilization—of a social condition, the result, no doubt, of those elements of change and of progression which were at work in the days of Shakspeare and of Raphael, but still differing in its developed state most essentially from what it was in the period of its formation. His poetry is the only kind of poetry which was possible, as original and indigenous poetry, in an age in which clearness, precision, and reality have taken the place of the magnificent and the ideal; and it is thus a legitimate consequence of the condition out of which they arose, that his women should be as we find them—mere “comfit-makers’ wives,” and “Sunday citizens,” when placed side by side with those of Shakspeare. They are real women, however—perfectly simple, and free from mawkish artificiality—perfectly graceful, but at the same time divested of all the dignity which is derived from position, and with which the circumstances of the time permitted Shakspeare to invest his characters. A queen or princess in Shakspeare's days, and to Shakspeare, was a very different person from what she is in our days, and to us. Partly, she was different in herself; for it cannot be doubted that the almost sacred reverence with which rank was then regarded must have effected, to some extent, a change on the natural characters of those to whom it belonged. Chiefly, however, she was different to him; for she was raised to a height, and surrounded by an atmosphere, which allowed his imagination free scope to gild her at will, and he has drawn her, of course, as he conceived her. The relations which subsisted between the different classes of the community, and the feelings with which they mutually regarded each other, were then altogether different from what they now are. The sharp and rigid distinctions which then marked the different steps on the social ladder were unquestionably favorable to feelings of mutual respect. The affectation of contempt with which the high and the low now regard each other, and the ridiculous light in which they contrive to exhibit their respective characteristics, is the result of a jealousy on the one hand, and of an envy on the other, which could have found no place where rivalry was excluded by the very constitution of the society in which men lived. Where encroachment was not dreaded, mutual respect and kindly feeling naturally became the connecting links between the different classes of men, instead of ridicule and unbelief being, as with us, the principles which jumble all ranks together. No “Punch” appeared then on the Saturday mornings, to hold up to the laughter of the land, the royal banquet of the previous night. If there had, what glorious matter he would have found in the doings of our gracious lady, Elizabeth. No “leader” had then even mooted the opinion that royalty was a pageant kept up merely for the convenience of the community, and for preserving the symmetrical appearance of the Constitution. Shakspeare did not labor, as we do, and as Goethe did, under the disadvantages which, according to Louis XIV., beset the valets of the great; and, consequently, there were some men, and women too, who did continue to be heroes to him.

The merit of Goethe on the other hand is, that he read the newspapers all his days, and that he was a poet notwithstanding. Nay, that he has proved to us, that while men and women feel, love, and suffer, the poet's occupation will remain. He might have imitated Shakspeare and the older poets if he had chosen, as he has imitated the Greeks in Iphigenie; but if he had, he would not have been as he is—the poet of the nineteenth century. The true province of the poet, and this Goethe knew, is to em-



body in their greatest purity and their greatest strength, the sentiments and feelings of his age. He is and must be the æsthetic expression of his time. Even the poets of France, the least original of all to whom the name has ever been conceded—were so to a certain extent against their will; and their tiresome imitations of the antique are a standing monument of the want of healthy and original life, which then characterized their country. The same observations apply with equal force to the other departments of the fine arts, and it requires no prophet to foretell, that if ever we should have a *true* school of painting or sculpture in Europe again, it will bear to that which sprang up in Italy at the close of the Middle Ages, the same relation which the poetry of Goethe does to the poetry of Shakspeare.

So much for one, and perhaps the chief cause of the difference, which we perceive between Goethe and Shakspeare's female characters; but there is another which no doubt had its influence, and which we ought not to pass over unnoticed. It is the difference of feeling, with regard to the female sex, prevalent in the two countries to which the poets respectively belonged. In Germany a woman is a being to be loved and cherished, but not to be revered and adored, as she was in England in Shakspeare's time, and still is to some extent. The sphere of her activity is consequently more limited, she is a less prominent personage in the eyes of the world, and less important in her own, and hence the homeliness of her manners, and the greater preponderance of the strictly domestic virtues. Every English man on first coming in contact with German women, is struck with the absence, even in the very highest classes, of what is vulgarly denominated "style." Their object is not to attract admiration, but to engage the affections—they appeal not to the eye, but to the heart, and hence there is in their manners for the most part, what in an Englishwoman would be an affectation of simplicity. An intelligent Englishman (Dr. Bisset Hawkins) writing about Germany some years ago, said that there was no other nation in the world, where the natural woman was so easily discoverable under the social crust, and the truth of the observation will be confirmed by all who have had an opportunity of forming an opinion from personal observation. The whole education of a German woman indeed tends to bring about this result. Trained from the first to domestic duties in the bosom of her

family, her early education differs as much as can well be imagined from the convent education of France, or the showy and too often superficial instruction which falls to the lot of the English maiden. She is not educated for show, nor regarded as an ornament, and the consequence is that she is rarely either showy or ornamental.

Of this species of woman we have a complete exemplification in the Charlotte of *Werther's Leiden*, who, notwithstanding the violence of the passion which she excites, is all along represented as a plain, simple, unpretending housewife. Her lover is evidently a fine gentleman, and an intellectual fop besides of the very first water; but we see nothing of the accomplished miss or of the fine lady about Charlotte. She is a woman simply, and the charm which attaches to her is altogether apart from conventional feeling. In this respect, as in many others, Goethe's women often remind us of the females who figure in the dialogues of Erasmus. When we read of these as *puellæ*, *feminæ*, *uxores*, *matronæ*, or under whatever other title they may appear, we think of them simply as well developed specimens of female humanity, but without the slightest reference to their position in the world. Poverty does not weigh upon them, nor does wealth puff them up. They are neither exalted by the deference of others, nor depressed by the absence of self-respect. They are not learned; for although their conversation is reported in Latin, they are supposed to have spoken in the vulgar tongue. Neither are they ignorant; for on every subject on which the interlocutor addresses them, they are extremely intelligent and ready-witted. They are simply, as we said before, *puellæ*, *feminæ*, *uxores*, *matronæ*, &c., with such a degree of wealth, of station, of learning, and of intelligence, as to render them normal specimens of the human being of the sex at the period of life, and otherwise in the circumstances in which they are represented.

To some of our readers it may seem strange that Erasmus should be spoken of as a poet, and, stranger still, that he should be instanced as a successful delineator of female character. With ourselves, however, we confess that several of his women have long been especial favorites—the Maria, for instance, in the "*Proci et Puellæ*," the Catharina (*Virgo Misoqamos*), the Fabulla, and even the unfortunate Lucretia. The characterization is excellent; for although there is a great similarity observable

in them all, they have each a distinct individual existence. In reading the dialogues, short though they be, we seem, as it were, to make their acquaintance, and to become familiar with their respective peculiarities. Catharina, for instance, is by far the most poetical; and indeed we know few things more beautiful than the quaint, half-sportive conversation between her and her lover, when they are first presented to us in the garden after the banquet.

*Eubulus.* "Gaudeo tandem finitam esse cœnam, ut liceat hac frui deambulatione, qua nihil amenius."

*Cath.* "Et me jam tædebat sessionis."

*Eu.* "Quam vernal, quam arridet undique mundus! Hæc nimirum est illius adolescentia."

*Cath.* "Sic est."

*Eu.* "At cur tuum ver non æque arridet?"

*Cath.* "Quam ob rem?"

*Eu.* "Quia subtristis es."

*Cath.* "An videor alio vultu quam soleo?"

*Eu.* "Vis ostendam te tibi?"

*Cath.* "Maxime."

*Eu.* "Vides hanc rosam, sub imminentem noctem, foliis contractionibus?"

*Cath.* "Video, quid tum postea?"

*Eu.* "Talis est vultus tuus."

*Cath.* "Bella collatio."

*Eu.* "Si mihi parum credis, in hoc fonticulo contemplare teipsum," &c.

So far, indeed, we have not much of Catharina, and she delivers her short responses with the coyness of one who expected to be wooed; but the manner in which her lover, who is perfectly up to his business, endeavors to arrive at her understanding and her heart, through the medium of her imagination, shows sufficiently the natural tendency of her mind. The whole scene breathes of the freshness of the garden; and we can picture to ourselves, without an effort, the two lovers walking over the close-shorn green, and listening to the gentle murmuring of the water, as it trickled into the fountain in which Catharina was to contemplate her beauty. We are strikingly reminded of the garden scene of Faust—and Catharina, in many respects, might pass for the sister of Gretchen. Her character is finely brought out as the dialogue proceeds, and her conscientious scruples about matrimony are shaken, though not overcome.

In the dialogue which follows, and which is supposed to take place after she had made trial of the convent, we have a return to the feelings which naturally belong to a girl of her age; and Eubulus is rewarded for his former unsuccessful argumentation, by a declaration on the part of the young lady,

that of all the friends in whom she trusted,—"nunc sentio nullum fuisse, qui mihi prudentius ac senilius consilium dederit, quam tu omnium natu minimus." These, like most of the other dialogues, are pointed against the abuses of the monastic system, and the sophisms by which the priests in the days of Erasmus were in the habit of working upon the tender consciences of young and impressionable females; but he has contrived to present the argument in so attractive a form, that we read it like a drama, scarcely thinking for the time of the chief object with which it was written. The daughters of this old worm-eaten theologian, are wits too in their own quiet way; and there are few more amusing instances of continued repartee, than the manner in which Maria defends herself from the attacks of Pamphilus, when he undertakes to prove to her, on the principle of the old adage, "animam hominis non illic esset ubi animat, sed ubi amat," that he is dead, and she is his murderess. The discussion too between Eutrapelus and Fabulla (the *puer pera*), in which she challenges him, "Dic quæ te causæ moveant, ut felicius existimes peperisse catulum, quam catellam," is ineffably droll in many parts. The whole of the dialogues indeed are sparkling with wit; and as they are generally carried on between a man and a woman, no inconsiderable part of it must necessarily fall to the share of the ladies. In this respect they differ altogether from Goethe's females, for in their mouths we seldom find anything that is witty, and indeed Goethe himself, was by no means so great a wit as Erasmus.

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DEATH OF WILLIAM THOM, THE INVERARY POET.—Mr. Thom died at Dundee on the 28th ultimo. For some time past the poet had been in delicate and declining health. He has left behind him a widow and three children, the eldest of whom is only five years, and the youngest but a few months old. These are utterly destitute. We believe that intimations to the above effect either have been, or are immediately to be, despatched to Lord Jeffrey, Charles Dickens, and others; and that Messrs. Chalmers, Middleton, and Shaw, booksellers, are willing to receive donations on behalf of the widow and children.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION.—The King of Prussia is about to send a scientific expedition into Negroland, in search of some vast and splendid ruins of an ancient city, which a Mahomedan traveller, whose work has been translated from the Turkish by Dr. Rosean, asserts that he discovered during his wanderings in Central Africa.



From Blackwood's Magazine.

## LIFE AT HUDSON'S BAY.

*Hudson's Bay; or, Snow-shoe Journeys, Boat and Canoe Travelling Excursions, and Every-day Life in the Wilds of North America, during Six Years' Residence in the Territories of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. With Illustrations. By ROBERT MICHAEL BALLANTYNE. Edinburgh, 1847. Printed for Private Circulation*

How few school-boys, newly emancipated from the manual remonstrances of their respective Cleishbothams, but would welcome with overflowing delight the prospect of a distant and adventurous voyage, no matter whither or on what errand! How few but would prefer a cruise in the far Pacific, a broil amidst Arabian sands, or a freeze in the Laplander's icy regions, to the scholastic toga, the gainful paths of commerce, or even to the gaudy scarlet, so ardently aspired to by many youthful imaginations! But to how very few, in this iron age of toil, is it given to roam at the time of life when roaming is most delightful—when the heart is light and the body strong, when the spirits are high, and thoughts unclogged by care, and when novelty and locomotion constitute keen and real enjoyment! A book by one of the fortunate minority is now before us, and a very pleasant book it is, but as yet unknown to the public; since, for some unexplained reason, whose goodness we incline to doubt, it has been printed for the perusal of friends, instead of being boldly entered to run for the prize of popular approval. If timidity was the cause, the feeling was groundless; the colt had more than a fair chance of the stakes. We would have wagered odds upon him against nags of far greater pretensions. To drop the equine metaphor, we daily see books less meritorious, and infinitely less entertaining, than Mr. Ballantyne's "*Hudson's Bay*," confidently paraded before a public, whose suffrages do not always justify the authors' presumption. Our readers shall judge for themselves in this matter. Favored with a copy of the privately circulated volume, we propose giving some account of it, and making a few extracts from its varied pages.

First, as regards the author. It is manifest, from various indications in his book, that he is still a very young man; and although he does not explicitly state his age, we conjecture him to have been about fifteen or sixteen years old when, in the month of May 1841, he was thrown into a state of

ecstatic joy by the receipt of a letter, appointing him apprentice-clerk in the service of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. At first sight there certainly does not appear anything especially exhilarating in such an appointment, which to most ears is suggestive of a gloomy office in the city of London, of tall stools, canvas sleeves, and steel pens. A most erroneous notion! There is not more difference between the duties of an African Spahi and a member of the city police, than between those of a Hudson's Bay Company's clerk and of the painstaking individual who accomplishes two journeys *per diem* between his lodging at Islington and his counting-house in Cornhill. Whilst the latter draws an invoice, effects an insurance, or closes an account-current, the Hudson's Bay man shoots bears and rapids, barter peltry with painted Indians, and traverses upon his snow-shoes hundreds of miles of frozen desert. We might protract the comparison, and show innumerable points of contrast, but these will appear as we proceed. Before we draw on our blanket coats, and the various wrappers rendered necessary by the awful severity of the climate, and plunge with Mr. Ballantyne into the chill and dreary wilds to which he introduces us, we will give, for the benefit of any of our readers who may chance to have few definite ideas of the Hudson's Bay Company, beyond stuffed carnivora and cheap fur-shops, his brief account of the origin of that association.

"In the year 1669, a company was formed in London, under the direction of Prince Rupert, for the purpose of prosecuting the fur trade in the regions surrounding Hudson's Bay. This company obtained a charter from Charles II., granting to them and their successors, under the name of 'The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay,' the sole right of trading in all the country watered by rivers flowing into Hudson's Bay. The charter also authorized them to build and fit out men-of-war, establish forts, prevent

any other company from carrying on trade with the natives in their territories; and required that they should do all in their power to promote discovery. Armed with these powers, then, the Hudson's Bay Company established a fort near the head of James's Bay. Soon afterwards, several others were built in different parts of the country; and before long, the company spread and grew wealthy, and extended their trade far beyond the chartered limits."

Of what the present limits are, as well as of the state, aspect, arrangements, and population of the Hudson's Bay territory, a very clear and distinct notion is given by the following paragraph.

"Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundred miles broad and many hundred miles long, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains, and all in a state of primeval simplicity, undefaced by the axe of civilized man, and untenanted save by a few roving hordes of red Indians, and myriads of wild animals. Imagine, amid this wilderness, a number of small squares, each enclosing half-a-dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men, and between each of these establishments a space of forest varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay territories, and of the number of, and distance between, their forts. The idea, however, may be still more correctly obtained, by imagining populous Great Britain converted into a wilderness, and planted in the middle of Rupert's Land; the company, in that case, would build *three* forts in it—one at the Land's End, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands; so that in Britain there would be but three hamlets with a population of some thirty men, half a dozen women, and a few children! The company's posts extend, with these intervals between, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from within the Arctic Circle to the northern boundaries of the United States.

"Throughout this immense country there are probably not more ladies than would suffice to form half-a-dozen quadrilles; and these, poor banished creatures! are chiefly the wives of the principal gentlemen connected with the fur trade. The rest of the female population consist chiefly of half-breeds and Indians—the latter entirely devoid of education, and the former as much enlightened as can be expected from those whose life is spent in such a country. Even

these are not very numerous; and yet without them the men would be in a sad condition; for they are the only tailors and washerwomen in the country, and make all the mittens, moccasins, fur caps, deer-skin coats, &c., &c., worn in the land."

To these desolate and inhospitable shores was bound the good ship Prince Rupert, on board of which Mr. Ballantyne took his berth at Gravesend, converted in his own opinion, and by the simple fact of his appointment to the H. B. Company's Service, from a raw school-boy into a perfect man of the world, and important member of society. He writes in a very lively style, and there is some quiet humor in his first impressions of the new scenes and associates into which he suddenly found himself thrust. He had not been many hours on board the Prince Rupert, when he beheld a small steamboat approach, freighted with a number of elderly gentlemen. He was enlightened as to who these were by the remark of a sailor, who whispered to a comrade, "I say, Bill, them's the great guns!" In other words, the committee of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company come to visit the three fine vessels which were to sail the following morning for their distant dominions. Of course this was too good a pretext for a dinner to be lost sight of by Englishmen; and before the gentlemen of the committee left the ship, they duly invited the captain, officers, and also, to the new apprentice-clerk's astonishment and delight, begged him to honor them with his company.

"I accepted the invitation with extreme politeness; and, from inability to express my joy in any other way, winked to my friend W—, with whom I had become, by this time, pretty familiar. He, having been also invited, winked in return to me: and having disposed of this piece of juvenile freemasonry to our satisfaction, we assisted the crew in giving three hearty cheers as the little steamer darted from us, and proceeded to the shore." At the dinner "nothing intelligible was to be heard, except when a sudden lull in the noise gave a bald-headed old gentleman, near the head of the table, an opportunity of drinking the health of a red-faced old gentleman near the foot, upon whom he bestowed an amount of flattery perfectly bewildering; and, after making the unfortunate red-faced gentleman writhe for half an hour in a fever of modesty, sat down amid thunders of applause. Whether the applause, by the way was intended for the speaker or the *speakee*, I do not know;



but, being quite indifferent I clapped my hands with the rest. The red-faced gentleman, now purple with excitement, then rose, and during a solemn silence, delivered himself of a speech, to the effect that the day then passing was certainly the happiest in his mortal career, and that he felt quite faint with the mighty load of honor just thrown upon his delighted shoulders by his bald-headed friend. The red-faced gentleman then sat down to the national air of Rat-tat-tat, played in full chorus, with knives, forks, spoons, nutcrackers, and knuckles, on the polished surface of the mahogany table."

The whole account of the voyage out is very pleasantly given; but such voyages have often been described with more or less success; and we therefore pass to dry land, and to men and manners in Hudson's Bay, which have been far less frequently written about. In his preface Mr. Ballantyne affirms, and with reason, the novelty of his subject. "It is true," he says, "that others have slightly sketched it in books upon Arctic discovery, and in works of general information; but the very nature of these publications prohibited their entering into a lengthened or minute description of EVERY DAY LIFE,—the leading feature of the present work." To this "every-day life," strikingly different from life in any other country of the world, we are first introduced at York Factory, the principal depot of the Company's northern department, the whole country being divided into four departments, known by the distinctive names of North, South, Montreal, and Columbia. At this factory, after a passage in a small craft up the Hayes River, Mr. Ballantyne landed. Any one less willing to rough it, and less determined to encounter all disagreeables with perfect good temper, would speedily have been disgusted with Hudson's Bay by a residence in this establishment. Mr. Ballantyne does not conceal its disagreeables. "Are you, reader," he says, "ambitious of dwelling in 'a pleasant cot in a tranquil spot, with a distant view of the changing sea?' If so, do not go to York Factory. Not that it is such an unpleasant place—for I spent two years very happily there—but simply (to give a poetical reason, and explain its character in one sentence) because it is a monstrous blot on a swampy spot, with a partial view of the frozen sea." Having given it this unfavorable character, the

counsel for the prosecution stands up for the defence, and begins to prove York Factory better than it looks. But, argue it as he may, the abominations of the place, and especially of the climate, force themselves into prominence. Spring, summer, and autumn are included in four months, from June to September, which leaves eight months' winter—and such winter! It is difficult for stay-at-home people, who at the first ice-tree upon their windows creep into the chimney corner and fleecy hosiery, to imagine such an execrable temperature as that of Hudson's Bay, where, from October to April, the thermometer seldom rises to the freezing point, and frequently falls from 30° to 40°, 45°, and even 49° below zero of Fahrenheit. Luckily, however, this intense cold is less felt than might be supposed; for the reason that whilst it lasts, the air continues perfectly calm. The slightest breath of wind would be destruction to noses, and indeed, no man could venture out in it. This dry, still cold is very healthy, much more so than the heat of summer, which for a short time is extreme, engendering millions of flies, mosquitoes, and other nuisances, that render the country unbearable. It seems strange that, in a region where spirits of wine is the only thing that can be used in thermometers, because mercury would remain frozen nearly half the winter, mosquito nets are, for a portion of the year, as necessary as in the torrid zone. "Nothing could save one from the attacks of the mosquitoes. Almost all other insects went to rest with the sun: sandflies, which bit viciously during the day, went to sleep at night; the large *bulldog*, whose bite is terrible, slumbered in the evening; but the mosquito, the long-legged, determined, vicious, persevering mosquito, whose ceaseless hum dwells for ever in the ear, *never* went to sleep! Day and night the painful tender little pimples on our necks, and behind our ears, were being constantly retouched by these villanous flies." Worse even than midges by a Scottish burn; and those, heaven knows, are bad enough. The young gentlemen at York Factory, however, thought it effeminate to combat the bloodsuckers with the natural defensive weapon of a gauze canopy, and, in spite of various ingenious expedients such as rendering their rooms unbearable by bonfires of damp moss and puffs of gunpowder, they were preyed upon by the mosquitoes, until frost put a period to

their sufferings, and to the existence of their persecutors.

The account of York Factory, or Fort (as all establishments in the Indian country, whether small or great, are called), gives a general notion of the style and appearance of the more important of these trading posts. Within a large square, of about six or seven acres, enclosed by high stockades, nearly five miles above the mouth of Hayes River, stand a number of wooden buildings, stores, dwelling-houses, mess-rooms, and lodgings for laborers and tradesmen, as well as for visitors and temporary residents. The doors and windows are all double, and the houses heated by large iron stoves, fed with wood; "yet so intense is the cold that I have seen the stove in places *red-hot*, and a basin of water in the room *frozen solid*." So unfavorable is the climate to vegetation, that scarcely anything can be raised in the small plot of ground called by courtesy a garden. Potatoes now and then, for a wonder, become the size of walnuts; and sometimes a cabbage and a turnip are prevailed upon to grow. The woods are filled with a great variety of wild berries, among which the cranberry and swampberry are considered the best. Black and red currants, as well as gooseberries, are plentiful, but the first are bitter, and the latter small. The swampberry is in shape something like the raspberry, of a light yellow color, and grows on a low bush, almost close to the ground. The country around the fort is one immense level swamp, thickly covered with willows, and dotted here and there with a few clumps of pine trees. Flowers there are none, and the only large timber in the vicinity grows on the banks of Hayes and Nelson rivers, and is chiefly spruce-fir. On account of the swampy nature of the ground, the houses in the fort are raised several feet upon blocks, and the squares are intersected by elevated wooden platforms, forming the inhabitants' sole promenade during the summer, at which season a walk of fifty yards beyond the gates, ensures wet feet. These, and other details, give so pleasant an idea of York Factory, that one wonders at and admires the philosophy exhibited by its residents: by that portion of them, at least, inhabiting the "young gentlemen's house." Bachelor's Hall, as the young gentlemen themselves call it, was the scene, during Mr. Ballantyne's abode there, of much hilarity and frolic, and we get a laughable account of

the high jinks carried on there. The building itself, one story high, comprised a large hall, whence doors led to the sleeping apartments of the clerks, apprentices, and other subalterns. The walls of this hall, originally white, were smoked to a dirty yellow; the carpetless floor had a similar hue, agreeably diversified by large knots; and in its centre, upon four crooked legs, stood a large oblong iron box, with a funnel communicating with the roof. This was the stove, besides which the only furniture consisted of two small tables and half-a-dozen chairs; one of which latter being broken, and moreover light and handy, was occasionally used as a missile upon occasion of quarrels. The sleeping apartments contained a curtainless bed, a table, and a chest; they were carpetless, chairless, and we should have thought supremely comfortable, but for Mr. Ballantyne's assurance that "they derived an appearance of warmth from the number of great-coats, leather capotes, fur caps, worsted sashes, guns, rifles, shot-belts, snow-shoes, and powder-horns, with which the walls were profusely decorated." As we have already intimated, the amount of wrappers required to resist the cold out of doors is so great that it is difficult to conceive how the wearers can have sufficient use of their limbs, when thus swaddled to follow field-sports, and go through exertion and exercise of various kinds.

"The manner of dressing ourselves was curious. I will describe C—— as a type of the rest. After donning a pair of deer-skin trousers, he proceeded to put on three pair of blanket socks, and over these a pair of mooseskin moccasins. Then a pair of blue cloth leggings were hauled over his trousers, partly to keep the snow from sticking to them, and partly for warmth. After this he put on a leather capote edged with fur. This coat was very warm, being lined with flannel, and overlapped very much in front. It was fastened with a scarlet worsted belt round the waist, and with a loop at the throat. A pair of thick mittens, made of deerskin, hung round his shoulders by a worsted cord, and his neck was wrapped in a huge shawl, over the mighty folds of which his good-humored visage beamed like the sun on the edge of a fog-bank. A fur cap with ear-pieces completed his costume. Having finished his toilet, and tucked a pair of snow-shoes, five feet long, under one arm, and a double-barreled fowling-piece under the other,



C—— waxed extremely impatient, and proceeded systematically to aggravate the unfortunate skipper (who was always very slow, poor man, except on board ship), addressing sundry remarks to the stove upon the slowness of sea-faring men in general and skippers in particular." The intention of these preparations was an onslaught upon the ptarmigan, and upon a kind of grouse called wood-partridges by the Hudson's Bay people. The game is for the most part very tame in those regions. After nearly filling their game-bags, the sportsmen "came suddenly upon a large flock of ptarmigan, so tame that they would not fly, but merely ran from us a little way at the noise of each shot. The firing that now commenced was quite terrific: C—— fired till both barrels of his gun were stopped up: the skipper fired till his powder and shot were done; and I fired till—I *skinned my tongue!* Lest any one should feel surprised at the last statement, I may as well explain *how* this happened. The cold had become so intense, and my hands so benumbed with loading, that the thumb at last obstinately refused to open the spring of my powder-flask. A partridge was sitting impudently before me, so that, in fear of losing the shot, I thought of trying to open it with my teeth. In the execution of this plan, I put the brass handle to my mouth, and my tongue happening to come in contact with it, stuck fast thereto,—or, in other words, was frozen to it. Upon discovering this, I instantly pulled the flask away, and with it a piece of skin about the size of a sixpence; and having achieved this little feat, we once more bent our steps homewards." Upon their way, they were surprised by a storm; a tempest of hail and a cutting wind catching up mountains of snow in the air and dashing them into dust against their faces. Notwithstanding all the paraphernalia of wool and leather above described, they felt as if clothed in gauze; whilst their faces seemed to collapse and wrinkle up as they turned their backs to the wind and covered their agonized countenances with their mittens. On reaching Bachelor's Hall, like three animated marble statues, snow from head to foot, "it was curious to observe the change that took place in the appearance of our guns after we entered the warm room. The barrels and every bit of metal upon them, instantly became white, like ground glass. This phenomenon was caused by the condensa-

tion and freezing of the moist atmosphere of the room upon the cold iron. Any piece of metal, when brought suddenly out of such intense cold into a warm room, will in this way become covered with a pure white coating of hoar-frost. It does not remain long in this state, however, as the warmth of the room soon heats the metal and melts the ice. Thus, in about ten minutes our guns assumed three different appearances. When we entered the house they were clear, polished, and dry; in five minutes they were white as snow; and, in five more, dripping wet."

The principal articles in which the Hudson's Bay Company trade, are furs of all kinds, oil, dry and salt fish, feathers and quills. Of the furs, the most valuable is that of the black fox, which resembles the common English fox, but is much larger and jet black, except one or two white hairs along the back-bone, and a white tuft at the end of the tail. This animal's skin is very valuable, worth twenty-five to thirty guineas in the English market, but the specimens are very scarce. Besides the black fox, there are silver foxes, cross foxes, red, white, and blue foxes, whose hides are variously esteemed. The black, silver, cross, and red, are often produced in the same litter, the mother being a red fox. Beaver was formerly the grand article of commerce, but Paris hats have killed the demand and saved the beavers, which now build and fatten in comparative security. The marten fur is the most profitable Hudson's Bay produces. All the animals above named, and a few others, are caught in steel and wooden traps by the natives. Deer and buffaloes are run down, shot, and snared. Mr. Ballantyne rather startles us by the statement, that the Indians can send an arrow through a buffalo. "In the Saskatchewan, the chief food, both of white men and Indians, is buffalo meat, so that parties are constantly sent out to hunt the buffalo. They generally chase them on horseback, the country being mostly prairie land; and, when they get close enough, shoot them with guns. The Indians, however, shoot them oftener with the bow and arrow, as they prefer keeping their powder and shot for warfare. They are very expert with the bow, which is short and strong, and can easily send an arrow quite through a buffalo at twenty yards off." We almost suspect Mr. Ballantyne of drawing a longer bow than his Indian friends. We do not understand him, how-

ever, to have himself seen any of these marvellous shots (although he gives a spirited little drawing of a buffalo hunt), and perhaps some of the wild fellows of the Saskatchewan brigade imposed upon his youthful credulity. These "brigades" are flotillas of boats, manned by Canadian and half-breed *voyageurs*, who take goods for barter to the interior, and bring back furs in exchange. The men of the Saskatchewan "come from the prairies and the Rocky Mountains, and are consequently brimful of stories of the buffalo hunt, attacks upon grizzly bears, and wild Indians; some of them interesting and true enough, but the most of them either tremendous exaggerations or altogether inventions of their own wild fancies." To return, however, to the buffaloes. Two calves were wanted alive, to be sent to England, and a party was ordered out to procure them.

"Upon meeting with a herd, they all set off full gallop in chase; away went the startled animals at a round trot, which soon increased to a gallop as the horsemen neared them, and a shot or two told they were coming within range. Soon, the shots became more numerous, and here and there a black spot on the prairie told where a buffalo had fallen. No slackening of the pace occurred, however, as each hunter, upon killing an animal, merely threw down his cap or mitten to mark it as his own, and continued in pursuit of the herd, loading his gun as he galloped along. The buffalo-hunters are very expert at loading and firing quickly while going at full gallop. They carry two or three bullets in their mouths, which they spit into the muzzles of their guns after dropping in a little powder; and, instead of ramming it down with a rod, merely hit the but-end of the gun on the pommel of their saddles, and, in this way, fire a great many shots in quick succession. This, however, is a dangerous mode of shooting, as the ball sometimes sticks half-way down the barrel and bursts the gun, carrying away a finger, a joint, and occasionally a hand.

"In this way they soon killed as many buffaloes as they could carry in their carts, and one of the hunters set off in chase of a calf. In a short time he edged one away from the rest, and then, getting between it and the herd, ran straight against it with his horse and knocked it down. The frightened little animal jumped up and set off with redoubled speed, but another butt

from the horse again sent it sprawling; again it rose and was again knocked down, and, in this way, was at last fairly tired out; when the hunter, jumping suddenly from his horse, threw a rope round its neck and drove it before him to the encampment, and soon after brought it to the fort. It was as wild as ever when I saw it at Norway House, and seemed to have as much distaste to its thralldom as the day it was taken.

Buffalo-meat, however, though abundant in the prairies, is scarce enough in other districts of the Hudson's Bay territory, and so, indeed, is game of all kinds; so that at certain times and seasons, both Indians and Company's servants are reduced to very short commons, and amongst the former starvation is by no means uncommon. The contrasts of diet are as striking as those of climate; the provender varying from the juicy buffalo hump and rich marrow-bone, to miserable dry fish and *tripe-de-roche*—a sort of moss or lichen growing on the rocks, which looks like dried up seaweed, and which only the extremity of hunger can render edible. From Peel's River, a post within the Arctic circle, a chief trader writes that all the fresh provisions he has seen during the winter, consisted of two squirrels and a crow. He and his companions had lived on dried meat, and were obliged to lock the gates to keep their scanty store from the Indians, who were literally eating each other outside the fort; for cannibalism is common enough amongst the Indians of that region, and Mr. Ballantyne was acquainted with some old ladies who, on more than one occasion, had dined off their own children; whilst some, if report might be believed, had made a meal of their husbands. It is justice to the savages to say, that they do not eat human flesh by preference, but only when urged by necessity, and by the absence of all other viands. They will scrape the rocks bare of the *tripe-de-roche*—which, however, only retards starvation for a time, without preventing it, unless varied by more nutritious food—before cutting up a cousin. Now and then an aggravated case occurs, and one of these we find cited. In the middle of winter, Wisagun, a Cree Indian, removed his encampment on account of scarcity of game. With him went his wife, a son eight or nine years of age, two or three other children, and some relations—ten souls in all. Their change of quarters did not improve their condition. No game appeared, and they



were reduced to eat their moccasins and skin coats, cooked by singeing them over the fire. This wretched resource expended, they were on the brink of starvation, when a herd of buffaloes were descried far away on the prairie. Guns were instantly loaded, and snow-shoes put on, and away went the men, leaving women and children in the tent. But the famished Indians soon grew tired; the weaker dropped behind; Wisagun and his son Natappe, gave up the chase and returned to the encampment. Wisagun peeped through a chink of the tent, and saw his wife cutting up one of her own children, preparatory to cooking it. In a transport of rage he rushed forward and stabbed her and a woman who assisted her in her horrible cookery; and then, fearing the wrath of the other Indians, he fled to the woods. When the hunters came in and found their relatives murdered, they were so much exhausted by their fruitless chase, that they could only sit down and gaze on the mutilated bodies. During the night, Wisagun and Natappe returned to the tent, murdered the whole party, and were met, some time afterwards, by another party of savages, in *good condition*; although, from scarcity of game, every body else was starving. They accounted for their well-fed appearance, by saying they had fallen in with a deer, previously to which, however, the rest of the family had died of hunger.

This horrible story was told to an Englishman in the Indian hall of a far-away post in Athabasca, by a party of Chipewyan Indians, come from their winter hunting-grounds to trade furs. They were the same men who had met the two Crees wandering in the plains after getting up their flesh by swallowing their family. The loathsome food had profited them, however, but a short while; for the Chipewyans had hardly told the tale, when "the hall door slowly opened, and Wisagun, gaunt and cadaverous, the very impersonation of famine, slunk into the room with Natappe, and seated himself in a corner near the fire. Mr. C—— soon learned the truth of the foregoing story from his own lips; but he excused his horrible deed by saying that *most* of his relations had died before he ate them."

Notwithstanding this sanguinary tale the Crees, who inhabit the woody country surrounding Hudson's Bay, are the quietest and most inoffensive of all the Indian tribes trading with the Company. They

never go to war, scalping is obsolete amongst them, and the celebrated war-dance a mere tradition. But their pacific habits and intercourse with Europeans seem as yet to have done little towards their civilization. Some of their customs are of the most barbarous description. They have no religion, beyond the absurd incantations of the medicine tent; and the amount of Christianity English missionaries have of late years succeeded in introducing amongst them is exceedingly small. They drink to excess when they can get spirits; and formerly, when the Hudson's Bay Company, in order to contend successfully with other associations, thought it necessary to distribute rum and whiskey to the natives, the use of the "fire-water" was carried to a fearful extent. They smoke tobacco, mingled with some other leaf; are excessively lazy, and great gamblers. Polygamists, they ill-treat their wives, compelling them to severe toil, whilst they themselves indulge in utter indolence, except when roused to the chase. On the march, when old men or women are unable to proceed, they are left behind in a small tent made of willows, in which are placed firewood, provisions, and a vessel of water. here, when food and wood are consumed, the unfortunate wretches perish. The habitual dwellings of the Crees are tents of conical shape, made of deerskin, bark, or branches. The manner of construction is simple and rapid. Three poles are tied together at the top, their lower extremities spending out in the form of a tripod; a number of other poles are piled around these at half a foot distance from each other; and thus a space is inclosed of fifteen to twenty feet in diameter. Over these poles are spread the skin-tent, or the rolls of birch-bark. The opening left for a doorway is covered with an old blanket, a deer-skin, or buffalo-robe; the floor is covered with a layer of small pine branches, a wood fire blazes in the middle: and in this slight habitation, which is far warmer and more comfortable than could be imagined, the Indian spends a few days or weeks, according as game is scarce or plentiful. His modes of securing and trapping the beasts of the plain and forest are curious, often as ingenious and effective as they are simple and inartificial. Mr. Ballantyne initiates us in many of them in the course of a nocturnal cruise overland with Stemaw the Indian, which gives an excellent insight into trapper-life at Hudson's Bay. We start with the Cree from his

tent, pitched in the neighborhood of one of the Company's forts, at the foot of an immense tree, which stands in a little hollow where the willows and pines are luxuriant enough to afford shelter from the north wind. We have no difficulty in realizing the scene, as graphically sketched by our young apprentice-clerk, who is frequently very happy in his scraps of description:—"A huge chasm, filled with fallen trees and mounds of snow, yawns on the left of the tent, and the ruddy sparks of fire which issue from a hole in its top throw this and the surrounding forest into deeper gloom. Suddenly the deerskin that covers the aperture of the wigwam is raised, and a bright stream of warm light gushes out, tipping the dark-green points of the opposite trees, and mingling strangely with the paler light of the moon; and Stemaw stands erect in front of his solitary home, to gaze a few moments at the sky and judge of the weather, as he intends to take a long walk before laying his head upon his capote for the night. He is in the usual costume of the Cree Indians: a large leathern coat, very much overlapped in front, and fastened round the waist with a scarlet belt, protects his body from the cold. A small ratskin cap covers his head, and his legs are cased in the ordinary blue cloth leggings. Large moccasins, with two or three pair of blanket-socks, clothe his feet, and fingerless mittens, made of deerskin, complete his costume. After a few minutes passed in contemplation of the heavens, the Indian prepares himself for the walk. First, he sticks a small axe in his belt, serving as a counterpoise to a large hunting knife and fire-bag which depend from the other side. He then slips his feet through the lines of his snow-shoes, and throws the line of a small hand-sledge over his shoulder. The hand-sledge is a thin flat slip or plank of wood, from five to six feet long by one foot broad, and is turned up at one end. It is extremely light, and Indians invariably use it when visiting their traps, for the purpose of dragging home the animals or game they may have caught. Having attached this to his back, he stoops to receive his gun from his faithful squaw, who has been watching his operations through a hole in the tent, and throwing it on his shoulder strides off, without uttering a word, across the moonlit space in front of the tent, turns into a small narrow track that leads down the dark ravine, and disappears in the shades of the forest."

The snow-shoes above referred to, and which are in general use amongst both Indians and Europeans at Hudson's Bay, are as unlike shoes as anything bearing the name well can be. A snow-shoe is formed of two thin pieces of light-wood, tied at both ends, and spread out in the centre, thus making an oval frame filled up with network of deerskin threads. The frame is strengthened by cross bars, and fastened *loosely* to the foot by a line across the toe. The length of the machine is from *four to six feet*; the width from thirteen to twenty inches. Being very light, they are no way cumbersome, and without them pedestrianism would be impossible for many months of the year, on account of the depth of the snow, which falls through the meshes of these shoes, as the traveller raises his foot. That they are not fatiguing wear, is manifest from the fact that an Indian will walk twenty, thirty, and even forty miles a day upon them. Only in damp weather, the moist snow clogs the meshes, and the lines are apt to gall the foot. Apropos of this inconvenience, Mr. Ballantyne avails himself of the traveller's privilege, and favors us with a remarkable anecdote, told him by a Highland friend of his, Mr. B——, chief of the Company's post at Tadousac.

"On one occasion he was sent off upon a long journey over the snow where the country was so mountainous, that snow-shoe walking was rendered extremely painful by the feet slipping forward against the front bar of the shoe when descending the hills. After he had accomplished a good part of his journey, two large blisters rose under the nails of his great toes; and soon the nails themselves came off. Still he must go on, or die in the woods: so he was obliged to *tie* the nails on his toes each morning before starting, for the purpose of protecting the tender parts beneath; and every evening he wrapped them up carefully in a piece of rag, and put them into his waistcoat pocket,—*being afraid of losing them if he kept them on all night.*" This Mr. B—— had had a long and eventful career in North America, and was rich in 'yarns,' more or less credible, with which he regaled Mr. Ballantyne during a journey they made together. A deep scar on his nose was the memorial of a narrow escape he had made when dwelling at a solitary fort west of the Rocky mountains. He had bought a fine horse of an Indian, one of the Blackfeet, a wild and warlike tribe, notorious as horse-stealers. The animal had



been but a short time in his possession, when it was stolen. This was a very ordinary event, and was soon forgotten. Spring came, and a party of Indians, arrived with a load of furs for barter. They were admitted one by one into the fort, their arms taken from them and locked up—a customary and necessary precaution, as they used to buy spirits, get drunk and quarrel, but without weapons they could do each other little harm. When about a dozen had entered, the gate was shut, and then Mr. B—— beheld, to his surprise, the horse he had lost the previous year. He asked to whom it belonged, and the Indian who had sold it him unblushingly stood forward. “Mr. B—— (an exceedingly quiet, good-natured man, but like very many of his stamp, very passionate when roused) no sooner witnessed the fellow’s audacity than he seized a gun from one of his men, and shot the horse. The Indian instantly sprang upon him: but being a less powerful man than Mr. B——, and withal unaccustomed to use his fists, he was soon overcome, and pommelled out of the fort. Not content with this, Mr. B—— followed him down to the Indian camp, pommelling him all the way. The instant, however, that the Indian found himself surrounded by his own friends, he faced about, and with a dozen warriors attacked Mr. B——, and threw him on the ground, where they kicked and bruised him severely; whilst several boys of the tribe hovered around with bows and arrows, waiting a favorable opportunity to shoot him. Suddenly a savage came forward with a large stone in his hand, and standing over his fallen enemy, raised it high in the air and dashed it down upon his face. Mr. B——, when telling me the story, said that he had just time, upon seeing the stone in the act of falling, to commend his spirit to God, ere he was rendered insensible. The merciful God, to whom he thus looked for help at the eleventh hour, did not desert him. Several men belonging to the fort, seeing the turn things took, hastily armed themselves, and hurrying out to the rescue, arrived just at the critical moment when the stone was dashed in his face. Though too late to prevent this, they were in time to prevent a repetition of the blow; and, after a short scuffle with the Indians, without any bloodshed, they succeeded in carrying their master up to the fort, where he soon recovered. The deep cut made by the stone on the bridge of his nose, left an indelible scar.”

To return to Stemaw the trapper, whom we left striding along with confident step, as though the high road lay before him, although no track or trail, discernible by European eye, is there to guide his footsteps. After a walk of two miles, a faint sound a-head brings him to a dead halt. He listens, and a noise like the rattling of a chain is heard from a dark, wild hollow in his front. “Another moment, and the rattle is again distinctly heard; a slight smile of satisfaction crosses Stemaw’s dark visage; for one of his traps was set in that place, and he knows that something is caught. Quickly descending the slope, he enters the bushes whence the sound proceeds, and pauses when within a yard or two of his trap to peer through the gloom. A cloud passes off the moon, and a faint ray reveals, it may be, a beautiful black fox caught in the snare. A slight blow on the snout from Stemaw’s axe-handle kills the unfortunate animal; in ten minutes more it is tied to his sledge, the trap is reset and again covered over with snow, so that it is almost impossible to tell that anything is there; and the Indian pursues his way.” And here we have a drawing of Reynard the Fox, a fine specimen of his kind, black as coal, with a white tuft to his tail, looking anxiously about him, his fore paw fast in the jaws of a trap, with which a heavy log, fastened by a chain, prevents his making off. In the distance, the Indian, gun on shoulder, his snow-shoes, which look like small boats, upon his feet, strides forward, eager to secure his valuable prize. We give Mr. Ballantyne all credit for the unpretending but useful wood-cuts scattered through his book, which serve to explain things whose form or nature would otherwise be but imperfectly understood. They are an honest and legitimate style of illustration, exactly corresponding to the requirements of a work of this kind.

The steel trap in which the fox is caught resembles a common English rat-trap, less the teeth, and is so set, that the jaws, when spread out flat, are exactly on a level with the snow. The chain and weight are hidden, a little snow is swept over the trap, and nothing is visible but the bait—usually chips of frozen partridge, rabbit, or fish, which are scattered all around the snare. Foxes, beavers, wolves, lynx, and other animals, are thus taken, sometimes by a fore-leg, sometimes by a hind one, or by two at once, and occasionally by the nose. By two legs is the preferable way—for the

trapper, that is to say—for then escape is impossible. “When foxes are caught by one leg, they often *eat it off* close to the trap, and escape on the other three. I have frequently seen this happen; and I once saw a fox caught which had evidently escaped in this way, as one of its legs was gone, and the stump healed up and covered again with hair. When caught by the nose, they are almost sure to escape, unless taken out of the trap very soon after capture, as their snouts are so sharp and wedgelike, that they can pull them from between the jaws of the trap with the greatest ease.” We are tempted to doubt the ease, or at any rate the pleasure of such an operation, and to compassionate the unfortunate quadrupeds, whose only chance of escape from being knocked on the head lies in biting off their own feet, or scraping the skin off their jaws between those of a trap. The poor brutes have no chance of a fair fight, or even of a few yards’ law and a run for their lives. Their hungry stomachs and keen olfactories touchingly appealed to by the scraps of frozen game they eat their way to the trap, and finally put their foot in it. The trapper’s trade is a sneaking sort of business; and one cannot but understand the feeling of self-humiliation of Cooper’s Natty Bumppo, upon finding himself reduced from the rifle to the snare—and from the stand-up fight in the forest to the stealthy prowl and treacherous trap. And hence, doubtless, do we find the occupation far more frequently followed by Indians and half-breeds than by white men—at least at Hudson’s Bay. Nevertheless Mr. Ballantyne, whilst enjoying dignified solitude in the remotest station of Seven Islands, his French Canadian servant and his Newfoundland dog Humbug, for sole companions, received the visit of a trapper, who was not only white, but a gentleman to boot. This individual, who was dressed in aboriginal style, had been in the employ of a fur company, had married an Indian girl, and taken to trapping. He was a good-natured man, we are told, and had been well educated—talked philosophy, and put his new acquaintance up to the fact that what he for some time had taken for a bank of sea-weed, was a shoal of kipling close inshore. He stopped a week at the station, living on salt pork and flour-and-water pancakes, and telling his adventures to his gratified host, to whom in his lonely condition, far worse society would have been highly acceptable.

The trapper’s occupation is not always

unattended with danger. So long as he has only foxes and such small gear to deal with, whom a tap on the snout finishes, it is mere child’s play, barring the fatigue of long walks and heavy loads; but now and then he finds an ugly customer in one of his traps, and encounters some risk before securing him. This we shall see exemplified, if we follow Stemaw to two traps, which he set in the morning close to each other, for the purpose of catching one of the formidable coast-wolves. “These animals are so sagacious, that they will scrape all round a trap, let it be ever so well set, and after eating all the bait, walk away unhurt. Indians consequently endeavor in every possible way to catch them, and, amongst others, by setting *two* traps, close together, so that, whilst the wolf scrapes at one he may perhaps put his foot in the other. It is in this way Stemaw’s traps are set; and he now advances cautiously towards them, his gun in the hollow of his left arm. Slowly he advances, peering through the bushes; but nothing is visible. Suddenly a branch crashes under his snowshoe, and with a savage growl, a large wolf bounds towards him, landing almost at his feet. A single glance, however, shows the Indian that both traps are on his legs and that the chains prevent his further advance. He places his gun against a tree, draws his axe, and advances to kill the animal. It is an undertaking, however, of some difficulty. The fierce brute, which is larger than a Newfoundland dog, strains every nerve and sinew to break its chains; whilst its eyes glisten in the uncertain light, and foam curls from its blood-red mouth. Now it retreats as the Indian advances, grinning horribly as it goes; and anon, as the chains check its further retreat, it springs with fearful growl towards Stemaw, who slightly wounds it with his axe, as he jumps backward just in time to save himself from the infuriated animal, which catches in its fangs the flap of his leggin, and tears it from his limb. Again Stemaw advances and the wolf retreats, and again springs upon him, but without success. At last, as the wolf glances for a moment to one side—apparently to see if there is no way of escape—quick as lightning the axe flashes in the air, and descends with stunning violence on its head; another blow follows, and in five minutes more the animal is fastened to the sledge.”

Weary with this skirmish, and with the previous walk, Stemaw calls a halt under a



big tree, and prepares to bivouac. Having started with him, we shall accompany him to the end of his expedition, the more willingly that his proceedings are very interesting and capitally described by Mr. Ballantyne, in whose words we continue to give them.

"Selecting a large pine, whose spreading branches covered a patch of ground free from underwood, he scrapes away the snow with his snow-shoe. Silently but busily he labors for a quarter of an hour, and then, having cleared a space seven or eight feet in diameter, and nearly four feet deep, he cuts down a number of small branches, which he strews at the bottom of the hollow till all the snow is covered. This done, he fells two or three of the nearest trees, cuts them up into lengths of about five feet long, and piles them at the root of the tree. A light is applied to the pile, and up glances the ruddy flame, crackling among the branches over head, and sending thousands of bright sparks into the air. No one who has not seen it can form any idea of the change that takes place in the appearance of the woods at night, when a large fire is suddenly lighted. Before, all was cold, silent, chilling, gloomy, and desolate, and the pale snow looked unearthly in the dark. Now, a bright ruddy glow falls upon the thick stems of the trees, and penetrates through the branches overhead, tipping those nearest the fire with a ruby tinge, the mere sight of which warms one. The white snow changes to a beautiful pink; whilst the stems of the trees, bright and clearly visible near at hand, become more and more indistinct in the distance, till they are lost in the black background. The darkness, however, need not be seen from the encampment, for when the Indian lies down, he will be surrounded by the snowy walls, which sparkle in the firelight as if set with diamonds. These do not melt, as might be expected; the frost is much too intense for that; and nothing melts except the snow quite close to the fire. Stemaw has now concluded his arrangements: a small piece of dried deer's meat warms before the blaze, and meanwhile he spreads his green blanket on the ground, and fills a stone calumet (a pipe with a wooden stem) with tobacco, mixed with a kind of weed prepared by himself."

His pipe smoked, his venison devoured, the trapper wraps him in his blanket and sleeps. We are then transported to a beaver-lodge at the extremity of a frozen

and snow-covered lake. Yonder, where the points of a few bulrushes appear above the monotonous surface of dazzling white, are a number of small earthy mounds, the trees and bushes in whose vicinity are cut and barked in many places. It is a lively place enough in the warm season, when the beavers are busy nibbling down trees and bushes, to mend their dams and stock their storehouses with food. Now it is very different; in winter the beaver stays at home, and sleeps. His awakening is sometimes an unpleasant one.

"Do you observe that small black speck moving over the white surface of the lake, far away in the horizon? It looks like a crow, but the forward motion is much too steady and constant for that. As it approaches, it assumes the form of a man; and at last the figure of Stemaw, dragging his empty sleigh behind him (for he has left his wolf and foxes in the last night's encampment, to be taken up when returning home), becomes clearly distinguishable through the dreamy haze of the cold wintry morning. He arrives at the beaver-lodges, and, I warrant, will soon play havoc among the inmates.

"His first proceeding is to cut down several stakes, which he points at the ends. These are driven, after he has cut away a good deal of ice from around the beaver-lodge, into the ground between it and the shore. This is to prevent the beaver from running along the passage they always have from their lodge to the shore, where their storehouse is kept, which would make it necessary to excavate the whole passage. The beaver, if there are any, being thus imprisoned in the lodge, the hunter next stakes up the opening into the storehouse on shore, and so imprisons those that may have fled there for shelter on hearing the noise of his axe at the other house. Things being thus arranged to his entire satisfaction, he takes an instrument called an ice-chisel—which is a bit of steel about a foot long by one inch broad, fastened to the end of a stout pole, wherewith he proceeds to dig through the lodge. This is by no means an easy operation; and although he covers the snow around him with great quantities of mud and sticks, yet his work is not half finished. At last, however, the interior of the hut is laid bare, and the Indian, stooping down, gives a great pull, when out comes a large, fat, sleepy beaver, which he flings sprawling on the snow. Being thus unceremoniously awakened from

its winter nap, the shivering animal looks languidly around, and even goes the length of making a face at Stemaw by way of showing its teeth, for which it is rewarded with a blow on the head from the pole of the ice-chisel, which puts an end to it. In this way several more are killed, and packed on the sleigh. Stemaw then turns his face towards his encampment, where he collects the game left there, and away he goes at a tremendous pace, dashing the snow in clouds from his snow-shoes, as he hurries over the trackless wilderness to his forest home"—where, upon arrival, he is welcomed with immense glee by his greedy Squaw, whose lips water at the prospect of a good gorge upon fat beaver. We are not informed what sort of eating this is; but we read of soup made of beaver skins, which are oily, and stew well, resorted to by Europeans when short of provender in the dreary wilds of Hudson's Bay. Indeed all manner of queer things obtain favor as edibles in the territory of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. A party of Canadian *voyageurs* or boatmen found a basket made of bark and filled with bear's grease, which had been hidden away by Indians, who doubtless entertained the laudable design of forwarding it, per next ship, to the address of a London hairdresser. The boatmen preferred its internal application to the external one usually made of the famous capillary regenerator, and in less than two days devoured the whole of the precious ointment, spread upon the flour-cakes which, with *pemican*, form their usual provisions. Pemican is buffalo flesh, dried in flakes and then pounded between two stones. "These are put into a bag made of the animal's hide, with the hair on the outside, and well mixed with melted grease; the top of the bag is then sewed up, and the pemican allowed to cool. In this state it may be eaten uncooked; but the voyageurs mix it with a little flour and water, and then boil it; in which state it is known throughout the country by the elegant name of *robbiboo*. Pemican is good wholesome food, will keep fresh for a great length of time, and, were it not for its unprepossessing appearance, and a good many buffalo hairs mixed with it, through the carelessness of the hunters, would be very palatable." The Indians, it has already been shown, are by no means particular in their diet, and devour, with equal relish, a beaver and a kinsman. Another unusual article of food in favor amongst them is a species of white owl, which

looks, we are told, when skinned, comically like very young babies. They are large and beautiful birds, sometimes nearly as big as swans. Mr. Ballantyne shot one measuring five feet three inches across the wings. "They are in the habit of alighting upon the tops of blighted trees, and on poles of any kind, which happen to stand conspicuously apart from the forest trees; for the purpose probably, of watching for birds and mice, on which they prey. Taking advantage of this habit, the Indian plants his trap (a fox trap) on the top of a bare tree, so that, when the owl alights, it is generally caught by the legs." Owls of all sizes abound in Hudson's Bay, from the gigantic species just described, down to the small gray owl, not much bigger than a man's hand.

Hudson's Bay not being a colony, but a great waste country, sprinkled with a few European dwellings, dealings are carried on by barter rather than by cash payments, and of money there is little or none. But to facilitate trade with the Indians, there is a certain standard of value known as a *castor*, and represented by pieces of wood. We may conjecture the term to have originated in the French word *castor*, signifying a beaver—of which animal these wooden tokens were probably intended to represent the value. It stands to reason that such a coinage is too easily counterfeited for its general circulation to be permitted, and it consequently is current only in the Company's barter-rooms. "Thus an Indian arrives at a fort with a bundle of furs, with which he proceeds to the Indian trading-room. There the trader separates the furs into different lots, and valuing each at the standard valuation, adds the amounts together, and tells the Indian who has looked on the while with great interest and anxiety that he has got fifty or sixty *castors*; at the same time handing him fifty or sixty little bits of wood in lieu of cash, so that he may by returning these in payment of the goods for which he really exchanges his skins, know how fast his funds decrease. The Indian then looks around upon the bales of cloth, powder-horns, guns, blankets, knives, &c., with which the shop is filled, and after a good while makes up his mind to have a small blanket. This being given him, the trader tells him that the price is six *castors*; the purchaser hands him six of his little bits of wood, and selects something else. In this way he goes on till the wooden cash is expended. The value of a *castor* is from



one to two shillings. The natives generally visit the establishments of the Company twice a year; once in October, when they bring in the produce of their autumn hunts, and again in March, when they come in with that of the great winter hunt. The number of castors that an Indian makes in a winter hunt varies from fifty to two hundred, according to his perseverance and activity, and the part of the country in which he hunts. The largest amount I ever heard of was made by a man named Piaquata-Kiscum, who brought in furs, on one occasion, to the value of two hundred and sixty castors. The poor fellow was soon afterwards poisoned by his relatives, who were jealous of his superior abilities as a hunter, and envious of the favor shown him by the white men."

Mr. Ballantyne visits and describes Red River settlement, the only colony in the extensive district traded over by the Hudson's Bay Company. It contained in 1843 about five thousand souls—French-Canadians, Scotchmen, and Indians—and since then the population has rapidly increased. In the time of the North-West Company, since amalgamated with that of Hudson's Bay, it was the scene of a smart skirmish or two between the rival fur-traders, in one of which Mr. Semple, governor of the

Hudson's Bay Company, lost his life, and a number of his men were killed and wounded. We find some curious particulars of the stratagems and manœuvres employed by the two associations to outwit each other, and get the earliest deal with the Indian hunters. But to this we can only thus cursorily refer; whilst to many other chapters of equal novelty and interest we cannot even do that. We are obliged to refuse ourselves the pleasure of a piscatorial page, in which we would have shown the brethren of the angle, roaming by loch and stream, on trout and salmon intent, how in the land of Hendrick Hudson silver fish are caught whose eyes are living gold. All we can do, before laying down the pen, is to commend Mr. Ballantyne's book, which does him great credit. It is unaffected and to the purpose, written in an honest, straight-forward style, and is full of real interest and amusement, without the unnecessary wordiness and impertinent gossip with which books of this description are too often swollen. We are glad to learn, whilst concluding this paper, that the public will soon be enabled, by a second edition of the volume, to form a better idea of its merits, than it has been possible for us to give by these few brief extracts.

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From Lowe's Magazine.

### NATIONAL PECULIARITIES OF INTELLECT AND TASTE.

THERE are few subjects which present themselves more forcibly to the mind of the intelligent observer of national characteristics, whether he contemplate them through the experience of an actual tourist, or the scarcelly vivid pictures afforded by modern literature, than those peculiarities of Intellect and Taste which distinguish one nation from another as completely as the hue of their complexions or the outlines of their physiognomy. Casting the mental eye back on the world of antiquity, through the mists of time, the shades of gigantic cities whose substance is no more, the Egyptians stand forth in their imperishable pyramids and exhaustless catacombs as a people whose work was at war with time; from the rock-hewn temple to the undecaying mummy, all was done to defy his scythe and sand-glass, but the conqueror has foiled

them. What he could not destroy he baptized with Lethe, and the history of Egypt remains as puzzling a problem to modern times as the marble hieroglyphics in the halls of Carnah.

Turning to ages more within the grasp of history, we find the empire of Persia so supremely Asiatic in spirit as well as position, and exerting so great an influence if not actual sway over the entire East through the varying fortunes of ages, that she may be justly regarded as the representation of ancient Asia. Possessing art, whose productions were grave, but luxurious; splendid, but often barbaric; always cumbrous, and never approaching to the poetry of that ideal beauty which beamed from the Delphian Apollo, or flashed from the Olympian Jove. Her literature, though boldly imaginative, was never free to in-

quire. "Obey and fear," was the motto of her philosophy, and the loftiest efforts of her muse were identified with the pomp, the riches, and the slavery of the East.

Gazing westward we behold the snow-crowned summits, the lovely valleys, and the laurel groves of Greece glorious with art, to whose immortal creations time has brought no rival, and filled with a wealth of song, romance, poetry, and philosophy, whose very debris is still an exhaustless mine to Europe. True, those arts and literature were dedicated to the service of a graceful but sometimes puerile mythology, which peopled every stream and forest with beings of earthly affinity, though not of earthly mould. Castalia must taste of the channel through which it flows, and as Greece degenerated, their freshness faded too. True philosophy was more speculative than practical, the consolation of sages rather than the benefactor of the race; it found the nations deceived, and it left them so; yet the glance of Grecian wisdom was keen and its pinion free, and the poets and artists of the land have made her mighty in all times, by rising through the popular faith which they served to those visions of beauty and grandeur which constitute the eternal faith of genius.

Westward still, as ages multiply, and the world-grasping Rome rises to our view; a people whose tastes, language, and manners have been exhibited on a wider theatre than ever was granted to the ambition of a state. The armies of Rome piled at her feet the intellectual as well as the material wealth of nations; yet the spoils of a conquered world, and the gathered lore of so many lands and ages, failed to redeem her soul from its native barbarism. In the days of her proudest splendor her citizens preferred the combats of the gladiators to the grandest tragedies of Euripides or Sophocles; and the noblest monument of her architecture, the Coliseum, remains as a mighty monument of her relish for blood and carnage, when the temples of the Capitol, and the palace of the Cæsars, have perished from all but the memory of the world.

The cities of Asia, the altars of Greece, and the forests of their barbarous regions, were ransacked for her glory or her pleasure; but she required only the luxury of the last without its magnificence; the licentiousness of Greece without its refinement; and the ferocity of the barbarians without their primitive virtues. In her hands the

Grecian mythology sank to a mean and monstrous embodiment of vice and folly; and the Grecian philosophy became like her Pagan empire, a mingled mass of iron and clay; but as that philosophy grew weak and that mythology old—for age will fall on human faith and wisdom—another power awoke in the heart of Rome, faint indeed at first, as the small stream that trickles from the mountain, but destined to become a river, that should bear down in its course the laws, the worship, and the institutions of centuries.

The days of Rome's imperial Christianity present us with the singular spectacle of a world in a state of transition, every department of which exhibits a confused mingling of the old and new—barbarism blends with civilization—the homilies of the Fathers with the harangues of the sophists, and the Christian ceremonies are celebrated with Pagan mystery; but tales of martyrs and miracles are fast superseding Virgil and Horace, and the arts which flourished so fair in former ages have sunk into degeneracy worse than oblivion, or are only remembered as the spoils of the forsaken temples collected to adorn the new and more popular faith.

The stream of time flows on, and lo that mighty empire has vanished from the earth; another race has supplanted alike the Greeks and the Latins, and another system has risen over the wrecks of the classic, but sterner and more rugged, for it grew in the stormy north, allied indeed with a purer faith, and characters less corrupted by the stagnant waters of an imperfect and artificial civilization; but wanting for ever in the grace, the grandeur, and the harmony, which the genius of Greece scattered in her track throughout the antique world.

The ancient gods are turned to demons in its sight, and their shrines are occupied by austere and martyr saints—goblins and elves replace the nymphs and dryads of the wild—philosophers are represented by the sorcerer—poets by the Runic sibalds—and in the room of the silent oracles arise the dark and forbidden systems of the magician.

The most partial survey of the Gothic ages will convince us that the kingdoms and republics founded by the northern hordes on the ruins of the Roman Empire, however diverse in origin, language, and government, were identical, so to speak, in the physiognomy of mind. From the Italian olives to the Norwegian pines, all had the same



rude and terrific forms of superstition, the same ascetic but credulous piety, the same unbounded reverence for their warlike nobility, and veneration for the Church that won their fathers from the worship of Woden, and the orgies of the Tekinger.

Their arts were wholly devoted to the service of faith and feudalism; and though they had not attained to the majestic simplicity of the classic fanes, or the visible divinity of classic canvas or marble, yet the ponderous strength of the feudal towers, the rich emblazonry of baronial shield and banner, and still more the massive grandeur of many an old cathedral, especially where time and the revolutions incident to both creeds and nations have spared the brilliant yet mellow tints of its enamelled windows, whose beauty has become a mystery to our less earnest days, the stern sculpture of its tombs, and the gorgeous decorations of its shrines, remind us that the taste of the Gothic ages was true to the strong, the stately, and the solemn.

Memorials of this genius meet us in almost every great city of Europe. Westminster Abbey shuts out the din of London from the glorious graves that make it a British Pantheon. Notre Dame towers above the palaces of Paris. Strasburg sends the chimes of its wondrous clock across the Rhine; and over the noonday life of Edinburg still ring the musical bells of Old St. Giles. But let us not forget that those fabrics also tell us of feudal bondage and priestly domination, the days of fear and fettered thought, when the faggot was ready alike for the witch and the Dissenter, and the literature of Europe was confined to the rude ballad, sung by some wandering minstrel, or the dry and musty chronicle, to be reached only through the favor of some lordly abbot.

The glory which had departed from Europe dawned again in the East; there also another race and a new religion had subverted the thrones and altars of the elder nations; but whilst the torrent that overwhelmed Europe burst from the snows of Scandinavia, the conquerors of Asia tramped from the Arabian sands. Never was conquest more rapid or complete than that of the Saracens; less than two hundred years from the time Mahomed proclaimed his divine mission in the deserts of Mecca, sufficed to plant the crescent on every shore from the banks of the Indus to the foot of the Pyrenees. The dawn of the ninth century exhibits to us caliphs and sultans en-

throned in the early seats of oriental and Roman civilization, accompanied by arts and learning, which retain, beneath a veil of Mahomedan disguise and Arab imagination, the blended features of both.

The Saracenic system was in fact like its faith, the mingled gleanings of many an ancient field. The halls of the Alhambra, the pages of Armagist, the Alkoran itself, and even the Thousand and One so dear and precious to our childhood, with many an other remnant long surviving the caliphs and their glory, testify this truth to the scholars of modern times. Asia had changed masters, but not her character or manners; the Orient has kept the same distinguishing traits of character under the sceptre of Semiramis, and the sword of Tamerlane; still the despotic monarch, the veiled harem, and the slowly journeying caravan, are there, true to the soil as the camel or the palm.

A few centuries and the song and science of the Saracenic caliphates have taken root in Europe. The dawn of philosophy has come, though dim with many dreams. The alchemist has erected his furnace, and the astrologer looks out from his lovely tower. The age of chivalry has arrived, with its romantic valor and its dazzling pageants; the knight has gone forth with his banner, the Trouvere with his romance, and the Troubadour, with harp and sword, has allied Mars with Apollo; darkness indeed, hung over the days of tournament and crusade, but "pleasant" in the words of a modern poetess, "were the wild beliefs that dwelt in legends old; lovely, though improbable, are the tales they have left us; and sweet, though broken, are the songs that have come down to us from the knightly poets of La Cour d'Amour."

Ages depart; the Arabian glory wanes in the eastern horizon, and with it wane the dreams, though not the power, of Europe; a new alarm has roused her slumbering nations, men have arisen to question doctrines received without either doubt or comprehension since Jupiter lost his divinity. Mark how dogmas, touching that untravelled world, whose portal is the grave, are blended with the hopes, the fears, and the schemes of busy mortals! Poets sing, politicians intrigue, and warriors combat fer creeds. Religious controversy is heard in the tumults of crowds and the councils of kings; and the philosophy, the literature, and even the arts, of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are tinged more or

less with the phraseology of Europe's different and generally hostile schools.

The night of the Gothic ages, aye and its stars of chivalry, now cast their lights or shadows only on the regions of romance and history. The thunders of the Reformation have died and left behind them but faint and falling echoes, and busy, toiling, but unexhausted Europe seems marching on, we trust, with an exhilarated pace towards the amelioration of those social evils that have pressed for so many ages on the human race. The activity of commerce, the spirit of inquiry, and the general diffusion of knowledge, have broken down many a partition wall of difference between the nations; yet, notwithstanding the assimilating operations of these causes, the distinctive features of national intellect may be traced as clearly in our modern world, as they were in that of the Greek and Roman.

In contemplating the different aspects of mind presented by nations of the present age, the genius of Britain claims our first attention, not alone because she is the land of the language we speak, whose songs were sung beside our cradles, and whose legends entranced our childhood, but because she is the leading state of Europe. Proverbially grave in character, and resolute in purpose, clear though slow of comprehension, and deliberate of dilating in judgment, with more than Roman conquest and greater than Tyrian enterprise, she has collected in three small and sea-girt isles half the wealth and influence of Christendom. We have said three, after the fashion of geographical denomination, and as regards two of the group, who will dispute the truth of the terms employed?—but alas for the third! With reference to it they form a woful exception, and the intelligent reader, instead of wealth and influence, would read poverty and degradation. This is not the page on which to trace the continued and complicated causes whose operations have made Ireland a proverb for misfortune to the world; an incessant claimant on the finances, and a problem, whose unsolvable perplexity seems scarce less fatal than the riddle of the Sphinx to every succeeding Cabinet of Britain. Nor has it room to tell the why and wherefore Scotland's rugged hills and stubborn soil support cities mighty as Athens in arts and philosophy, and richer in ships and merchandize than Tyre with all her people; and England has become a name synonymous with wealth,

and conquest, and freedom among the nations; yet even in these isles, long united in Crown and Legislature, and almost in language, there can be traced those characteristic features of national intellect which linger on through the dominion of conquest and the amalgamation of ages, like the memorials of their early and distinctive existence. England, the great representative and overshadowing power of the United Kingdom, in whose royalty that of the smaller isles has been inevitably submerged by the march of time and civilization, is pre-eminently a land of progress and achievement; yet her efforts have gone forth after the useful and advantageous, in the more limited or pecuniary sense of those terms, rather than the ornamental, the tasteful, or the magnificent. England is the first country in Europe for railways, but the last in painting or sculpture; her cities are rich in mercantile wealth and mighty in manufacturing machinery, but poor to a proverb in the continental glories of fountains, statues, and public gardens.

English literature, especially of late years, has partaken largely of the utilitarian spirit; from the philosopher's quarto to the small and often ephemeral periodicals which delight the story-loving populace, every page that issues from the press has, or is presumed to have, a practical tendency, and every pen is at work for nothing but public good. It is difficult to draw the line of demarkation between the commonly useful and the irremediably vulgar; hence the greater part of our present literature being written for and of low life, with all its common-place pursuits, instead of assuming the royal prerogative of the muse to turn like Midas whatever she touches into gold, has sunk to the level of its themes, and an immense amount of cottage conversation and nursery lectures is the consequence.

Yet even here a better day is breaking, voices have awoken which tell us that the Press will yet assert its ascendancy, and, enlightening the practical voices of the nation, become mighty to the pulling down of those strongholds of injustice and prejudice which still remain in our legal system or established conventionalities.

We turn to the North—it is Britain still, and the national mind is marked by a family resemblance; Scotland has the same practical tendency—her people cultivate with no less devotedness and success the useful and profitable arts of life—monu-



ments of a mechanical genius even mightier than that of England, inasmuch as the obstacles it finds in the northern land are greater, meet us by flood, and mine, and mountain gorge, till science seems to divide the empire with nature. We mark the ceaseless labor of indefatigable industry, the enterprise of far-sighted and shrewdly calculating commerce; the warehouse and the steam-engine are still prominent, yet the tastes of Northern and Southern Britain are by no means identical. The Scottish intellect retains its distinctive features, as enduring and strongly defined as those of the national character. Amid the pursuit of tangible utility and pecuniary advantage indicative of an indomitable resolution to have and to hold, with a store of worldly wisdom which seems to be intuitive, it has become a proverb, and should be an example. All is not material; there remains a yearning after the ideal, a tinge of old romance, a faith in legend, and a love of poetry, which might have been caught from the loneliness of lake and glen, the grandeur of mountain steep and summit, or the mighty mists and gorgeous lights that, night and day, pass over the northern hills and heavens; the stream of thought runs deeper, and its waves sound by with a graver and more measured tone, but there are spirits known to trouble the waters, fiery currents that run through, and mark them with apparent paradox. With the rigid doctrines and almost meagre worship of Calvin blends a religious fervor undreamt of in the stately southern Church, that deep devoted enthusiasm burning in the nation's heart from the covenant taken over churchyard graves to events of our own day, by which its existence and activity have been so strikingly indicated. With the practical sense whose attention to the interests, rather than the display, of life, has produced, under the most unpromising circumstances, such well-founded and widely-spread prosperity, mingle a tendency to metaphysical subtleties, and a leaning to philosophical speculations.

A nation's literature is the mirror of its mind, and that of Scotland reflects the mental peculiarities we have noted. For the greater part devoted to theology, and the discussion of those subjects deemed grave and weighty in mortal estimation, it occasionally wanders, with no timid step, through the long explored but uncertain realm of fiction; and, independent of names like that of Burns and Scott, that

stand like land-marks in the world's literature, we believe no territory beneath the sun is more abundant in local poets, bards that sing of their streams and hills of birth, till every river, and, we might say, brook, has some voice, though small and feeble, to celebrate with song that well-found place in the memory of its children, and tell the passing stranger of hearts that loved the stream.

What may be called the underwood of the prose department is still of denser growth; writers on all subjects, including those of tale and tract, are found in every city, street, and country parish, admired by their own small circle, and magnified by the honest pride of their kindred. But alas for the degeneracy attendant on all terrestrial productions; this state of things has its deficiencies at present, but too obviously telling on popular Scottish literature. Among such a motley host, imperfect instruction, undeveloped and inferior talent, are necessarily manifest, and a reader of ordinary judgment must remark the lamentable deterioration of style, the abundance of imitation, ranging from the puerility of English Christmas books, to the unintelligible mysticism of the German school, which prevail in periodical and volume, compared with those written in the renewing reign of Jeffrey; but the strength and energy of thought are still in the land, and it requires only a judicious and respected tribunal of criticism to make the literary circulation of Scotland clear, and strong, and famous, as it was in those boasted days.

Ireland can scarcely be said to own any literary capital. The talent as well as the labor of her children has been expended on other lands, and her poverty in this respect all but equals the meagreness of her material possessions. The newspaper press of St. Patrick's Isle has long been, like her politicians, a house divided against itself, and in this age, so prolific in periodicals, that they spring up in every city with the rapidity of the Prophet's gourd, which it is fortunate many of them resemble in destiny also, her metropolis can boast of a single Magazine. It is a curious fact, connected with this subject, that though many, and some of them well directed efforts, have been made to establish in Ireland those cheap publications so numerous in every other part of the kingdom, not a single attempt of the kind has ever succeeded; yet a people so unfortunately pe-

cular in circumstances are not without evidences of distinguishing taste, among which might be numbered the poems of Moore, the orations of Curran, and the novels of Griffin and Banim, together with their zealous, though scarce inferior successors, Carleton and Davis, and some superior names among the lyrists and historians of the repeal agitation.

Like the music of the land, which, in her memory, has outlasted or occupied the room of sundry more necessary and gainful arts, Ireland's literature retains the fitfulness of the national character, and the wild sadness of her historical fortunes; her poetry is chequered with light and shade, of equal intensity, various in its themes, but always heroic or tender; her fiction displays an unrivalled mixture of the comic and tragic muse; the former, indeed, matchless in its kind, but the latter gradually predominating, and darkening still deeper, till the fall of the curtain. Wrong, and loss, and ruin, seem to rest on the remembrance of all her authors, like thunder-clouds which no "sun-burst" can banish, and ever returning after the rain. Thomas Moore's *Melodies* to Ford's picture of the defeated angels, the singular versatile and emphatically original genius of Ireland, through the brilliancy of its wit and the philosophy of its unfrequent wisdom, preserves that luckless characteristic.

The genius of France, compared with that of Britain, presents us with a contrast strong as their ancient rivalry. Keen to perceive, prompt to execute, not easily discouraged, but ever ready for change, the Gallic land has retained, through all her Revolutions, a perception of the sublime and beautiful, like that which grew of old among the shrines of Athens. Boldly has she climbed the steep of science, stately were her steps in the fairest fields of art, and lovely her goings by the brighter streams of Helicon; but how often have the dull yet profitable things of life been neglected for the brilliant and the baseless? and even in these how often has true taste been overbalanced by proneness to extremes, and a more than Athenian love of novelty? Hence the literature of France, though always powerful, and boasting names that few nations could rival either in strength or numbers, is at present possessed with such a thirst for what may be called the marvellous of ordinary life, as renders its fiction a mass of improbable

scenes and distorted passions, to which nothing but the evident talents of the authors, and the public demand for excitement, could give the slightest claim on the reader's attention, while the songs of Berenger, and the poems of Lamartine are, as in distant times they will be, the admiration of the world.

Italy lies a land of ruins, where art still reigns, in right of the inspiration that descended upon her in the night of the middle ages, beyond which her literature has made such small advances, for Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso have challenged their land in vain, for many a century, and found no champion who dares to reply. Still the inspiration is there, and peer and peasant alike delight to versify, and sing in the same grave and gentle measure the praises of saint or mistress.

Thoughtful Germany, with her staid industry, her love of calm investigation, and honest Gothic credulity, remains, from the Alps to the Baltic, the truest representative, as she was the earliest settlement, of the Teutonic race. Less profit seeking than England, and less splendor loving than France, her old yet busy cities rejoice in treasures of native art; music has gone into the hearts of her people; and, for its power of poetry, and depth of thought, her literature has found a deservedly high place in the libraries of nations; but the poetry of Germany grows wild at times with the soul of the old Saga; her philosophy is apt to slumber, and in that sleep what dreams have come? high but hazy as the hills of Austria, and melting away into mists that darken as they recede.

Holland has been called "the land of dykes and dams," why was it not the land of neatness? For scouring has ever been the soul of the people, who, even in the days of the learned Armenian, as the polemics of his time designated Grotius, never seem to have risen above the spirit of their polished floors or porcelain tiles. The Chinese of Europe, but without their Confucius; yet the want was well supplied by that solid and enduring resolution which opposed by turns, and with equal success, the power of the Spanish monarchy and the Northern Ocean.

Here closes our survey of modern nations as regards their distinguishing peculiarities of taste and genius; should we pursue the subject further it might be observed, that the nations of the Baltic are of a kindred soul, as well as origin, with Germany; and



the names of Goethe, Thorwaldsen, and Bremer, bear witness to the fact, in the volume of German fame, that Russia, mighty as she was to trample out the mind of Poland, and wide as are the deserts within the range of her autocrat's sceptre, still takes her intellectual character, as she has taken her yet mushroom civilization, from the southern nations, whose religion she despises, and whose politics she fears.

At the other extremity of the continent we would find the kingdoms of Spain and Portugal forming, in matters of taste, a sort of inferior Italy, whose brightest memories hang round the Luciad of Camoens, the Cid of Biraë, and woe for chivalry, the gallant knight of La Mancha!

In the new world, the southern continent seems but a repetition of the European Peninsula, as the northern is, with its boasted and somewhat heterogeneous institutions, but a cheap edition of England.

Over the broad east, and the half explored Africa, Europe is stretching forth the powers of her all-grasping commerce, strengthened by still increasing colonies, and growing civilization, till she finds her own image reflected in regions dear to the fables of antiquity, and cities known only to our fathers by the exaggerated report of dim and uncertain tradition. Before her march the despotic thrones of India, founded by so many conquerors, have fallen to feeble and crumbling fragments, and her temples, from which flowed the streams of ancient mythology, have divided the dominion of their thousand gods with the desolating powers of ruin and neglect.

China alone maintains, in her remote empire, ramparted by deserts, mountains, and seas, an internal world of her own, with its peculiar institutions, its uncommunicated arts, and its far-boasted philosophy; but that world is stamped with the unprogressing march of the Asiatic mind; the learning and the civilization of the Chinese, though easily acquired, seem to have stood still through the ages of Europe's awakening, and the sleep into which they sank, while the progress of other nations was like that of the tortoise, has been deepened in latter times by the pride, the jealousy, and the fear of old age, which can be succeeded only by imbecility.

Situated at the extremity of Asia, Japan appears but an insulated China, whose exclusive spirit seems strengthened by the sea that girds her shores. The dwellers of the "Isles of morning," as an Eastern poet

has called them, though said to be the Britons of Asia, are in reality as opposite to the enterprising and restless islanders of Europe in character, taste, and social institutions, as their respective countries are in longitude.

It is to be regretted that our knowledge regarding the arts and literature of those far eastern nations is even yet so imperfect that on the subject we can only remark, however enthusiastic the philosophers of ages less keen in research than our own might have been in their praise, yet to modern observation and discovery they present nothing beyond the ancient and unchanging genius of Asia.

Having thus contemplated the different tendencies of national mind in their most prominent displays, an inquiry naturally arises regarding the causes of such a remarkable variety; but here the essayist will experience the truth of that observation forced upon our notice by so many subjects. How meagre and unsatisfactory is the extent of human knowledge! The causes which determine national taste are bound up with those that form national character, and both are as complicated and intricate in their operations as the means by which the moral or intellectual bias is given to individuals. Climate, creed, the circumstances of their first institution, subsequent great events, the pursuits and habits of ordinary life, all are to be considered in turn; yet even these are not always sufficient to solve the problem.

Thus the gorgeous, but enervating, climate of Asia seems to dispose her inhabitants in the peaceful valleys of Siam, or the sterile deserts of Arabia, the temples of Mythza, or the shadow of the mosque, to worship mere power, pomp, and luxury, whether displayed in the palace of the prince, or the page of the poet. Without sufficient elevation of thought for the ideal, or energy for the practical, their philosophy has degenerated into indolence and their piety into absurd and useless mortifications, and the mother of nations has never advanced beyond a state of semi-civilization, her generations being from the period of our earliest records, through the conquests, the vicissitudes, and the discoveries of four thousand years, an unvarying succession of despots and slaves.

True it was that under her Arabian conquerors some remnants of ancient art and science were rescued from the general wreck of Europe, but it was owing to the fact that

Roman learning and Grecian philosophy had sought refuge in the deserts of the farthest east from the horrors of the northern invasion, and the civil dissensions which embroiled though it could not farther disgrace the closing days of Rome. Yet mark how that knowledge was rendered back to Europe with a celerity that must have astonished any eastern astrologer, had his trusted stars informed him that the western barbarians, whom the caliphs conquered and despised by turns, should, as in the present day, become the arbitrators and instructors of Asia.

The Crusaders could not retain one village of that Holy Land for which so much was given and promised, but with their swords and palm branches the knights and pilgrims brought back from Palestine those scattered rays of thought and science that brightened through their dark but chivalrous ages, and led Europe on till the invention of printing, the Protestant Reformation, and the discoveries of enterprising commerce, paved the way for all the gathered power of science, art, and literature, which have wrought the wonders of the present age, and promise still mightier results for the future.

On the other hand, was it the climate of Greece that made her once the home of the graces, the temple of glory, and the shrine of freedom as the world then knew it? We have seen the children of Othman retaining for ages the same despotic barbarism in the very atmosphere breathed by Plato, Homer, and Leonidas. Does not history here supply an instance of the power of creeds in forming the mental character of nations? The Greeks, great as were the absurdities and errors of their mythology, found in it no barrier to the freedom of thought and inquiry. Theirs was a faith that owned and made no martyrs, except in the doubtful case of Socrates, from the days of Troy to the Christian era; whilst it afforded a boundless and fitting scope for that wealth of imagination brought, it may be, from the well-spring of early wisdom which flowed of old, they said, beside the pile in the day-spring of Egyptian glory; but their Turkish conquerors having added to their Asiatic indolence and Tartar ferocity a creed which limited all research to the Koran, and concentrated all their duties in believing, rose, triumphed, and fell under the natural results of such a system of fanaticism and ignorance, and were driven from the groves of Academus and the city of Mi-

nerva, even as they had entered them—barbarians.

The Romans derived their learning and theology from Greece, but the early existence and subsequent prosperity of Rome, were founded on rapine and violence; her institutions were from the first essentially military, and the revolution which altered the republic to an empire made them only more despotically so. Hence the virtues and vices of the Romans, were those of soldiers, their luxuries and even their tastes were those of successful robbers, and every new accession of wealth and power, while it enabled them to decorate their amphitheatres with the works of Phidias and Apelles, also furnished the means of augmenting the bloody sports of the arena, and enlarging the domain of luxury without raising the standard of taste.

When the Empress of the world turned from her ancient gods, finding their days were numbered, the long wars and frequent revolutions which crowded on her closing eyes, the rapid advance of the northern barbarians, and the terrors and austerities with which the new faith was invested in the popular mind all contributed to sink the art, the taste, and the intellect of the times to one dull and monastic level.

Yet, be it remembered, that the same faith, when itself immersed in the gross darkness of succeeding ages, and seated on the high place of Roman power, made the first effort to recall the memory of Grecian genius to the frozen heart of Europe. It was she who kept the remnants of classic learning safe, though hidden in the dust of her convents. It was for her that the pencil of Raphael, the pen of Dante, and the all-excelling hand of Michael Angelo, executed those glorious monuments which still remain the praise and wonder of our times. Other agencies perfected what the Church had begun; but the full flood of the river was not what those had anticipated who first unsealed its spring.

The liberal patronage which the Church of Rome bestowed on the Fine Arts cannot indeed be said to have caused the Protestant Reformation, but that it greatly, though indirectly, contributed to that event, will not be doubted, when it is considered that, by her munificent though injudicious displays of taste she incurred enormous expense, to defray which recourse was had to the old and well-tried machinery for raising funds, as in the notable instance of indulgence selling, which followed the building of St.



Peter's with all its mighty but unexpected results; and that, by refining the tastes and feelings of the people, even through the medium of popular devotion, she inadvertently co-operated with other causes in raising the public mind above those puerile absurdities and tyrannical decrees, by which she still intended to govern it, when the age of their authority had passed away forever. Yet, in surveying the variety stamped on the character, as well as on the tastes of modern nations, we must acknowledge that the causes of its existence, like those of many a more interesting problem, lie yet beyond our search.

It cannot be, for example, a few degrees of latitude, or the fact, that the Protestant ritual is established in the one kingdom, and the Catholic faith in the other, that produces the difference which all observers have remarked in the mental tendencies of England and France, that the rational doctrines of liberal and enlightened Protestantism, compared with the old exacting creed, which from its Pontiff to its Confessional, was one system of spiritual despotism, naturally encouraged the freedom of thought, and the energy of action is now, we believe, no longer doubtful; and much of Britain's practical sense, and consequent prosperity, may be owing to Luther and Calvin. But we cannot affirm that all the love of pomp and

novelty inherited by her southern neighbor is the bequest of Rome. Spain has the same Catholic faith, and a still brighter climate, yet neither the taste nor the character of her inhabitants approach the Gallic form; and Protestant Prussia is yet far from rivalling practical and commercial England in her mighty mechanics, yet in displays of, or taste for, the Fine Arts, Berlin is not a whit inferior to Vienna—Vienna, the royal seat of devoutly Catholic Austria.

We know not if her liability to fogs and inundations from the Northern Ocean has conferred upon Holland the gift of everlasting neatness and most orderly inclinations. There are lands over which the wings of the mist spread no less darkly, to whose inhabitants a little of her zeal in this respect might be deemed a valuable addition. In short, in the consideration of national taste, as in the prosecution of every other subject, cases will be found which cannot be made analagous, and effects whose causes have never been discovered. The world has much to learn, not only on this but far more important matters, yet whatever the approximate, we are certain that the ultimate cause arises from that endless and yet harmonious variety which infinite wisdom has inscribed on all the productions of his material and mental universe.

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### SLEDY CASTLE, AND ITS TRAGEDY.

IN a secluded part of the county of Waterford (in the parish of Modelligo) stands the lonely ruin of Sledy Castle,\* which, though unnoticed by tourists and sketchers, has been celebrated in its day for a tragedy of real life, marked by the features of romance, and connected with the civil discords of Ireland in the 17th century, and which has given significant names to some places in the vicinity. It is a fragment of local history, hitherto unwritten, and now fast passing away from the failing memory of tradition. But the castle is not favorably situated for attracting attention, though within a few miles of the town of Cappoquin. It stands on a slight elevation,

at a short distance from a little-frequented road leading from Cappoquin to Clonmel, in an uninteresting landscape, consisting simply of ground a little undulating and divided into fields, a sprinkling of plantation, a cabin or two, the shallow River Finisk\* winding beside the way, and peeps of low hills in the distance.

The tall, dark, square ruin, with its many gables and high chimneys, less resembles a castle than a bawn, as we call in Ireland a stone dwelling, strongly and defensively built, but not regularly castellated. It is a lone and naked object; there is no graceful veil of ivy, no umbrageous tree weeping near it, like some only surviv-

\* The English reader is requested to pronounce it *Slay-dy*. The place is called in Irish *Curach-na-Sledy*, i. e. the Bog of the Quagmires.

\* In Irish, *Fionn Uisge*, i. e. the fair water; from *Fionn* (pronounced *Finn*), fair, and *Uisge* (pronounced *Ish-ga*), water.

ing friend, that had seen its day of strength, and mourned its years of decay. The edifice is in the form of a double cross, the eight limbs being all of equal length, and each finished by a tall, large gable, crowned by a high chimney; of these gables, seven remain perfect—the eighth has fallen. The castle is placed diagonally on its site; a circumstance which added considerably to its defensive capabilities. It is of rough stone, plastered over, and every corner is faced with cut stone. The walls are very thick, and still partially covered with a steep stone roof. The windows are irregularly placed—rather small, oblong squares, divided into panes by slight stone mullions and transoms. The entrance is completely demolished, but its two square flanking towers, one at each side, still remain; that on the left (as the spectator faces the castle) has a parapeted and battlemented platform, with a machicollation; the other is of inferior size, with the remains of stone stairs, midway in which is an opening—a small round arch of cut stone—as if intended for the convenience of looking down into the hall, to reconnoitre visitors. The broken stairs lead to a small, ill-lighted stone room, the “ladye’s bower” of the olden times, and thence up to the turret top, where the fair lady might woo the summer evening air.

The interior of the castle is a mere shell, and the ground is covered with ruins and rubbish, overgrown with nettles and rank weeds; but it is still evident that there were four stories, with three floors, supported on plain stone corbels. On the ground-floor may be traced the kitchen, with its ample fire-place, and an arched recess beside it; this apartment adjoins the machicollated flanking tower. Of other rooms nothing can be distinguished. The whole building is very plain; solidity and security seem to have been the sole aim of the founder.

The entire was surrounded, according to tradition, by a moat, furnished with a draw-bridge. Of these no vestiges remain, the moat having been long since filled up, to facilitate agricultural labors round the spot.

But it is time to pass from the description of Sledy Castle to its history, and that of its original possessors, the M’Graths.

In very early times, the ancient family of M’Grath\* held large estates in the

\* This name occurs in old records, with various orthographies; I have seen it written Cragh, Creigh, Creagh, M’Cragh, M’Craigh, Magrath, and

western part of the county Waterford. They richly endowed the Augustinian Abbey, at Abbeyside,\* near Dungarvan; among the ruins of which, under a low window at the east end,† is an ancient tomb, inscribed, “Donald M’Grath, 1400.” For the defence of the abbey, this family built, beside it, a lofty square castle, some ruins of which still remain. Local tradition affirms that the M’Graths also built Fernane Castle‡ (of which scarce a fragment now exists), near Sledy; and Castle Clonagh,§ Castle Connagh, and Castle Reigh; all near the boundary line between the counties of Waterford and Tipperary.

At the close of the 16th, and commencement of the 17th century, the most remarkable person of the family was Philip M’Grath, commonly called in Irish, *Philib-na-Tsioda*, (pronounced *na-Teeda*), that is “Silken Philip,” meaning polished, or elegant, which he is said to have been in an eminent degree. The country people relate that, at this period, one of the family estates comprised seven townlands, within a ring fence. Philip had two brothers, of whom, one named John, is said to have built the old, and now ruined castle of Cloncoscoran,|| near Dungarvan; the other named (I think) Pierce, is stated to have built the old Castle of Kilmanehin, in the barony of Glenheira.

M’Grath: I have adopted the latter, as in use in the districts where the family flourished. Dr. Lanigan says: “Our old writers allowed themselves too great a latitude in spelling proper names, so as often to excite doubts as to the identity of one and the same person. Hundreds of instances might be adduced.”—*Ecclesiastical History*. Vol. ii.

\* The remains of this building (the wall, tower, entrances, and windows) show it to have been of great beauty; the light Gothic tower is sixty feet high, and the arch that supports it is greatly admired for the elegance and skill of its construction. The oak timber used in turning the arch is still in good preservation, after a lapse of six centuries, though much exposed to the wet.

† It formerly stood at the north side, near the altar—the usual situation for the tombs of founders of religious edifices.

‡ Near Fernane now stands a modern house, called Mountain Castle, in memory of the ancient stronghold.

§ Castle Clonagh (in the county of Tipperary) is a circular structure, commanding the glen of Rossmore, through which runs the boundary line of the counties of Waterford and Tipperary. Castle Connagh stands on a high rock over the river Neir; it is square, and is protected on the side next the river by two round towers. Castle Connagh and Castle Reigh are in the county Waterford, in the barony of Glenaheira.

|| This castle is in a very low situation; it has a moderately elevated square tower at one end, and has much the appearance of a religious structure.



The personal grace and accomplishments of Silken Philip found favor in the eyes of a noble maiden,\* Mary Power, or Poer, daughter of John le Poer, then Baron of Curraghmore. She fell violently in love with him, surmounted the opposition of her family, and married him; and Philip brought home his bride to the old castle of Fernane, where he then resided. "Omnia vincit amor," says Virgil; but in *this* instance love had *not* subdued all the pride of this high-born fair: she despised her husband's dwelling as soon as she saw it, and positively refused ever to enter it, saying that her father's stables would be a more befitting residence for a lady. She ordered dinner to be served on a rocky hillock that overlooks the river Finisk; and when the repast was over, she returned to her father's seat, and there determined to remain till her husband should have built for her such an abode as she could esteem worthy of her presence; and she further required that it should be erected on her own jointure lands of *Curach na Sledy*, to secure herself in the use of the intended castle during her life. Philip at first refused to build the desired residence; but his wife insisted with such vehemence, that a serious misunderstanding took place between them, and the lady vowed never to be reconciled till she obtained her wish. The bridegroom seeing his domestic comfort at stake for ever, yielded at length, and commenced the work. His friends and relatives came forward to his assistance; and the numerous tenants of his family and their connexions not only gave voluntary labor, but also brought such large contributions of every kind, towards defraying the expenses of the building, that when the Castle of Sledy was finished, Philip M'Grath found himself much richer than when he commenced—a circumstance worthy to be recorded of an Irish gentleman; it being proverbial that a diametrically opposite result generally attends mansion-building in Ireland. A quantity of fine oak timber was used in the construction of the castle; but not a vestige of it now remains, having been all carried away piecemeal by the peasantry, subsequent to its desolation; and in one of the principal apartments was placed a handsome marble chimney-piece, with the name of the founder, and the date of the completion of the building, "*Philippus M'Grath*, 1628." That memorial

was extant for about a century after the desertion of the castle, but is not now to be found. Tradition says that the building of Sledy Castle occupied seven years; during which period the lady of Philip M'Grath presented him with four children: the three elder were daughters, named (in the order of their birth) Margaret, Catherine, and Mary; the youngest was a son, named Donell (*Anglice*, Daniel).

The castle being at length finished, and the lady's pride gratified, she came, with her husband and children, to take possession, and the now happy couple looked forward to many years of enjoyment. But the foundations of the dwelling had been laid in strife, and that of no trivial kind: there had been the loosening of the most holy ties, the endangering of the most sacred affections; that very home had arisen as a memorial of domestic discord; and when the walls were thus founded, it is not wonderful that blood and rapine subsequently smote them to their destruction.

Philip M'Grath and his wife, when the cause of discontent was removed, lived lovingly together, esteemed by their equals, and respected by their inferiors, and for a few short years comfort and happiness seemed to have fixed their abode at Sledy. But scarcely had five years elapsed from the completion of the castle, when Philip M'Grath was snatched away, in the prime of life, from his new-built dwelling, his now affectionate wife, and his youthful family.

On his death, the heir, his son Donell,\* a child, was removed by his guardians to Dublin, for his education; but the widow, with her daughters, remained at Sledy. She was a clever and notable woman; and all things that devolved to her management throve so well, that Sledy Castle, forlorn as it now looks, was famed for its ample stores of rich plate and fine linen, handsome furniture, and well-filled money-chests.

Another sorrow, however, afflicted her not long after the loss of her husband. Her son, Donell M'Philip M'Grath (as he is styled in old records), died in his minority, but I cannot tell in what year, between 1633 and 1641. The estate of Sledy, or at least a principal part, seems then to have vested in the next male heir, Pierce M'Grath (probably the brother of Philip); but the widow still continued at the castle with her

\* This lady's sister, Catherine, married John Fitzgerald, of Dromana (county Waterford), and was grandmother of the first Earl of Grandison.

\* By an inquisition taken at Cappoquin, the 10th of September, 1633, Donell M'Philip M'Grath was found to be seized of Sledy, &c., &c.

daughters, who were possessed of very large fortunes. The widow was endowed with many excellent qualities, notwithstanding the blemish on the outset of her matrimonial career; time, sorrow, and the exercise of a strong understanding had chastened all her feelings, and her merits were universally acknowledged. She gave her daughters a good education, according to the fashion of the times, and they grew up to womanhood remarkably handsome and attractive, and had, as may well be supposed, innumerable admirers, not less on account of their beauty and accomplishments, than on account of their wealth. Tradition relates that the eldest, Margaret, was of the stately order of beauties, and had inherited the pride of her mother in her youthful days. The youngest, Mary, is said to have been a mild and winning creature; so kind, so gentle, so full of feeling, so lovable, that she was commonly called, in Irish, *Maire milis ni Philib na Tsioda* (pronounced *Marya meelish nee Philip na Teeda*), i. e., Silken Philip's sweet Mary. The three sisters were fond of society, embracing every opportunity the neighborhood afforded of enjoying it; and they frequently visited Clonmel, which being then, as now, a military station, balls and parties there were enlivened by the presence of the officers.

The commotions of the seventeenth century were favorable to the gangs of outlaws who infested the rural districts, to which they were a pest and a terror, robbing and murdering by night, and taking shelter by day in bogs, or among rocks, or in the mountain recesses. The part of the county Waterford of which I write (the parish of Modelligo, in the barony of Decies without Drum) was frequented by a band of robbers, whose captain was a desperado, called in Irish, *Uaithne* (pronounced *Oo-a-nee*), which being translatable into "Green," I shall term him by that name, for the convenience of such readers as are not gifted with the Irish tongue. This man had long and greedily desired the plunder of Sledy Castle; but all his plans for effecting an entrance were defeated by the caution of the widow, who, quite alive to the dangers of the times, kept garrison with an unrelaxing vigilance. The gate was always locked, and the keys in the lady's possession; the moat was always full, and the drawbridge never lowered without strict precaution; no ingress or egress permitted to any person whatever after nightfall; and when it happened that

the matron Chatelaine was absent, a near relation, in whom she could confide, was appointed commandant for the time. To attempt swimming the moat would induce the double risk of being drowned, or espied and shot by the sentinel; but, even were it effected, it would have proved useless, as the height and narrowness of the castle windows precluded escalade. But Green was not to be diverted from his purpose by difficulties: he knew that the pillage of Sledy would amply repay time spent and pains lavished, and he determined to await his opportunity.

At this period he had established his head quarters at a "Lis"\* (a circular flat green mound, surrounded by an earthen grass grown ditch) on the borders of a stream, and lying four or five miles distant from Sledy. Experience had proved to him that he had little chance of succeeding in his design upon the widow's stronghold, without the aid of domestic treachery. The servants generally were faithful, being followers or fosterers of the family. There was, however, amongst them a kitchen-maid, on whom he hoped to work through the means of love and vanity—two dangerous sentiments for a weak female head, and a base female heart. The scullion was just the fit tool for a villain, being the meanest and least-cultivated person in the household, and the farthest removed from comprehending anything of loyalty or honor. Green had among his band a son, who acted as his lieutenant—a remarkably handsome young man; him the outlaw tutored to throw himself in the way of the kitchen-maid, as she went and returned from mass, and to profess himself her lover. They met thus, young Green and the scullion, on Sundays and holidays; and the fine words and fine person of the pretended suitor gained so much on the wretched woman, that she entered into all his views, and promised to watch the first favorable opportunity for his stealing into the castle, and make it known to him by a pre-concerted signal. In consequence of this agreement, Green, the elder, moved his band nearer to Sledy, for their night-quarters, establishing them about a mile from the castle, at a huge rock, called in

\* Properly spelled *Lios*: these mounds are frequent, and are erroneously called Danish forts; but they were the abodes of the ancient Irish, whose wattled dwelling stood in the centre. The outer ditch served as a fortification, and was often planted with hawthorn trees. "Rath" is another name for these forts.



Irish *Carrig na Chodla* (pronounced *Car-rig na Hullah*) i. e., Rock of the Sleep, and popularly termed in English, "the Sleepy Rock," which is a corruption of "the Sleeping Rock"—a name given to the place by the peasantry, from the circumstances of Green taking his repose there, while his sentinels were on the watch for the promised signal from the castle. The Sleepy Rock is the chief of a group of stratified conglomerate rocks, laid bare near the summit of a hill called Eagle Hill. These rocks lie on the site of the ancient road between Clonmel and Dungarvan, and present numerous shelves and recesses, shaded by superincumbent masses, and partially clothed with tufts of heath and fern, grass and wild flowers. It is about a mile from Sledy. Upwards of three miles from the rock is a kind of pass, called the *Dhu Clee* (*Dubdh Cloidh*) i. e., the Dark Fence, which seems to have been a kind of fortified road between two woods; from thence Green's "Lis" is a mile distant.

Among the wild crags of the Sleepy Rock, the outlaws made their midnight lair beside their watch-fire. The whole district was then densely wooded, and frequented by the wolf\* and wild cat, the fox, badger, hedgehog, and weasel, the eagle, raven, hawk, and kite, and occasionally visited by wild geese and ducks, cranes and sea-gulls. All of these, except the wolf and wild cat, are still denizens or visitors of the locality. The night scene at the Sleepy Rock must have been one well suited to a pencil such as Salvator Rosa's: the dark thick woods—the savage crags—the still more savage figures grouped amongst them, round their fire, with their wild glibs of hair hanging over their faces, their pointed barrad caps, their straight trowse, and rude brogues, and long frieze coats, with skirts divided into four—the pistols and skein (dagger-knife) in the girdle; and over all the ample frieze cloak, of which Spencer speaks so angrily—"The Irish mantle, a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, an apt cloak for a thief. . . . The outlaw being, for his many crimes and villainies, banished from the towns and houses of honest men, and wandering in waste places far from danger of law, maketh his mantle his house, and under it covereth himself from

\* The last presentment for killing a wolf, in the neighboring county, Cork (and the last, I think, in Ireland), was in 1710.

the wrath of heaven, from the offence of the earth, and from the sight of men. When it raineth, it is his pent-house—when it bloweth, it is his tent—when it freezeth, it is his tabernacle."\* Wrapped in such serviceable mantles, the banditti at the Sleepy Rock reposed round their fire, while the wakeful sentinel kept watch for the long-expected signal from their ally in the castle.

Leaving these worthies, we shall return to the fair sisters of Sledy. They had become acquainted at Clonmel with three English officers, whose names and whose rank tradition has not preserved, though one of them is said to have been a member of a noble family. The acquaintance between these officers and the young ladies soon ripened into mutual and warm attachment, which promised to terminate happily in the union of the three couples; for, upon the suitors laying their pretensions before the mother of the fair maidens, they were favorably received, and encouraged to hope for the hands of their lady-loves. From this we may naturally infer that those military men were themselves persons of some consequence and property; for though daughters might be won by the gay trappings, and the masculine beauty and accomplishments of suitors, whose "all of wealth was love," parents (especially the parents of heiresses) are seldom so romantically inclined. \*

It was now the summer of the year 1641—a year unhappily memorable for the great rebellion in the month of October. Margaret, the eldest of the sisters, could not have been more than twenty, Catherine eighteen or nineteen, and "Maire milis"—the sweet Mary—about seventeen. The three officers received an invitation from the widow to become her guests at Sledy Castle, and consequently they obtained leave of absence for a few days. It may well be imagined that on the day appointed for their arrival, the happy sisters, "the loving, lovely, and beloved," left from time to time their now desolate bower, and tripped deftly up the stone stairs to the turret top—

"Looking afar if yet their lovers' steeds  
Kept pace with their expectancy, and flew." BYRON.

At length the expected visitors came in sight, gallantly mounted, and in military apparel, for it is but in modern times that

\* See Spencer's "State of Ireland."

British officers have affected to be ashamed of their distinctive garb, and escape from it into "mufti" on all occasions, as if striving to conceal their position in their country's service, like something disreputable. Whether this arises from an idea of *bon ton*, or from a decay of chivalrous feelings, it is but a sorry compliment to the service, and is one of the peculiar phases of John Bull-ism. It not being yet the fashion in the seventeenth century for English officers to disguise themselves as civilians, the guests from Clonmel appeared in their military dress\*—the heavy and encumbering portions of it, the cullets and vambraces, were laid aside, but the breast-piece gleamed beneath the stout buff coat, with its deep cuffs and collar, and silver buttons; the casque shone upon the head; the broad scarf crossed the figure from shoulder to hip; the trusty belt sustained the heavy sword; the gorget protected the throat, and the iron-fingered gauntlet the hand and wrist; and the high horseman's boot, with the spur on heel, encased the leg. After each officer, rode his servant, with his master's cloak-bag and valise, or small travelling mail. The horses' hoofs clattered merrily along the road; the welcome guests, galloping onwards, soon reached the drawbridge, that was lowered in an evil hour for them, and alighted from their panting steeds, that were never to bear them more.

I leave to imagination the joyous meeting—the courtesy of the stately matron, as she did the honors of her dwelling—the pleased, but fluttered, greeting of the blushing girls, and the glow of satisfaction in the bosoms of the lovers at their reception in the home of the beloved: it seemed as though Certainty were giving a pledge for Happiness to Hope.

While thus

"All went merry as a marriage bell"

in the state apartments, there was no lack of rude revelry and hospitality in the servants' hall. The domestics of Sledy were sedulous to offer civility to the officers' servants, and, ac-

\* It was Charles I. who introduced some uniformity into the dress and accoutrements of the English army. In his reign, the armor worn by the cavalry consisted of *cullets* (pieces protecting the loins, and hooked on to the cuirass behind), the musket-proof *cuirras*, *pouldrons* (shoulders pieces), *vambraces* (arm pieces), *guessets* (heart-shaped pieces for the inside of the arms), *gorget*, *gauntlet*, and *casque*. The infantry wore pistol-proof *corslets*, *tassets* (flaps of armor protecting the thighs, and hooked to the corslet), *gorget*, and *head-piece*.

cording to their ideas, the most proper way to welcome the strangers was to treat them to whisky at a public-house in the vicinity of the castle; for though good cheer in plenty had been ordered for the attendants of the visitors, still the Sledy servants considered *that* was the property of their mistress, and hospitality required they should do something from themselves. On this festive occasion the vigilance of the widow had relaxed, and she entrusted the keys to another hand; perhaps she thought the addition of six men, trained to arms, formed so strong a reinforcement to her garrison, that she need fear nothing during their stay. A faintly-remembered tradition states that Pierce M'Grath (the inheritor of the entailed estates after the death of the minor, Donell), who was present at this fateful visit, was the person to whom the matron confided her keys. The Sledy servants took a private opportunity of petitioning him to permit them a short absence to "treat" their new acquaintances, engaging that the kitchen-maid would carefully attend to the drawbridge during their temporary evasion. Pierce M'Grath suffered himself to be too easily persuaded; he unlocked the gates without the knowledge of the lady. The servants cautiously lowered the drawbridge, and under cover of the night, all stole out to the neighboring public-house, leaving behind them only the perfidious kitchen-maid, who, with an affectation of good nature, had volunteered to watch the still lowered bridge till their return. But scarcely had they departed, when she hurried up to the top of the flanking tower that adjoins the kitchen, and there displayed a light in the manner preconcerted between her and young Green. The light was but too speedily descried by the sentinel at the Sleepy Rock, and Green the elder alarmed and collected his men, and favored by the darkness, they set out silently for the betrayed castle.

The lady and her happy little party had concluded the social supper, the favorite meal of those times, but were still seated at table; and having dispensed with the restraining presence of attendants, they were at the height of a light-hearted gaiety, when suddenly the sound of stealthy, yet heavy footsteps, caused them all to turn their eyes towards the door—it happened, the ladies shrieked, the officers sprang to their feet—for the doorway and the passage behind were crowded with ferocious-looking ruffians, armed to the teeth, and seeming



the more terrible from their indistinctness, as but partially revealed by the light of the candles on the supper table.

The officers attempted to seize their swords, but the banditti rushing forwards, overpowered and disarmed them, forced them back into their chairs, and held pistols to their heads. Amid the angry ejaculations of the officers, the oaths and threats of the robbers, and the screams of the terrified girls, the widow recognised Green, of whom she had so often heard, and she flung herself on her knees before him, exclaiming, "Oh! Mr. Green! I know you, and I know your purpose; but I do not ask you to desist; I do not ask you to spare my property; take all—money, plate, jewels, all—all; strip Sledy from turret to foundation, if you will—I only make one prayer to you—oh! for the love of heaven! harm not my daughters."\*

"Madam," replied the outlaw, you are worthy to have your request granted, for you bear a good name; you have been good to the poor, and kind to your tenants, and it *shall* be granted, if your guests here remain quiet, and give us no trouble—but *not* else. Hark ye, boys!" (turning to the gang, and holding out a pistol) "if the best and bravest among you, or even my own son, dares lay a hand on that lady and her daughters, so long as these soldiers are quiet, he shall receive the contents of this through his brains."

The matron tottered to her chair, surrendering all her keys at the demand of Green, who, with his men, quitted the room to begin their pillage; but first leaving his son, with some of the fiercest of the band, to stand guard over the officers, whom they reduced to passiveness less by their cocked pistols, than by their threats to fire the castle, and spare no one, if their prisoners attempted any resistance.

And where, it will be asked, was Pierce M'Grath the while? Tradition says he was present during the whole scene, but does not state that he was noticed in any way by the robbers, or that he took any active part, or even offered any remonstrance (which, however, would have been useless), and this neutrality proved injurious to himself in the end.

\* The address of the lady to Green, and his reply, are not figments of my imagination; I give them, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*—as related to me by an aged man (the landlord of a rustic hostelry, a few miles from Sledy), who states himself to be descended, in the female line, from the same stock as Philip M'Grath.

There was a silence full of dread and suspense in that room so lately resounding with cheerful voices; where now was only heard the deep breathings of the indignant officers, and the low sobs of the sisters. How might that fearful night terminate? for who could rely on the forbearance of the outlaw?

After a lapse of time that seemed interminable ages, the heavy tread of the robbers was heard approaching—they entered laden with plunder; and Green, addressing the guards whom he had left behind, said: "Come, boys! it is time to return to our quarters; we have got as much as we can carry; so come away, and bring your prisoners along with you."

At these terrible words, the shrieks of the affrighted females filled the castle; the officers struggled to relieve themselves, but were grasped by hands like iron vices; the lady and her daughters fell at the feet of Green and his son, imploring them to release their prisoners, and offering large ransoms, which they promised should be left at any place the bandit would appoint.

"No madam," said Green to the widow; "remember that the *one* request you made was granted; I did not bargain for anything farther; and my own safety requires that I should take charge of these Saxon soldiers."

Again the weeping women besought the robber; and undertook that the officers should swear the most solemn and binding oaths of secrecy on the subject of that night's occurrences. Green was inexorable; and at length, bursting into a rage, he swore with a tremendous oath, that if he were thus pestered any longer, he would blow out his prisoners' brains, and hold himself freed from his promise to the widow.

The threat prevailed—the officers obeyed their captor's order, to rise, and prepare to depart. In the agonizing moments of such a parting as this, there was no room for feminine reserve: the unhappy girls fell upon the necks of their betrothed, and reciprocated the close, clasping, long embrace, as though they felt in their anguish it was too surely the last. It needed some force to divide them; and the robbers left the apartment with their captives in the centre of the band. The half-distracted sisters flew to the door, to catch a farewell glimpse—the military ornaments of the officers gleamed for an instant in the candle-light, and disappeared—they cried after the

retreating banditti to act humanely towards their prisoners—crowding steps were heard descending the stairs, and tramping heavily without. The sisters hurried breathlessly up the stone stairs of their tower, and out on the top, to look down below; through the night gloom they saw a dark compact mass crossing the drawbridge; there was a halt when it had crossed; they heard the grating sound of a sledge, or sliding-car; there was some struggle, some altercation—it became evident that the outlaws were forcibly placing their prisoners on the car, and binding them upon it—the struggle ceased; the grating sound was again heard, and the heavy retreating steps—the close black mass was seen moving rapidly in the direction of the Sleepy Rock, and was soon utterly lost in the darkness.

Unspeakable indeed was the consternation of the officers' servants, on their return to the public-house with the other domestics, to find the ladies in an agony of alarm and sorrow, the castle plundered, and their masters carried off by ruthless miscreants. The kitchen-maid had disappeared. Tradition has told me nothing of her subsequent fate. Is it uncharitable to trust that it resembled that of her prototype, the traitress Tarpeia?

That was a miserable night at Sledy; they thought day would never dawn. At the first gleams of light the officers' servants mounted, and galloped back to Clonmel, to report their masters' misfortune to their corps. The strictest searches were instantly made by both civil and military authorities, to discover the robbers and their prisoners; but the former had abandoned the Sleepy Rock and the "Lis," and could not be traced; and no ingenuity, no activity, not even the proclamation of a very large reward, availed to procure the least clue to the fate of the ill-starred officers.

For some time the sorrowing sisters tried to hope that their lovers were yet safe; that Green had only confined them in some remote and secret nook, till he could release them without danger to himself or his band. Though Sledy Castle had been pillaged of money, plate, and jewels, to an extent that seriously injured the family, they disregarded their loss in their anxiety for their absent friends. For hours those young girls sat watching on the turret-top; their hearts beat audibly at the appearance of a passing stranger—was it some one coming to treat for ransom? They started at every horse tramp—was it the lost re-

turning? They were in that state of imaginative dreamy hope so well described by Miss Baillie, in her beautiful drama of "The Beacon:"—

"Wish'd for gales the light vane veering  
Better dreams the dull night cheering,  
Lighter heart the morning greeting,  
Things of better omen meeting;  
Eyes each passing stranger watching,  
Ears each feeble rumor catching,  
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,  
The absent will return, the long, long-lost be found."

At length, as days passed on, and still brought no intelligence of the missing officers, hope became weakened, and warm fancy chilled; and the sisters began to yield to the miserable conviction that their lovers had been murdered, and buried in some secret spot that defied discovery. The search relaxed, and was then given up as hopeless. A year had now elapsed; the civil war that had broken out in October, 1641, was raging throughout the country, and the family of Sledy were denounced by the government as rebels, on account of the outrage committed under their roof on English officers; they were suffering affliction under many forms. At the close of this wretched twelvemonth, a cow-herd was in search of a strayed heifer, and in the course of his researches, he came to a dark and solitary glen, watered by a stream that rises in an adjacent turf bog, and falls into the Colligan river. There, in a deep pool, in the bed of the stream, he perceived some unusual appearance, went to examine it, and discovered the bodies of the three ill-fated officers, still clad in their military array. He hastened off at once to Clonmel, declared his discovery to the authorities, and claimed the promised reward. A detachment was sent to the spot, from the garrison of Clonmel, guided by the cow-herd, to remove and examine the bodies, which being but little decayed,\* were still capable of complete identification; and it was also clearly discernible that they had been barbarously murdered, but the particulars of the crime have never transpired. The bodies were removed, and consigned to a consecrated grave with due rites and honors; and the part of the stream where the mortal remains were found, is called to this day, *Ath na Soighidiura* (pronounced *Augh na Seedhura*) i. e., "the Soldier's Ford."†

\* Bogs have a preservative power over animal matter, and the rivulet above mentioned is a bog stream.

† The 'Soldier's Ford' is, I am informed, half a mile nearer to the source of the stream than as marked in the Ordnance Survey Map.



It lies a mile from the "Lis" of Green, and upwards of six miles from Sledy. In its vicinity are two other places, still bearing names derived from some connexion with the tragedy of Sledy Castle: they are, *Cnoc Bhron* (pronounced *Knockrone*), i. e., "the Hill of Sorrow;" and *Muin na riagh* (pronounced *Moonaree*), i. e., "the Bog of Penance;" but the particulars of the reason why so named are forgotten. It is believed, however, that at the bog, after the discovery of the murdered men, the servants of Sledy performed some penance for the act of levity and disobedience which had given rise to so much crime and so much suffering; and of the hill it can but be conjectured, in the silence of tradition, that the sisters made some mournful pilgrimage to weep and pray at the spot where their betrothed had lain so long unburied, and had sat down on that hillock to rest in the weariness of their sorrow. Not having been able myself to visit those scenes, I will give the description of them in the words of a gentleman resident near them, to whom I am indebted for much local information. Of "the Soldier's Ford," he says—"This sequestered spot is at the eastern side of Druid Mount.\* Here, where a large conglomerate rock still occupies the bed of the Moonaree stream, an ancient passage,† which the eye may still define, crossed the ford, leading to Carrick-on-Suir and Clonmel. On the left bank of the ford stands a huge round boulder stone, based on the rock before named, and crowned with a beautiful tuft of blooming heather. Here the mountain-valley narrows quickly to a rocky glen, upon which the beetling hills to the east scowl darkly, as if in horror of its awful secrets. The stream, too, frets and wanders mournfully along its stony bed, as if under similar influence, instead of rushing and roaring in all the joyous strength of its youth, now revelling in deep pools, anon gamboling wildly over foaming falls, as the old herdsmen say it formerly did, which we may well believe from the traces of its frantic sport still visible. A saunter through this glen would afford much

satisfaction to the lover of geology, as a dozen varieties of stone may be seen at almost every step. 'The Hill of Sorrow' (about three quarters of a mile from the ford) is very stony, and covered with grass and heath: its south east side rising rather abruptly, seems likely to have afforded shelter for a *shieling*, or hut of some kind. 'The Bog of Penance' lies beneath the hillock (at a quarter of a mile distance\*), and is a large hollow amphitheatre, surrounded on all sides by picturesque hills, except at the south side, where a small stream, rising in its centre, discharges itself, and is thence called the Moonaree stream. The bog is a superior turbary of about one hundred acres, and has a depth of twelve feet of turf in some places. This was evidently a forest in ancient times."

Of Green and his comrades I have been unable to learn anything certain. Some assert that they escaped safely out of the country; others maintain that they were hunted down, and exterminated—some of them being shot, and others captured and hanged.

The tragedy of Sledy castle, occurring as it did at the fatal era of 1641, gave rise to very serious charges against the M'Grath family. The outrage committed on royalist officers within the castle, in the presence of its owners, and by the treachery of the household, who not only afforded ingress to the assassins, but previously lured away the attendants of the victims, leaving the latter no helper in the hour of danger—the gates being unlocked by Pierce M'Grath himself—his non-interference, though the atrocity was proceeding before his eyes—a neutrality which was attributed not to dread of the ruffians, but to acquiescence with them—his own personal immunity—the horse and sledge which dragged the victims to the slaughter having been supplied from the offices of the castle—all these facts appeared condemnatory to the authorities engaged in the investigation, who considered the servants of Sledy and the outlaws as acting in concert with the heads of the family. It also appeared, in the course of examination, that on the day of the officers' arrival, the steward of Sledy was riding near Green's "Lis," when he was met by the robber, who asked was there anything new at the castle? The steward, whom perhaps fear compelled to appear civil, replied

\* The residence of my polite and obliging informant.

† It is said, either from conjecture, or faintly-remembered tradition, that the unfortunate officers had effected their escape from the robbers, and were making their way to Clonmel by this ancient pass, when they were overtaken and murdered at the ford. Some old persons have related to me, that when discovered, a sword was still grasped in the hand of one of the corpses.

\* The distances are all given in English measure.

that three English officers had come to Sledy, and it was thought they would be married to the young ladies: he added, that he was then going to the wood of Graigue-na-gower\* to make some provision for the evening's entertainment. As he turned to depart, he heard Green say to a companion—"Then will *Uaithne* avenge himself on the soldiers of the Sassenach (Saxon), and rescue from them the fair daughters of Morya Philip," i. e., Mary Philip, for so the widow of Philip M'Grath was popularly called in Irish. It was asked why did the steward, after hearing this, permit the servants to leave the castle? No allowance was made for any plea of inadvertence, accident, or intimidation; all extenuating points were overlooked; the grief of the sisters was disregarded; the pillage of the castle was either disbelieved, or considered as got up by collusion for effect. Those were the days of passion and prejudice on all sides; and the whole occurrence was held to be a piece of deliberate treachery for the destruction of servants of the English crown, and was consequently adjudged to be an act of treason and rebellion. A decree of forfeiture went forth against the M'Graths, which affected all their property; the estates vested in Pierce, the widow's jointure lands, her daughter's inheritance, all were confiscated, and apportioned out by the government among strangers.

The lady and her children, on their expulsion from their residence, retired to a very humble cottage, little more than half a mile from the castle, and still in existence, though in a state of decay. They were reduced to a very low ebb of fortune, and were just saved from pauperism by some small resources, the fruit of the matron's former good management, which she now preserved from the general wreck; and they lived in their altered circumstances with a pious resignation, and an unostentatious exercise of virtues, that gave dignity to misfortune. Although they naturally led a life of great retirement, they were not forgotten, and the fame of the sisters' beauty was enhanced by the admirable manner in which they sustained their trials. Part of the Sledy estate had fallen to the lot of the Osborne family, the head of which was Sir Richard Osborne, who had come over from

England early in the seventeenth century, was created a baronet in 1629, and had acquired considerable property in various parts of the kingdom. His son, who became the second Sir Richard Osborne (but not till long after the date of our narrative), inspired with the generous wish of restoring one of the innocent sufferers of Sledy to a share of her lost affluence, resolved, with a rare disinterestedness, to seek a wife amid the impoverished but still respected family. And now I have to relate a most curious and unique wooing, in the recounting of which I shall indulge in no flights of fancy, but will, as nearly as possible, *verbatim*, "tell the tale as 'twas told to me," by an aged man, who had received it from his mother, a relative of the M'Graths.

One morning, soon after sunrise, Mr. Osborne, attended by a single servant, set out from his residence at Cappagh, near Dungarvan, on his errand, and directed his course towards Curach-na-Sledy. When he approached the end of his ride, he sent his attendant to wait for him at an appointed place, and proceeded alone to the cottage that now sheltered the last M'Graths of Sledy Castle. It was just breakfast hour when he arrived there, and drew his rein; and the matron herself came out to the door, to invite him to dismount and enter.

"I thank you, madam, for your courtesy," he replied; "but I may not alight or enter till I know if I shall be a welcome guest. It is my ambition to be the husband of one of your daughters, but I come to woo as a plain man, in all sincerity, and without holiday phrases. Suffer me to prefer my suit to your eldest daughter in my own brief way—a few simple words will settle all. If I am accepted, it will then be fitting time for me to enter your habitation, but not before."

The widow smiled, but indulged the suitor in his eccentric fancy; and reentering, she persuaded her daughter Margaret to appear to their visitor, and hear him. And he at once made the offer of his hand, simply, but earnestly and politely, declaring how happy and how much honored he should feel by her acceptance.

Margaret listened with downcast eyes and a pensive countenance; perhaps her thoughts reverted mournfully to the day when she was wooed and won by her murdered lover, and she felt that she could not so soon be unfaithful to his memory. When her new suitor waited her reply, an expression of pride came over her countenance, and she

\* *Graig na gower*, i. e. the Brambly Hill-side of the Goats, is on the banks of the river Nier, in the barony of Glengheira.



drew herself up with all her natural stateliness in a manner that augured ill for his success. Firmly, but not ungraciously, she declined his proposal, alleging that blighted as her fortunes had been, she could not endure to enter his family a portionless bride. She had too much delicacy to allude to her former unfortunate engagement, or to urge any personal objection; but it is asserted that she afterwards acknowledged to her friends, that she refused Mr. Osborne because he was but a "new man" in the country.\*

"I have sped but ill," said the gallant to the matron, when her daughter had retired; "yet my desire of marrying into your family remains the same. Permit me an audience of your second daughter, perhaps I may be more successful with her."

The widow, who appreciated the value of the connexion to her unprotected girls, complied, and led forward her daughter Catherine, to whom the gentleman addressed himself in much the same terms as he had used to her sister. But whether it was that Catherine's heart still retained too lively an impression of her soldier-lover—or that she was hurt at the want of etiquette in her present suitor, *she* likewise negatived his offer in nearly the same words as Margaret had spoken.

"Well, madam," observed the rejected wooer, "this is but sorry encouragement to a farther essay, yet I have one remaining chance; allow me to try it with your youngest daughter."

The lady acquiesced, and presented Mary, who was addressed by the persevering gallant as her sisters had been. Mary was of an affectionate and grateful disposition, and apparently she thought she could more easily conduce to her mother's comfort as the wife of a wealthy man, whose disinterestedness demanded her gratitude, than as a helpless mourner over the irretrievably lost. She listened to the proposal with varying blushes, signs of good omen that had not appeared on her sisters' cheeks; and when the speaker had concluded, with all grace, and gentleness, and modesty, she accepted his proffered hand. Then, instantly springing from his horse, he caught her in his arms, and ratified the treaty with an energetic salute; thus terminating his suit as unceremoniously as he had commenced

it. "And now in to breakfast," said he, "since I can enter in the character that I wished—that of one of your family." And he gallantly led in his promised bride.

What a strange courtship! how antipodal to Sir Charles Grandison's ceremonious proposals for Miss Harriet Byron, that our grand-dams delighted to peruse, with all the bowings, and the speeches, and the leadings in and out of the Cedar Parlor, and preliminaries, and references to grandsires, and guardians, and aunts, and uncles. Yet, the straightforward Osborne courtship on horseback, eccentric though it be, has in it so much of *bonhomie*, that though it raises a smile, it leaves a favorable impression—it reminds us of Shakspeare's delineation of Henry the Fifth's blunt wooing of Catherine of France. "I know no ways to mince in love, but directly to say, I love you; then, if you urge me farther than to say, do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer, faith do! and so clap hands, and a bargain. How say you, lady!"

After "sweet Mary" became the wife of the wealthy Osborne, she had ample opportunities of indulging her natural benevolence; and to this day the country people dwell with fondness on many traditional anecdotes of her munificence and her charities, which were so unbounded, that her husband was often obliged to limit her powers of bestowing, otherwise her generosity would have exceeded even his ample means. She was often known to empty to the last grain the meal bins of the household, to feed the hungry, and to denude herself of part of her apparel during her walks, to clothe the naked who crossed her path. It is related of her, that in her affectionate zeal to give her mother consequence, she prevailed on her husband to pass to his Sledy tenantry receipts for their rents, in the name of her parent, in order to preserve for her a semblance of her authority, and a shadow of her former rights to deck her fallen fortunes.

In some time after Mary's marriage, Margaret M'Grath became the wife of a gentleman of her own country, and of sufficiently long standing to satisfy her pride of pedigree. She is remembered as a religious woman; and I have been shown by her descendants, a silver chalice which she caused to be made for the celebration of private masses in her house. Round the base is the following inscription:—"Margaretha Cragh, uxor Joannis Power de Clashmore, Equitis, me fieri fecit in honorem

\* If tradition errs not in assigning this reason for Margaret M'Grath's refusal, the murdered officer, who was said to have been of noble family, must have been the one who was *her* accepted lover.

*sanctæ Trinitatis, Beataque V. Mariæ,*  
A. D., 1668.”\*

The remaining sister, Catherine, was also married, but to whom I am unable to say with any certainty. To the romantic and sentimental it will appear, no doubt, quite a spoiling of the legend that the sisters should have ever married after the tragical fate of their first loves. But they were very young when that melancholy circumstance took place; allowance must be made for the elasticity of the youthful mind, and for the healing powers of time. Besides, there are often amiable as well as valid reasons for second love; and it is creditable to the good feeling of those young girls, that their affections could be conciliated by the rare disinterestedness of those who sought them for their intrinsic worth alone, after they had lost the usually more prized gifts of fortune.

Sledy Castle was left deserted from the time of the forfeiture, and it fell to ruin by slow degrees. Occasionally some poor, houseless person took up his abode, unpermitted, yet unforbidden, among the empty chambers. The last lonely dweller there was a country schoolmaster, about seventy years ago, when the castle was much more perfect than at present: he taught his ragged scholars in the kitchen, but chose for his own use a room on the upper floor. He was the descendant of some old follower of the M'Graths, whose former greatness was his favorite theme. He wrote a book, being a kind of chronicle of that family,† and

containing a great deal of local history, and some curious information which tradition has now dropped from her loosened grasp. Some gentlemen of that period, who had seen the manuscript, were anxious it should be published; and the schoolmaster made several efforts to get it printed at Clonmel (Dublin was then beyond the reach of men in his humble sphere), but he was unsuccessful—that was not the age of literary enterprise, especially in Ireland. I have been unable to learn what became of the MS. after the death of its writer; but, as the Irish peasantry, in general, have great respect for manuscripts, especially if relating to old families, or to the histories of their own counties, it is, probably, still extant among the country-people; unless, indeed, it perished amid the commotions of 1798.

After the schoolmaster's decease, Sledy Castle remained wholly deserted, and progressing in decay. Short, indeed, had been the period of its palmy state; from the completion of the building, to the day of its desolation, by the decree of forfeiture, it had scarce numbered fully twice seven years. The ancient family of the M'Graths has passed away—their place knoweth them no more—their lands are held by other lords—their strongholds and mansions are in ruins—their very name has now but a legendary existence—

“Omnia tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit;  
Omnia sede movit, nil sinit esse diu.”

\* “Margaret Cragh, wife of John Power, of Clashmore, Knight, caused me to be made in honor of the Holy Trinity, and of the blessed Virgin Mary, in the year of our Lord 1668.”

† The Irish, in the elder times, were very fond of preserving pedigrees, and writing family chronicles. Various books of this kind are still extant, in MS., written by the hereditary bards and annalists of ancient races, e. g., “The Book of the O'Kellys of Hy-Maine” (a district that comprised the present county of Galway, and part of Roscommon), compiled for that family, in whose hands it remained till 1757. Amongst a variety of other matter, it contains pedigrees and accounts of the chief races, derived from the Nial of the Nine Hostages; a list of the princes of Hy-Maine, from Ceallach, the great ancestor of the O'Kellys, down to 1427; pedigrees of the principal families of Ulster; filiations of the races descended from Heber; many historical poems, &c. “The Book of Fermoy,” containing accounts of the possessions of the Roches of Fermoy, with some historical tracts. “The Book of the O'Duigenans, or Annals of Kilronan,” a family chronicle of the M'Dermotts compiled by the O'Duigenans, hereditary historians

of Kilronan. It begins at A. D. 1014, and ends at A. D. 1571. This work was supposed to be lost; but an imperfect copy was discovered by John O'Donovan, and is now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin. There is (or was) a “Book of Kilronan,” a different work, being a chronicle of events written by the clergy of Kilronan church, and commencing at A. D. 900. “The Book of Ballymote,” written under the patronage of Tomaltach M'Donah (chief of a district now comprised in Sligo, Leitrim, and part of Roscommon), at his residence, Ballymote, containing, amongst a mass of other matter, pedigrees of the ancient families of Ireland—as the Hy-Briuin Heremonians, the O'Connors, Clan-Colla, &c. Early in the 17th century, Muireadach O'Daly wrote a poem on the Fitzgerald family, recording both the chief and the minor branches—the name of the head of each tribe that branched off from the main stock—the principal actions of the family—the castles, abbeys, and monasteries they built, &c. At the same period, Mac Bruodin, hereditary poet of the O'Gormans, wrote a poem on that family, tracing their pedigree, and showing the tribes that sprang from the same root.



From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SIX DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD.

BY PROFESSOR CREASY.

Those few battles of which a contrary event would have essentially varied the drama of the world in all its subsequent scenes.—HALLAM.

## No. III.—THE METAURUS.

Quid debeas, oh Roma, Neronibus,  
Testis Metaurum flumen, et Hasdrubal  
Devictus, et pulcher fugatis  
Ille dies Latio tenebris, &c.

HORATIUS, iv., Od. 4.

The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march, which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Hasdrubal, thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Hasdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that "Rome would now be the mistress of the world." To this victory of Nero's it might be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of Nero is heard, who thinks of the consul? But such are human things."—BYRON.

ABOUT midway between Rimini and Ancona a little river falls into the Adriatic, after traversing one of those districts of Italy in which the present Roman Pontiff is striving to revive, after long centuries of servitude and shame, the spirit of Italian nationality, and the energy of free institutions. That stream is still called the Metauro; and wakens by its name recollections of the resolute daring of ancient Rome, and of the slaughter that stained its current two thousand and sixty years ago, when the combined consular armies of Livius and Nero encountered and crushed near its banks the varied host, which Hannibal's brother was leading from the Pyrenees, the Rhone, the Alps, and the Po, to aid the great Carthaginian in his stern struggle to trample out the growing might of the Roman Republic, and to make the Punic dominion supreme over all the nations of the world.

The Roman historian, who termed that struggle the most memorable of all wars that ever were carried on,\* wrote in no spirit of exaggeration. For it was not in ancient, but in modern history, that parallels for its incidents and its heroes are to be found. The similitude between the contest which Rome maintained against Hannibal, and that which England was for many years engaged in against Napoleon, has not passed unobserved by recent historians. "Twice," says Arnold,† "has there been witnessed

the struggle of the highest individual genius against the resources and institutions of a great nation; and in both cases the nation has been victorious. For seventeen years Hannibal strove against Rome; for sixteen years Napoleon Bonaparte strove against England: the efforts of the first ended in Zama,—those of the second in Waterloo." One point, however, of the similitude between the two wars has scarcely been adequately dwelt on. That is the remarkable parallel between the Roman general who finally defeated the great Carthaginian, and the English general, who gave the last deadly overthrow to the French emperor. Scipio and Wellington both held for many years commands of high importance, but distant from the main theatres of warfare. The same country was the scene of the principal military career of each. It was in Spain that Scipio, like Wellington, successively encountered and overthrew nearly all the subordinate generals of the enemy before being opposed to their chief champion and conqueror himself. Both Scipio and Wellington restored their countrymen's confidence in arms, when shaken by a series of reverses. And each of them closed a long and perilous war by a complete and overwhelming defeat of the chosen leader and the chosen veterans of the foe.

Nor is the parallel between them limited to their military characters and exploits. Scipio, like Wellington, became an important leader of the aristocratic party among his countrymen, and was exposed to the

\* LIVY, Lib. xxi., Sec. 1.

† Vol. iii., p. 62. See also Alison, *passim*.

unmeasured invectives of the violent section of his political antagonists. When, early in the last reign, an infuriated mob assaulted the Duke of Wellington in the streets of the English capital on the anniversary of Waterloo, England was even more disgraced by that outrage, than Rome was by the factious accusations which demagogues brought against Scipio, but which he proudly repelled on the day of trial by reminding the assembled people that it was the anniversary of the battle of Zama. Happily, a wiser and a better spirit has now for years pervaded all classes of our community; and we shall be spared the ignominy of having worked out to the end the parallel of national ingratitude. Scipio died a voluntary exile from the malevolent turbulence of Rome. Englishmen of all ranks and politics have now long united in affectionate admiration of our modern Scipio: and, even those who have most widely differed from the Duke on legislative or administrative questions, forget what they deem the political errors of that time-honored head, while they gratefully call to mind the laurels that have wreathed it. If a painful exception to this general feeling has been recently betrayed in the expressions used by a leading commercial statesman, the universal disgust which those expressions excited among men of all parties has served to demonstrate how wide-spread and how deep is England's love for her veteran hero.

Scipio at Zama trampled in the dust the power of Carthage; but that power had been already irreparably shattered in another field, where neither Scipio nor Hannibal commanded. When the Metaurus witnessed the defeat and death of Hasdrubal, it witnessed the ruin of the scheme by which alone Carthage could hope to organize decisive success,—the scheme of enveloping Rome at once from the north and the south of Italy by two chosen armies, led by two sons of Hamilcar.\* That battle was the determining crisis of the contest, not merely between Rome and Carthage, but between the two great families of the world, which then made Italy the arena of their oft-renewed contest for pre-eminence.

The French historian, Michelet, whose "*Histoire Romaine*" would have been invaluable, if the general industry and accuracy of the writer had in any degree equalled his originality and brilliancy, eloquently

remarks, "It is not without reason that so universal and vivid a remembrance of the Punic wars has dwelt in the memories of men. They formed no mere struggle to determine the lot of two cities or two empires; but it was a strife, on the event of which depended the fate of two races of mankind, whether the dominion of the world should belong to the Indo-Germanic or to the Semitic family of nations. Bear in mind, that the first of these comprises, besides the Indians and the Persians, the Greeks, the Romans, and the Germans. In the other are ranked the Jews and the Arabs, the Phœnicians and the Carthaginians. On the one side is the genius of heroism, of art, and legislation: on the other, is the spirit of industry, of commerce, of navigation. The two opposite races have everywhere come into contact, everywhere into hostility. In the primitive history of Persia and Chaldea the heroes are perpetually engaged in combat with their industrious and perfidious neighbors. The struggle is renewed between the Phœnicians and the Greeks on every coast of the Mediterranean. The Greek supplants the Phœnician in all his factories, all his colonies in the east: soon will the Roman come, and do likewise in the west. Alexander did far more against Tyre than Salmanasar or Nabuchodonosor had done. Not contented with crushing her, he took care that she never should revive; for he founded Alexandria as her substitute, and changed forever the track of the commerce of the world. There remained Carthage—the great Carthage, and her mighty empire,—mighty in a far different degree than Phœnicia's had been. Rome annihilated it. Then occurred that which has no parallel in history,—an entire civilization perished at one blow—vanished, like a falling star. The *Periplus* of Hanno, a few coins, a score of lines in Plautus, and, lo, all that remains of the Carthaginian world!

"Many generations must needs pass away before the struggle between the two races could be renewed; and the Arabs, that formidable rear-guard of the Semitic world, dashed forth from their deserts. The conflict between the two races then became the conflict of two religions. Fortunate was it that those daring Saracenic cavaliers encountered in the East the impregnable walls of Constantinople, in the West the chivalrous valor of Charles Martel, and the sword of the Cid. The crusades were the natural reprisals for the Arab invasions, and

\* See Arnold, vol. iii., 387.



form the last epoch of that great struggle between the two principal families of the human race."

It is difficult, amid the glimmering light supplied by the allusions of the classical writers, to gain a full idea of the character and institutions of Rome's great rival. But we can perceive how inferior Carthage was to her competitor in military resources, and how far less fitted than Rome she was to become the founder of concentrated centralizing dominion, that should endure for centuries, and fuse into imperial unity the narrow nationalities of the ancient races, that dwelt around and near the shores of the Mediterranean sea.

Though thirsting for extended empire, and though some of her leading men became generals of the highest order, the Carthaginians, as a people, were anything but personally warlike. As long as they could hire mercenaries to fight for them, they had little appetite for the irksome training, and the loss of valuable time, which military service would have entailed on themselves.

As Michelet remarks, "The life of an industrious merchant, of a Carthaginian, was too precious to be risked, as long as it was possible to substitute advantageously for it that of a barbarian from Spain or Gaul. Carthage knew, and could tell to a drachma, what the life of a man of each nation came to. A Greek was worth more than a Campanian, a Campanian worth more than a Gaul or a Spaniard. When once this tariff of blood was correctly made out, Carthage began a war as a mercantile speculation. She tried to make conquests in the hope of getting new mines to work, or to open fresh markets for her exports. In one venture she could afford to spend 50,000 mercenaries, in another, rather more. If the returns were good, there was no regret felt for the capital that had been sunk in the investment: more money got more men, and all went on well."

We perceive at once the inferiority of such bands of *Condottiere*, brought together without any common bond of origin, tactics, or cause, to the legions of Rome, which at that period were raised from the very flower of a hardy agricultural population, trained in the strictest discipline, habituated to victory, and animated by the most resolute patriotism. And this shows also the transcendency of the genius of Hannibal, that could form such discordant materials into a compact organized force, and inspire them

with a spirit of patient discipline and loyalty to their chief, so that they were true to him, in his adverse as well as in his prosperous fortunes; and throughout the chequered series of his campaigns no panic rout ever disgraced a division under his command, and no mutiny, or even attempt at mutiny, was ever known in his camp.

The *prestige* of national superiority had been given to Rome by the cowardly submission of Carthage at the close of the first Punic war. Faction and pusillanimity among his countrymen thwarted Hannibal's schemes, and crippled his resources. Yet did he not only replace his country on an equality with her rival, but gave her what seemed an overwhelming superiority, and brought Rome, by her own acknowledgment, to the very brink of destruction.

"But if Hannibal's genius may be likened to the Homeric god, who, in his hatred to the Trojans, rises from the deep to rally the fainting Greeks, and to lead them against the enemy, so the calm courage with which Hector met his more than human adversary in his country's cause, is no unworthy image of the unyielding magnanimity displayed by the aristocracy of Rome. As Hannibal utterly eclipses Carthage, so, on the contrary, Fabius, Marcellus, Claudius Nero, even Scipio himself, are as nothing when compared to the spirit, and wisdom, and power of Rome. The senate, which voted its thanks to its political enemy, Varro, after his disastrous defeat, "because he had not despaired of the commonwealth," and which disdained either to solicit, or to reprove, or to threaten, or in any way to notice, the twelve colonies which had refused their accustomed supplies of men for the army, is far more to be honored than the conqueror of Zama. This we should the more carefully bear in mind, because our tendency is to admire individual greatness far more than national; and, as no single Roman will bear comparison to Hannibal, we are apt to murmur at the event of the contest, and to think that the victory was awarded to the least worthy of the combatants. On the contrary, never was the wisdom of God's Providence more manifest than in the issue of the struggle between Rome and Carthage. It was clearly for the good of mankind that Hannibal should be conquered; his triumph would have stopped the progress of the world. For great men can only act permanently by forming great nations; and no one man, even though it were Hannibal himself, can

in one generation effect such a work. But where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it; and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body, to which magic power had for a moment given unnatural life: when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before. He who grieves over the battle of Zama, should carry on his thoughts to a period thirty years later, when Hannibal must in the course of nature, have been dead, and consider how the isolated Phœnician city of Carthage was fitted to receive and to consolidate the civilization of Greece, or by its laws and institutions to bind together barbarians of every race and language into an organized empire, and prepare them for becoming, when that empire was dissolved, the free members of the commonwealth of Christian Europe."\*

When Hasdrubal, in the spring of 207 B. C., after skilfully disentangling himself from the Roman forces in Spain, and, after a march conducted with great judgment and little loss through the interior of Gaul and the formidable passes of the Alps, appeared in the country that now is the north of Lombardy, at the head of troops which he had partly brought out of Spain, and partly levied among the Gauls and Ligurians on his way; Hannibal with his unconquered and seemingly unconquerable army had been eight years in Italy, executing with strenuous ferocity the vow of hatred to Rome, which had been sworn by him while yet a child at the bidding of his father Hamilcar; who, as he boasted, had trained up his three sons, Hannibal, Hasdrubal, and Mago, like three lion's whelps, to prey upon the Romans. But Hannibal's latter campaigns had not been signalized by any such great victories as marked the first years of his invasion of Italy. The stern spirit of Roman resolution, ever highest in disaster and danger, had neither bent nor despaired beneath the merciless blows which the dire African dealt her in rapid succession at Trebia, at Thrasymene, and at Cannæ. Her population was thinned by repeated slaughter in the field; poverty and actual scarcity ground down the survivors, through the fearful ravages which

Hannibal's cavalry spread through their corn-fields, their pasture lands, and their vine-yards; many of her allies went over to the invader's side; and new clouds of foreign war threatened her from Macedonia and Gaul. But Rome receded not. Rich and poor among her citizens vied with each other in devotion to their country. The wealthy placed their stores, and all placed their lives, at the state's disposal. And though Hannibal could not be driven out of Italy, though every year brought its sufferings and sacrifices, Rome felt that her constancy had not been exerted in vain. If she was weakened by the continued strife, so was Hannibal also; and it was clear that the unaided resources of his army were unequal to the task of her destruction. The single deer-hound could not pull down the quarry which he had so furiously assailed. Rome not only stood fiercely at bay, but had pressed back and gored her antagonist, that still, however, watched her in act to spring. She was weary, and bleeding at every pore; and what hope had she of escape, if the other hound of old Hamilcar's race should come up in time to aid its brother in the death-grapple?

Six armies were levied for the defence of Italy when the long dreaded approach of Hasdrubal was announced. Seventy-five thousand Romans served in the fifteen legions, of which with an equal number of Italian allies, those armies and the garrisons were composed. Upwards of thirty thousand more Romans were serving in Sicily, Sardinia, and Spain. The whole number of Roman citizens of an age fit for military duty, scarcely exceeded a hundred and thirty thousand. These numbers are fearfully emphatic of the extremity to which Rome was reduced, and of her gigantic efforts in that great agony of her fate. Not merely men, but money and military stores were drained to the utmost; and if the armies of that year should be swept off by a repetition of the slaughters of Thrasymene and Cannæ, all felt that Rome would cease to exist. Even if the campaign were to be marked by no decisive success on either side her ruin seemed certain. Should Hasdrubal have detached from her, or impoverished by ravage her allies in north Italy; and Etruria, Umbria, and north Latium either have revolted or have been laid waste, as had been the case in south Italy, through the victorious manœuvres of Hannibal, Rome must literally have sunk beneath starvation; for the hostile or desolated country

\* Arnold, vol. iii., p. 61. The above is one of the numerous bursts of eloquence that adorn Arnold's last volume, and cause such deep regret that that volume should have been the last, and its great and good author have been cut off with his work thus incomplete.



would have yielded no supplies of corn for her population; and money, to purchase it from abroad, there was none. Instant victory was a matter of life and death. Three of her six armies were ordered to the north, but the first of these was required to overawe the disaffected Etruscans. The second army of the north was pushed forward, under Porcius, the prætor, to meet and keep in check the advanced troops of Hasdrubal; while the third, the grand army of the north, under the consul Livius, who had the chief command in all North Italy, advanced more slowly in its support. There were similarly three armies of the south, under the orders of the other consul, Claudius Nero.

Hannibal at this period occupied with his veteran but much-reduced forces the extreme south of Italy. It had not been expected either by friend or foe, that Hasdrubal would effect his passage of the Alps so early in the year as actually occurred. And even when Hannibal learned that his brother was in Italy, and had advanced as far as Placentia, he was obliged to pause for further intelligence, before he himself commenced active operations, as he could not tell whether his brother might not be invited into Etruria, to aid the party there that was disaffected to Rome, or whether he would march down by the Adriatic sea. Hannibal concentrated his troops, and marched northward as far as Canusium, and there halted in expectation of further tidings of his brother's movements.

Meanwhile, Hasdrubal was advancing towards Ariminum on the Adriatic, and driving before him the Roman army under Porcius. Nor when the consul Livius had come up, and united the second and third armies of the north, could he make head against the invaders. The Romans still fell back before Hasdrubal, beyond Ariminum, beyond the Metaurus, and as far as the little town of Sena, to the south-east of that river. Hasdrubal was not unmindful of the necessity of acting in concert with his brother. He sent messengers to Hannibal to announce his own line of march, and to propose that they should unite their armies in South Umbria, and then wheel round against Rome. Those messengers traversed the greater part of Italy in safety; but, when close to the object of their mission, were captured by a Roman detachment; and Hasdrubal's letter, detailing his whole plan of the campaign, was laid, not in his brother's hands, but in those of the commander of the Roman armies of the

south. Nero saw at once the full importance of the crisis. The two sons of Hamilcar were now within two hundred miles of each other, and if Rome were to be saved the brothers must never meet alive. Nero instantly ordered seven thousand picked men, a thousand being cavalry, to hold themselves in readiness for a secret expedition against one of Hannibal's garrisons. As soon as night fell, he hurried forward on his bold enterprise, not against any petty garrison, but to join the armies of the north, and crush Hasdrubal, while his brother lingered in expectation of the intercepted dispatch. Nero's men soon learned their leader's object, and each knew how momentous was its result, and how much depended not only on their valor but on the celerity of their march. The risk was fearful that Hannibal might receive information of the movements of the armies, and either follow their steps in fatal pursuit, or fall upon and destroy the weakened Roman forces which they had left in the south. Pressing forward with as rapid and unintermitted marches as human strength, nerved by almost superhuman spirit, could accomplish, Nero approached his colleague's camp, who had been forewarned of his approach, and had made all preparations to receive this important reinforcement into his tents without exciting the suspicions of Hasdrubal. But the sagacity of Hasdrubal, and the familiarity with Roman warfare which he had acquired in Spain, enabled him to detect the presence of both the Roman consuls in the army before him. In doubt and difficulty as to what might have taken place between the armies of the south, and probably hoping that Hannibal also was approaching, Hasdrubal determined to avoid an encounter with the combined Roman forces and retreated towards the Metaurus, which if he could have passed in safety, would have been a barrier, behind which he might safely have kept the Romans in check. But, the Gaulish recruits, of whom a large part of his army was composed, were unsuited for manœuvring in retreat before an active and well-disciplined enemy. Hotly pursued by the consuls, Hasdrubal wheeled back, and gave them battle close to the southern bank of the stream. His numbers were far inferior to those of the consuls; but, all that generalship could accomplish was done by the Carthaginian commander. His Gauls, who were the least trustworthy part of his force, he drew up on his left on

difficult and rising round; his Spanish veterans formed his right; and his centre was composed of the Ligurians, before whose necessarily slender array he placed his armed elephants, like a chain of moving fortresses. He seems to have been deficient in cavalry,—an arm in which Nero's reinforcement gave peculiar strength to the Romans. The consuls, on the other side, led their legions to the attack, each commanding a wing, while the prætor Porcius faced the Ligurians in the centre. In spite of the disparity of numbers, the skill of Hasdrubal's arrangements, and the obstinate valor of his Spanish infantry, who received with unyielding gallantry the shock of Livius' legions, kept the issue of the fight long in suspense. But Nero, who found that Hasdrubal refused his left wing, and who could not overcome the difficulties of the ground in the quarter assigned to him, decided the battle by another stroke of that military genius which had inspired his march. Wheeling a brigade of his best men round the rear of the rest of the Roman army, Nero fiercely charged the flank of the Spaniards, who had hitherto held their own against Livius with heavy mutual carnage. The charge was as successful as it was sudden. Rolled back in disorder upon each other, and overwhelmed by numbers, the Spaniards and Ligurians died, fighting gallantly to the last. The Gauls, who had taken little or no part in the strife of the day, were then surrounded, and butchered almost without resistance. Hasdrubal, after having, by the confession of his enemies, done all that a general could do, when he saw that the victory was irreparably lost, scorning to survive the gallant host which he had led, and to gratify, as a captive, Roman cruelty and pride, spurred his horse into the midst of a Roman cohort, and, sword in hand, met the death that was worthy of the son of Hamilcar, and the brother of Hannibal.

Success the most complete had crowned Nero's enterprise. Returning as rapidly as he had advanced, he was again facing the inactive enemies in the south before they even knew of his march. But he brought with him a ghastly trophy of what he had done. In the true spirit of that savage brutality which deformed the Roman national character, Nero ordered Hasdrubal's head to be flung into his brother's camp. Ten years had passed since Hannibal had last gazed on those features. The sons of Hamilcar had then planned their

system of warfare against Rome, which they had so nearly brought to successful accomplishment. Year after year had Hannibal been struggling in Italy, in the hope of one day hailing the arrival of him whom he had left in Spain; and of seeing his brother's eye flash with affection and pride at the junction of their irresistible hosts. He now saw that eye glazed in death, and in the agony of his heart the great Carthaginian groaned aloud that he recognised his country's destiny.

Meanwhile, at the tidings of the great battle Rome at once rose from the thrill of anxiety and terror to the full confidence of triumph. Hannibal might cling to his hold on Southern Italy for a few years longer, but the imperial city, and her allies, were no longer in danger from his arms. And, after Hannibal's downfall the Great Military Republic of the ancient world met in her career of conquest no other worthy competitor. Byron has termed Nero's march "unequalled," and, in the magnitude of its consequences, it is so. Viewed only as a military exploit, it remains unparalleled save by Marlborough's bold march from Flanders to the Danube, in the campaign of Blenheim, and, perhaps, also, by the Archduke Charles's lateral march in 1796, by which he overwhelmed the French under Jourdain, and then, driving Moreau through the Black Forest and across the Rhine, for a while freed Germany from her invaders.

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GUIZOT.—Below the middle stature, somewhat square-built, and of an aspect always grave, if not severe, with a proud and piercing eye, M. Guizot strikes you at first sight as a man of thoughtful and reflective habits, and of an energy subdued rather than extinguished by severe study. Approach him nearer, and you will perceive that he is more spare in flesh, more sombre in appearance, more livid in look, than you had supposed at a distance. His features, when excited, assume a disagreeable aspect,—his lips become contracted, his eyes appear deeper sunk in their cavernous orbits, and his whole appearance gives token of a person of a restless and melancholy, as well as of a meditative disposition. There is no gaiety in his look or manner. He does not laugh nor joke with his next neighbor on the bench of Ministers, and appears altogether absorbed in public affairs or in his own reflections. He exhibits, on his entrance to the Chamber, the impassibility of a professor or college tutor. He crosses his arms, inclines his head on his breast, and attentively listens to the discussion. But if the orator at the tribune attacks the man or his system, Guizot becomes restless and excited, rises from his seat, interrupts the speaker, strikes his desk with his wooden paper-knife, and, in giving a loud contradiction to the member in possession of the House, asks to be heard in reply.



From Howitt's Journal.

## VISIT TO EDGEWORTHSTOWN.—MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

EDGEWORTHSTOWN lies in the county of Longford, about sixty-six miles W.N.W. of Dublin. As this place was not far out of my way, in the Autumn of 1845, when I visited Laracor, the one-time residence of Swift, and Lismore, "The Deserted Village" of Goldsmith, I halted there for the night, in order to have the pleasure of seeing Miss Edgeworth. My way by the celebrated Hill of Tara, and the old town of Trim, led me amongst some of the most venerable ruins and renowned antiquities of Ireland. These I do not here pause to notice. A few miles' drive from Trim, in a car brought me out upon the highway from Dublin to Longford, where I met the mail as I had agreed, and mounting it, soon found myself leaving the cultivated country, and advancing into a somewhat dreary, level, and boggy one. From about nine in the morning till three in the afternoon our drive continued through this kind of country. The farther we went the more *Irish* it became. The country in the immediate neighborhood of Dublin was varied and beautiful. Farther on it was more monotonous, but still well-farmed and cultivated, with decent farming villages, and fine trees. But now the whole landscape became bare moorland, and extremely flat and uninteresting. The cottages degenerated from stone to mud. They then got to have wicker-work chimneys, and then no chimneys at all. There was a hole in the ridge of the roof, but much oftener out of the side for the escape of the smoke; and sometimes this hole was in the wall instead of the roof; sometimes neither chimney nor window was to be seen, but the smoke was rolling out of the door. Pigs, geese, hens, and asses, were walking in and out of the houses, as coolly as the people. By almost every cabin were two goats with their legs tied, and yoked together by a cord. They were the *cows* of these particular families. Then there were several enormous black and white pigs basking on the dunghill, which is, throughout Ireland, placed plump before the door; or they were wallowing in its wetter depths. Besides these creatures, there was sure to be a little dog with a little clog hung round his neck. This I was

told was instead of a muzzle, and was required by the police, as the clog is supposed, if the dog run, to get between his legs, and impede his motions: but it is commonly tied up so cleverly short, that it is no inconvenience at all, and the dog generally rushes out to have a look at the passing car, and then goes and lies down with great satisfaction, no doubt persuaded that he has rendered a great public service, and driven horse, car, and traveller quite away from the village.

Besides these canine guardians of the peace, two or three policeman were, as everywhere in Ireland, generally in sight, in close jacket and trousers of olive green, with broad, black belts round their waists with a large gilt buckle, a little box like a cartouche box, and a bayonet appended. Over one door in each village was invariably a black board like a little coffin lid with a crown upon a cypher, and surrounded by the words, POLICE STATION.

Rags and dirt became more plentiful at every step. There was a most amazing display of trousers without legs; waistcoats without buttons; and coats which are not patched, they are a matting of patches, all loose at one end; being a rude imitation of feathers. The true Irishman in his grey frieze short, bob-tailed coat, breeches (he is faithful to breeches in spite of all changes), and his funny little hat with narrow and slouched brim, was there in abundance. The old women swarmed round us, at every stopping, and promised heaven and earth to us for a halfpenny. "Grove out the copper, your honor, and the Lord surround you with his blessings. Drop us a little sixpence or a little fourpenny bit, and we'll divide it faithfully, and the childer will be a praying for you as they peel the taties. Divide the money, your honor, and the Lord divide heaven with ye."—"Now don't be a pushing me wid my poor arm," said a woman at one place to a man at her elbow, showing an arm wrapped in bandage no doubt to excite pity, and the thing said to catch your attention,—"I'm not pushing you," said the man,—"No, I know ye ai'nt," replied the woman with the politeness of a Frenchwoman, "but I am

only afraid lest ye should."—"Indulge your fatherly feelings towards the poor babby whose father's at sea," exclaimed another, holding up a child towards one of the passengers.—"I have nothing," replied the gentleman, and out of nothing, nothing can come."—"The Lord created the world out of nothing, your honor," replied the quick-witted woman.—"But I'm not the Lord," said the traveller.—"Your honor's one of the Lord's creation."—"And so are you," retorted the man, "and if that gives you any power of creating something out of nothing, why don't you create a penny and not bother me for it?"—"I'm no coiner, your honor."—"Nor I either," added the traveller.—"Oh! yes, your honor, you can coin the silver out of the gold, and the copper out of the silver, very aisy!"

The coach rolled on, and it was well, for the traveller had found his match. Instead of the old women whom we left behind, we now passed young ones walking along the road with their cloaks, not upon their shoulders, but upon their heads, and with dirty bare feet, which made one query whether they washed them before going to bed, if *they* ever do go to bed.

Such were the scenes that continued to present themselves in the villages; the country little enclosed and less cultivated; very fertile, but farmed in a most slovenly manner. It seemed to want every human assistance that land can want;—draining, fencing, planting, ploughing, weeding, and often manuring. In general, however, there were abundant crops, but nobody seemed the better for it. Amid occasional displays of harvests and potatoes, there were abundance of what may be called capital pigsties, but very wretched houses; a land of rags and cabins, of weeds, thistles, rag-wort, and rushes, which prosper unmolested.

Well, through such a country I advanced towards Edgeworthstown. To make the way more cheerful, however, we had a jolly Irish coachman, who did not let his tongue have much rest the whole of the time. He praised the country, the people, everything. His horses—"Aint they nate cattle now? Aint they good boys now? That's a fine large horse now—and that's a good dale to say—there are so many fine horses in Ireland." In the next village that we should arrive at, he assured me, who, he saw was an Englishman, that the young women were the very handsomest in all Ireland; and in

the next the very best natured fellows in the whole land, and so on. As a country girl passed us—"Faith, isn't she there a fine little darling. Ould Ireland is proud of her pretty girls, any how." The country-houses that we passed, which were few, were the very finest in all Ireland, and the inhabitants the most affluent. If you asked why these rich people did not enclose the wastes, and drain them. "Oh! what were the poor people to do for peats then?" If you objected to the rank crops of ragworts in the pastures, he assured you that it was capital farming—the grass grew so in the shade of the ragworts. In fact, he was a regular Irish optimist. Everything was the best in the world.

Then he and some of the passengers amused themselves with matches at counting the living objects on each side of the road for a certain distance—a rook, an ass, or an old woman, reckoning one, a sheep three, a horse or cow five, and so on. It was wonderful what merriment and interest they contrived to extract out of this. We came to a milestone that was broken in two. "Ah! see what some evil-disposed person has done now!" exclaimed the witty whip. "that is the eighth milestone to ———, and the villain has broken it in two, and made sixteen of it, and we shall have double the distance to go!"

And then he told stories. We may take one as a specimen. Some Irish reapers bound for England passing us, I asked whether it were true that on their return from the expedition the people of one vicinity would entrust their collective gains to one man to bring over? "Oh, no!" said he, "don't believe it. It is hard trusting any one in this world. A priest going along one Sunday on the road, saw a boy in a very ragged dress sitting dangling his feet in the water of a brook that ran by it.

"Well, my boy," said the good father, "what makes you sit there to-day, and why don't you go to the chapel?"

"It is because I'm not just fit to be seen there, because of the raggedness of my clothes," said the boy.

"And who may your parents be, and what are they doing that they don't see you better clad, and a going to the chapel on a Sunday?"

"I can't exactly say," replied the boy, "what they may be doing just now, because they have been dead some years, and I get along as well as I can without them."

"But you should not neglect going to



chapel," said the priest, "and if you are ashamed of your clothes, why, I would have you get up betimes in the morning, and step into the chapel when nobody is there and say your prayers, and depend upon it God will be dropping something or other in your way."

So the boy thanked his reverence for his advice, and promised to follow it. Sometime after, as the priest was going the same way, he saw the same boy, but now very much altered in appearance; and being very well dressed.

"Well, my boy, did you follow my advice, and do you go now to chapel?"

"Ah! bless your reverence," replied the lad, "that I did, indeed, and I wish I had seen you years before, for it was the best day of my life when I did see you."

"How was that?" asked the priest.

"Why, God bless your reverence! I got up early in the morning, as you advised me, and went away to the chapel, and as I did not want to be seen, I slipped in quietly and got behind the door, and began to say my prayers, and sure enough, it was just as your reverence said it would be—Providence was after dropping something in my way directly. When I first went in, there was nobody there, but presently there came a blind man, and he put his head into the chapel and said, 'Is anybody here?' and when nobody answered, for I kept quite still, for I would see what Providence would be after, the blind man entered and made his way to a seat, and began saying his prayers. And presently another blind man came and put in his head, and said, 'Is anybody here?' And the first blind man answered and said—'There is nobody but me, and I am blind.' And with that the second blind man entered and made his way to the first blind man, and sat down by his side, and they began to talk. And the one blind man asked the other how long he had been blind, and he said 'eighteen years.'

"Eighteen years! that is a very long time, why, you must have saved a power of money in all that time."

"Nay," replied the first man, "not so much as you would think—bad has been my best luck. I have only saved £10, and I have it stitched into my cap here, lest any one should steal it."

"And that is very odd, i'faith," said the second man, "for I have been blind only six years, and I have saved just £10

too, and I have it stitched into my cap here, that nobody may steal it."

"And with that your reverence," said the boy, "I saw that all your reverence had said was the truth; and that Providence had dropped something in my way immediately. So I up and went softly up to the men, and took each his cap away out of his hand, and made for the door. But oh! the two blind men but they were astonished, and they seized each other by the throat, and one said—'O ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money from me!' and the other said—'Nay, ye thief of the world! but ye have stolen my cap and my money!' And to it they went like furies, and when the people came into the chapel they found them rolling on the floor together, and screaming that the one had robbed the other, and the other had robbed the one—but no caps nor money were there to be seen—and then both the men were more astonished than ever. But I was by that time far across the fields, blessing your reverence for the true words ye had said to me, for, true enough, Providence had dropped something in my way all at once. And now your reverence sees that I dress decently as any boy of them all, and go to the chapel every Sunday; and often I bless the day that I met your reverence as I did."

This story, which reminded me of something like it somewhere in "The Arabian Nights," elicited much merriment; and no one seemed to think anything of the morality of it. It was a capital joke; and illustrated the coachman's saw—"That it is hard trusting any one in this world."

And so we arrived at Edgeworthstown. The town is, indeed, a tolerable village, but of a considerable better aspect; of stone houses with white-washed walls, glass windows, and, many of them, slate roofs. The Edgeworths' house is near the entrance from Dublin. It stands on the right hand, at perhaps two hundred yards distance from the road in its park, well wooded, and with a fine rich turf. It lies too, higher than the country in general, and therefore above the bog, and being well wooded, and encircled with a thick belt of trees, you walk in the park, which is a mile round, and forget all the dreary wastes around. The house is large, a fitting squire's house, and looks lordly and imposing as you pass.

At the only inn in Edgeworthstown I desired them to let me have a beefsteak, but

found that no such thing was to be had. A mutton chop was the highest point in the culinary department to be reached. The waiter said, that no cattle were killed in Edgeworthstown—they got their meat from Longford, and that seldom more than mutton was wanted. This would have astonished a traveller in England in any place dignifying itself with the name of town, but in Ireland we soon cease to be astonished at anything but the general poverty. Having got such a luncheon as the inn afforded, I walked up to the hall. Here I found a very cordial reception. In the true Irish spirit of hospitality, Mrs. Edgeworth was anxious that I should transfer myself at once from the village inn to her ample mansion, where there was as much abundance as in any English house of the same pretensions.

I found the ladies sitting in a large and handsome library, busy writing letters. These ladies consisted of Mrs. Edgeworth, the widow of Lovell Edgeworth; Miss Edgeworth, and Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, the wife of the Frank of Miss Edgeworth's tale.

Mrs. Edgeworth, a very agreeable and intelligent woman, surprised me by her comparative youth as the widow of Miss Edgeworth's father. She appeared not much more than forty, while Miss Edgeworth must be nearly twice that age. So far as age goes, it would have appeared quite in order, if that had been reversed, and Miss Edgeworth had stood as mother, and Mrs. Edgeworth as the daughter-in-law. Till that moment, I was not aware that Miss Edgeworth resided with her mother-in-law, but imagined her the occupant of the family mansion. I soon found, however, that Mrs. Edgeworth was the head of the establishment, and that Miss Edgeworth and Mr. Francis Edgeworth and his family resided with her. Mrs. Francis Edgeworth, a Spanish lady, lively, intelligent, and frank in her manners, surrounded by a troop of charming children, appeared as thoroughly familiar with English literature as if she had spent all her life in Great Britain.

My first impression of Miss Edgeworth was surprise at her apparent age. We read books and imagine their authors always young; but time is never so forgetful. He bears along with him authors as well as other people. They may put their works but not themselves into new editions in this world. Miss Edgeworth must, in fact, stand now nearly, if not quite, at the head

of British authors in point of years. In person she is small, and at first had an air of reserve; but this in a few minutes quite vanished, and with it at least the impression of a score years in appearance. One would expect from her writings a certain staidness and sense of propriety. All the propriety is there, but the gravity is soon lighted up with the most affable humor, and a genuine love of joke and lively conversation. When I entered, the two other ladies were writing at the library table, Miss Edgeworth at a small table near the fire. The room was a large room, supported by a row of pillars, so as to give views into the grounds on two sides. We were soon engaged in animated conversation on many literary topics and persons; and Miss Edgeworth handed me the last new novel of Miss Bremer, which had been forwarded by me from the author; requesting me to place a written translation under Miss Bremer's autograph inscription of the copy to herself. To do this she put into my hand the silver pen which had been presented to her by Sir Walter Scott.

She then volunteered to show me the gardens and grounds; and this remarkable woman speedily enveloped in bonnet and shawl, led the way with all the lightness and activity of youth. Mrs. Francis soon joined us, and we went the whole circuit of the park, which as I have already said, is a mile. Not far from the house near the foot path, and beneath the trees I observed an urn placed upon a pedestal, and inscribed,

"TO HONORA,  
1780."

Honora Sneyd, the lady affianced to the unfortunate Major Andre, but afterwards married to Mr. Lovel Edgeworth.

We then went into the gardens. The ladies appear to dig and delve a good deal in them themselves. Miss Edgeworth said she had been setting out some geraniums that day, though so late as September. The bog-plants appeared wonderfully flourishing, and yet no wonder, when we consider that the whole country is a bog, and that they can supply their beds at no expense.

In our round we came to a little secluded garden, which Mrs. Francis told me they had laid out for her, and her children, and where they had built a little summer-house of heath. It was very retired and pretty. Miss Edgeworth made some inquiries after a gentleman not far from London, and



asked me if I knew him, to which I replied, that my only intercourse with him had been a correspondence about a gardener who offered himself to me, and referred to this gentleman as his former employer. That on asking the man why he had left, he said that it was entirely because this gentleman and himself could not agree on the true manner of cultivating a certain rose. That both master and himself were great rose fanciers, and each thought he knew best how to grow them. That in most cases he acknowledged his master's skill and knowledge, but that in this instance he could not. He believed himself right, and his master wrong; and that they grew so warm respecting it, that he gave his master notice to quit, rather than be compelled to murder, as he called it, a fine and unique rose, by an improper mode of treatment. That on referring to the gentleman, he confirmed the account in all its particulars, giving the man a most excellent character, both as a man and a gardener, but so obstinate about this one rose, that he threw up his place, a martyr to his system of science, the master having become as obstinate from opposition to a favorite whim, as to let him do it!

This story infinitely diverted Miss Edgeworth, and seeing Mrs. Edgeworth at a distance she called her to hear it.

On our return to the house we were joined by Mr. Francis Edgeworth, and at dinner and during the evening we had a deal of talk of poetry and poets. Mr. Edgeworth seemed particularly to admire Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, and thought Keats had never yet had justice done him. In this we agreed, and indeed in most of the sentiments expressed; Mr. Edgeworth, being liberal in politics as well as in poetry. The ladies as well as Mr. Edgeworth, expressed their great obligation to Mrs. Howitt, for the introduction of Miss Bremer's works, and of a taste for the northern languages and literature in general. They had fallen into the error which has been very common, especially in America, of supposing William and Mary Howitt were brother and sister, instead of husband and wife.

We do not intend here to enter into any remarks on the writings of Miss Edgeworth, which are sufficiently well known to all readers, but there is one characteristic of them which has naturally excited much wonder, and that is, that in none of them

does she introduce the subject of religion, but confines herself to morals and their influence. We have been told, and we believe on good authority, the origin of this. Her father being a disbeliever in revealed religion, she made a promise to him never to write in favor of religion if he would consent never to write against it. Through a long life she has faithfully observed the compact, and the fact of its existence may explain what to so many has been a source of surprise. Whilst she may thus have rendered a service to religion, in her opinion, by guarding it from what she might deem a formidable attack, she has rendered pre-eminent service to her country by portraying its wants and characteristic failings, and rousing a spirit of patriotism in the breasts of her countrymen. Long before any other writers of her country she made domestic fictions the vehicle of great and necessary truths, and at the present moment, after so many have followed in her steps, she again agreeably surprises us by her new volume for the young, displaying in her *Orlandino* a vigor that seems to bid defiance to years.

In conversing with Miss Edgeworth on the condition and prospects of Ireland, I was somewhat surprised to hear her advocate the *laissez faire* system. She contended that Ireland was steadily progressing, and would do very well if people would not force their political nostrums upon her. She described the advance in the condition of the country and the people in her time, as most striking. What must it have been then? Of course, she would have an equality of legislation for the whole kingdom, and that in fact includes almost everything. Ireland herself would rise from her present misery and degradation with that advantage; yet it would be slowly, for length of time for recovery must be in some proportion to the length and force of the infliction. With present justice, there requires a grand compensation for the past, by a kindly but fair application of every means that can employ the people, especially in the cultivation of the land.

As I was going the next day to visit Pallasmore and Auburn, the birth-place and youthful residence of Goldsmith, I could not have been in a better quarter for information, Pallasmore being on their own estate. About ten o'clock a stately old servant conducted me to the inn with a lantern, and thus closed my short but agreeable visit to Miss Edgeworth.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE TWO FUNERALS OF NAPOLEON.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

But where is he, the champion and the child  
Of all that's great or little, wise or wild?  
Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones?  
Whose table earth—whose dice was human bones?  
Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,  
And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.—BYRON.

THE change from the calm to the tempest—from the deep and impressive solitudes of the ocean, to the busiest haunts of men—from savage to civilized life, are prominent examples of the mutations to which seamen are liable. And these events sometimes follow in such rapid succession, and are of such varied import, that even their truthful narration appears as though decked in the borrowed hues of fiction. To use an uneasy metaphor, a sailor may be said to be a naval knight-errant, with the ocean for his steed, upon which he rides in quest of adventure. Thus mounted, he sometimes stumbles upon sights as rare, and scenes as beautiful, as any that are to be found in the story books of yore; and perhaps there are but few who will deny that the pages of Dampier and Captain Cook are as full of chivalry as the Chronicles of Froissart, or that before the majestic daring of Columbus all knighthood pales.

These notions received additional strength, as my eyes fell upon the subjoined sentence inscribed in an old log-book, which I had just then discovered, somewhat mildewed and moth-eaten, at the bottom of a sea-chest.

*The Free Trader Homeward Bound,  
May 5th, 1821.*

### A MEMORABLE EVENT OCCURRED THIS DAY.

Apparently, at the time these words were written, it was supposed they would be sufficient to recall to the memory, at a future period, the circumstance they so briefly recorded, for my old journal said nothing more about it. True, it was further stated lower down on the same page with genuine nautical brevity under the head of *Remarks*.

"All useful sail set."

"Bent the best bower."

"Pumped ship."

"A stranger in sight," to which was added—

"Lat. by observation 16' 30" south,  
Long. 5' 30" west."

Assisted by the latitude and longitude, as well as by the date, I made two or three desperate dives into the stream of time, hoping to rescue from oblivion the "event," and, after a hard struggle, succeeded in bringing to the surface of my memory, the leading incident, and then the whole affair floated through my mind with all the freshness of yesterday. And, perhaps, it will be as well to state, for the information of the general reader, that on the day in question, the *Free Trader* was running before the south-east trade wind, over that aqueous portion of our planet, which rolls between the Cape of Good Hope and the island of St. Helena.

From what has been stated, it was evident that the "memorable event" had been dismissed in too summary a manner, and, indeed, circumstances, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, have induced me to take up the scanty detail at that moment, when the morning sun first broke upon the white caps of the waves, with the Indiaman upon their crests tipped and gilded with his light.

It was my morning watch, and I recollect leaning over the capstan, and lapsing into one of those paradoxical states, when although attending to nothing in particular, yet almost every object within the range of our senses undergoes a sort of dreamy observation. I could see the man at the helm, and note how firm he kept the plunging ship in hand, his sinewy grasp seemed by a secret intelligence to impress his will upon the vast mass of the vessel. Without disturbing the process of observation, a shoal of porpoises would occasionally rush along, pursuing their earnest and busy passage at a velocity, compared with which the progress of the swift ship was tardiness itself, for I could hear the hissing of the crisp sea as it curled into a crescent of foam beneath



her bows. Then came the busy hum of the "morning watch," mingling with the welcome sound of "eight bells," and the merry whistle of the boatswain piping to breakfast. The motion of the rolling vessel—the freshness of the delicious south-east trade—the thoughts of home—the dancing waters, and the sparkling sunshine, each of these, in their turn, would for a moment slightly arrest the attention, but vigilance is a cardinal virtue in old Neptune's domain, and bustling times were close at hand. A ship in the middle of the Atlantic, with a rattling south-easter whistling through the rigging, is not the best where day-dreaming can be indulged in with impunity, and so it soon appeared, for a hoarse voice from the main top-mast cross-trees, as if by magic, dispelled the illusion, and brought my senses to their duty.

"Sail, ho!"

"Where away?" was the prompt demand.

"Right ahead," returned the seaman. "I make her out a full rigged ship lying to."

The officer of the watch had barely time to apply his "Dollond," in the direction indicated, when the man aloft was again heard shouting,

"Land on the larboard bow."

As the *Free Trader* had been traversing the ocean for weeks, with nothing to relieve the eye, but "The blue above, and the blue below," the excitement which was caused by the discovery of the stranger, coupled with the sudden cry of "Land," is not surprising. For it is in the deep solitudes of the ocean, that man most keenly feels how dependent he is upon his kind for happiness. In such situations the most trifling incident arrests the attention—a floating spar, or even an old tar-barrel, become objects of speculative curiosity.

Accordingly, as we neared the strange ship, the cut of her canvas, and the mould of her hull, were critically examined by the more experienced seamen, who can generally guess from the appearance they present, not only the nation to which a ship belongs, but her occupation also. But, on the present occasion, they were puzzled to give a reason why a large vessel like the stranger, should be lying to, just where she was (that seemed the mystery), and apparently waiting our approach.

This quiet bearing lasted until the *Free Trader* was in the act of passing the strange vessel, and then, as if suddenly roused out of

her lethargy, a thin volume of white smoke was seen curling out of one of her forward ports. The explosion was followed by the appearance of a flag, which after fluttering for an instant, blew steadily out, and much to our satisfaction displayed the blue field and red cross of the English ensign.

"What ship's that?" bellowed a loud voice from our formidable looking neighbor, who had ranged alongside the *Indiaman* close enough to be within hailing distance.

"The *Free Trader*."

"Where from?" was demanded.

"Calcutta, and bound to London," replied our captain.

"Do you intend calling at the island?"

"Yes!"

"Then send a boat on board his majesty's frigate, the *Blossom*, for instructions," was demanded in tones that left no doubt what would be the result of a non-compliance.

An interchange of visits speedily followed between the frigate and the *Indiaman*, and soon after they were sailing side by side in the direction of the land, keeping company until the *Free Trader* had received such sailing directions as enabled her to stand in for the island alone. The frigate then took up her cruising ground as before.

It would require but a slight stretch of the imagination, to convert the perpendicular cliffs of St. Helena into the enormous walls of a sea-girt castle. There is an air of stern and solemn gloom, stamped by nature upon each rocky lineament, that reminds one of the characteristics of a stronghold. Not a sign of vegetation is outwardly visible. Headland after headland appears, each in its turn looking more repulsive than those left behind. The sea-birds, as they utter their discordant screams, seem afraid to alight, but wheel about the lofty summits of the bald rocks in a labyrinth of gyrations; while an everlasting surf, as it advances in incessant charges at their base, rumbles upon the ear in a hollow ceaseless roar.

It was during the operations of working the *Free Trader* round one of the points of the island, that the heavy booming sound of a large gun was heard, slowly borne up against the wind over the surface of the sea. As the sun was just then dipping in the bosom of the Atlantic, it was generally thought on board to be the evening gun. But again the same solemn, heavy sound floated by on the wind. Again and again it came in measured time, when at length, as we

cleared the last projecting headland, the roadstead and the town came suddenly into view. At the same time the colors of the fort on Ladder Hill, and on board the admiral's ship the *Vigo*, of 74 guns, were seen fluttering at half-mast, denoting the death of some person of distinction.

While sailing into our berth, and after the anchor had fixed us to the land, the reports of the cannon came upon us at intervals. Their sounds seemed bodeful of some great event. We all looked inquiringly for some explanation, but before any positive intelligence had reached the ship from the shore, surmise after surmise had given way to a settled conviction; for by one of those inscrutable impulses of the mind, every man in the *Free Trader* felt assured those island guns announced the death of Napoleon.

Our suspense was brief, for soon after the anchor was down, a shore boat came alongside, containing an official person, to demand the nature of our wants, and he confirmed our suspicions. This intelligence, although anticipated, created a feeling of disappointment, as every individual in the ship had speculated during the voyage upon the chance of seeing Napoleon alive. However, by an easy transition, now that he was dead, we wondered whether we should be permitted to witness his funeral; but as no communication was allowed from the ships in the roads to the shore between the hours of sundown and sunrise, we were obliged to pass the night in conjecture. Under these circumstances, we were scarcely prepared for the news that reached us early in the morning. It was a general notice to all strangers and residents, informing them that they were permitted to visit the island and witness the ceremony of the body of *General Buonaparte* as it lay in state.

After the lapse of six-and-twenty years, and now, when the passions of that mighty conflict which filled Europe in the early part of the century are extinct, it would be difficult to make the present generation comprehend the profound emotions which this news had upon those who, like ourselves, happened to be at St. Helena at this eventful period. Consequently, on the second day after Napoleon's death, nearly every individual on the island, as well as those in the different vessels at anchor in the roads, repaired to Longwood, the place where he died.

Of course the house was thronged with people, but as the greatest order prevailed, I was soon in the room with all that was left

of the most wondrous man of modern times. Suddenly coming out of the glare of a tropical sun into a partially darkened room, a few moments elapsed before the objects were properly defined. Gradually, as the contents of the apartment tumbled into shape, the person of Napoleon, dressed in a plain green uniform, grew out of the comparative gloom, and became the loadstar of attraction.

He was lying on a small brass tent bedstead, which had been with him in most of his campaigns. I found it impossible to withdraw my eyes for an instant from his countenance: it caused in me a sensation difficult to define, but the impression can never be forgotten. There was a crucifix on his breast, and by its side glittered a large diamond star, the brilliancy of which strangely contrasted with the pallid face of the dead. The skin was of a most intense whiteness, and looked like wax.

What struck me as most strange was the mean appearance of the surrounding furniture, and of the "getting up" of the ceremony. Few people in England, or indeed in France, would credit the dilapidated state of the apartment. It was literally swarming with rats and other vermin. There appeared, however, to be no want of respect to the memory of the dead hero, whatever might have been his treatment when living. But the knowledge of this tardy justice did not prevent a comparison between his fallen state in that rat-pestered chamber\* and the magnificence and power with which imagination invested him when living. And although it may be idle to compare the deeds of a great man with the appearance of the man himself, yet it is what most of us are prone to do; and on this occasion it was impossible to avoid falling into the practice, for possibly the results of a comparison could not be more striking. Napoleon at Austerlitz or Jena, with continental Europe at his feet, and Napoleon lying dead in that miserable, poverty-stricken room, presents to the dull-est imagination a theme pregnant with emotion. It was indeed difficult to understand how, even by the proverbial instability of fortune, that insensible form lying in its utter helplessness, could ever have been the

"Man of a thousand thrones  
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones."

\* It is a well-known fact, that after Napoleon's body was opened, his heart was placed in a vessel in this room, and that during the night a rat devoured a large portion of it.



Solemnly and sternly the reality forced itself upon all, and I felt that I was reading a journal of true romance, so absorbing, so wretched, that if I was to confine my studies to man, it would be unnecessary to peruse a second volume to grow perfect in knowledge or reflection.

The time allowed for the visitors to remain in the chamber was very limited, and condensed observation into a passing glimpse. This could not well have been otherwise, as every individual on the island was anxious to obtain even a momentary view of one who had attracted so large a portion of the attention of the world. And not the least singular spectacle seen on that day, was the motley group which Napoleon's fame had drawn around his funeral couch. For although St. Helena on the map may at first appear to be a secluded spot, yet in reality it is not so. A glance or two is sufficient to assure us that it is placed in the centre of the great highway of the world, where the necessities of commerce, and the wants and hazards inseparable from a seafaring life, are the means of bringing together the antipodes of the human race. And if the dense masses of people which thronged to his second funeral at a more recent period, in his own dear France, were wanting, their deficiency in numbers was in some sort compensated by the variety of men; or if there was not a multitude, there was, at least, a medley of curious gazers.

Foremost in intelligence were the French and English; but apart from these stood the wondering African negro,—the uncouth Hottentot from the Cape—the yellow Brazilian from South America—the fierce-looking Lascar from Bengal—and the quiet, inoffensive Chinese from remotest Asia. Some of these knew but little of Napoleon's renown, but, being inoculated with the prevailing emotion, they came, like the more intellectual European, to gaze upon the embers of that dazzling meteor, the blaze of which had so recently expired.

The same tincture of corruption dyes all mortality, and hero dust as well as common clay soon becomes offensive in a tropical climate. Even on the second day after his death, it was already time he should have been soldered up. With a knowledge of this fact, the Governor-General had ordered the funeral to take place on the 9th, thus allowing only four days to elapse between his death and his burial.

In the meantime, the spot where the

pioneers were digging the grave, became an object of mingled curiosity and veneration; second only in importance to the illustrious hero who was so soon to make it his abiding place. It was close to a small spring, of which Napoleon always drank, and occasionally he breakfasted beneath the shade of two willows that bend over the bubbling waters. The grave was singularly made. It was formed very wide at the top, but sloped gradually inwards, having the appearance of an inverted pyramid. The lowest part was chambered to receive the coffin, and one large stone covered the whole of the chamber. It was said that this covering was taken from the floor of the kitchen at Longwood, where it had been used as a hearthstone in front of the fire-place; though why it should have been removed for such a purpose it is difficult to comprehend, for the island is not deficient of the requisite material. The remaining space was to be filled up with solid masonry, clamped together with bands of iron. These precautions, it appeared, were intended to prevent the removal of the body, as much at the request of the French as of the governor of the island.

Divested of the associations connected with his fame, Napoleon's funeral at St. Helena was a simple, though heartfelt affair. His long agony on that sunburnt rock commanded the reverence of every beholder. Consequently, on the 9th, all the inhabitants and visitors on the island flocked to the line of march. Like many others, I selected a prominent position on the shoulders of a hill, from whence the solemn procession could be traced, as it threaded its way through the gorges and ravines of this picturesque place, on its way to the grave. The coffin was borne upon the shoulders of English grenadiers, and followed by the soldiers who had contributed more towards his downfall than those of any other nation. Their solemn tread and grave deportment contrasted strongly with the heartfelt sorrow of Count Montholon and General Bertrand, who bore the hero's pall. Madame Bertrand followed next, in tears, and then came Lady Lowe and her daughters, in mourning; the officers of the English men-of-war next, and then the officers of the army; the Governor-General and Admiral Lambert closing the rear. The 66th and 20th Regiments of Infantry, the Artillery, and the Marines, were stationed on the crests of the surrounding hills; and when the body was lowered in-

to the tomb, three rounds of eleven guns were fired. And thus the great soldier of France received the last tribute of respect in honor of his achievements from the hands of his most constant, but, as he described them, the most generous of his enemies.

The last years of Napoleon's life, except so far as they derived a gloomy and awful importance from the remembrance of his terrific career of blood and power, were as insignificant as his first. He could neither act upon, nor be acted upon by the transactions of the world. He seemed to be buried alive. Kept as he was in close custody by a power, with whose strength it was useless to cope, and whose vigilance there was little chance of eluding.

On the following morning the sounds of labor were heard from every quarter of the Free Trader, and the long drawn songs of the mariners were rising in the cool quiet of the early dawn. Then commenced the heavy toil which lifts the anchor from its bed; the ship once more released from her hold upon the land, stood across the Atlantic for England, and long ere noon the sun-blistered rock of St. Helena was shut out from our view, by the rising waters in which it seemed to submerge. And thus ended the "memorable event" which formed such a singular episode in the otherwise monotonous voyage of the Free Trader.

On an intensely cold morning, some twenty years after the occurrences above narrated, I was proceeding to Paris as fast as a French diligence could carry me. After passing through a long winter's night, cramped and stiffened for want of exercise, it was with feelings approaching delight that I beheld the French capital. But as the vehicle neared the gay metropolis, it was impossible to avoid being surprised at the appearance of the populace. Every body was going towards Paris, no one appeared to be going in any other direction.

The multitude increased as we progressed, and when the *diligence* entered the Boulevard, it was with great difficulty the lumbering vehicle was urged through the living mass. On either side of us was a dense crowd of heads, eagerness pictured on every countenance. Amid the jabber arising from so large an assemblage, was heard the rolling sound of artillery, mingling strangely, nay wildly, with the solemn tolling of

the great bell of Notre Dame, which every now and then fell upon the ear, without mingling with the great tide of sound, but each vibration seemed distinct in its isolation. It was impossible, from the vexed and confused nature of the turmoil, arising from bells, guns, and drums, to form an idea whether the people were celebrating a holiday, a spectacle, or a revolution.

Most human feelings are contagious, and I was soon inoculated with a desire to mix with the crowd, and see what was going on. Accordingly, as soon as the *diligence* arrived at the Messagerie, I left my carpet-bag in the custody of an official, and set forth to satisfy my curiosity. Once fairly in the throng, I was soon urged along the Place de la Bourse, and from thence up the Rue Vivienne to the Boulevard des Italiens, happy in having availed myself of any change, whether of sentiment or situation, which would rouse my half-frozen blood into action, and enable me to compete with a temperature ten degrees below freezing.

Forward, forward, along the interminable Boulevard, I was forced by the dense mass, and extrication became hopeless. That broad thoroughfare seemed to be the main channel through which flowed the living tide, and, as it was continually being fed by the streets on either side, it ultimately was crowded to a dangerous degree.

At the magnificent church of the Magdeleine, a divided opinion acted upon the people, and gave me scope for action. I followed that section whose destinies led them to the Place de la Concorde, where I had scarcely arrived, when preparations of an uncommon description came at once into view.

Salvos of artillery were still heard, or rather they had never ceased; the bells also tolled incessantly, and that intolerable beat of the French drum, mixed with the noise arising from a crowd of thousands of Frenchmen, was most bewildering. But as well as the confusion would permit observation of the surrounding objects, it seemed that, on each side of the broad avenue of the Champs Elysées, large statues had been raised, each symbolical of some mental attribute, such as justice, valor, fortitude, and the like, and between their colossal figures magnificent tripods of a great height were erected, supporting vases which were filled with flames.

The spectacle had approached its crisis when I had arrived at the Place de la Con-



corde, and my position afforded me a good view up the avenue. In the distance, dense columns of horse and foot soldiery were slowly marching, proceeded by bands of military music, playing solemn airs. Column after column paraded by. The whole chivalry of France had assembled to do homage to some dearly-loved object, for every class of French soldiers had sent its representative, and every department of the kingdom its deputy. The procession appeared interminable. On came, in every variety of uniform, the soldiers of Hoche, of Moreau, Jourdan, Massena, and Augereau, of Davoust, Ney, Murat, Kleber, and Kellermann. Fragments of all "arms" of the Imperial Guard were there represented, strangely mingled with the picturesque dresses of Mamelukes and guides.

At length a moving tower of sable plumes, rolled by upon golden wheels, drawn by sixteen horses. Immediately following came the Royal Family of France and the great ministers of state, decorated with glittering stars and orders.

Twenty years back I had witnessed the funeral obsequies of this remarkable man, for of course, by this time, I knew that it was the second burial of Napoleon at which I was a chance spectator. Since then a great alteration had taken place in the affairs of Europe. A quarter of a century of profound peace had rendered the *entente cordiale* apparently perfect. British ships of war no longer muzzled the mouth of every French port from Dunkerque to Toulon. The correction was done, and the rod was burnt, and in the fulness of time came the crowning act of grace, when, as M. de Remusat stated in the *Chambre des Deputés*, England had magnanimously consented to the proposal of the French nation, to return the remains of Napoleon, thus surrendering the trophy of the most unparalleled struggle in modern history.\* And yet, incredible

\* An amusing act of gasconade, the performance of which rumor awarded to the Prince de Joinville, was freely commented upon in naval circles about this period. It will be remembered, that his Royal Highness was dispatched by the French government in the *Belle Poule*, the finest frigate in their service, to convey the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena to France. After the exhumation of the body, which was performed in the presence of many English and French officers, the features of Napoleon were recognised, contrary as it was stated, to French expectation. The coffin after being placed in a sumptuous one brought from Europe, was conveyed, after many compliments upon the honor and good faith of England, on board the *Belle Poule*, which, with its sacred freight soon after put to sea. The faith of *perfidie Albion* was not so bad as expected. A few

as it may seem, when France was receiving from British generosity a boon which she could not obtain by any physical appliance, the law and medical students of Paris displayed a base and infamous hostility against the country which was in the very act of returning, with a noble and chivalrous sentiment, the undying token of her own *supremacy*, and the humiliation of her enemies, such expressions as *A bas Palmerston*, *A bas les Anglais*, sounded oddly enough in an Englishman's ears, with these recollections still throbbing in his memory.

It was to do honor to those precious remains that France, nay Europe, had assembled her thousands in the *Champs Elysées* on that day. His faults, as well as the unbounded sacrifices made to his daring ambition, seemed to be forgotten. Men appeared to point only to the bright and burning spots in Napoleon's career, without recollecting what they cost to France and the world. It was a spectacle of a nation paying homage in the names of freedom and honor to the representative of military power.

It has been said that French enthusiasm is easily excited, and that it as easily cools, seldom lasting long enough to ripen into the more dignified sentiment of traditional veneration. Certainly it inconsistently decreed the honor of national obsequies on Napoleon, whose fall was hailed by the great bulk of the nation, after the battle of Waterloo, as the term of their unbounded sacrifices, and as the second dawn of their public liberties. But little penetration was required to discover that curiosity was the strongest feeling exhibited, or at the most, it was a galvanized excitement—it wanted the reality of natural emotion. To those few, whose lot it was to witness

weeks after the French frigate had taken her departure from St. Helena, and was nearing the coast of Europe, an English frigate hove in sight, and perceiving a French ship-of-war, she bore down upon her, to speak her. From some unexplained reason, the Prince imagined she might be sent to capture the precious relic he had on board the *Belle Poule*, and rushing on the quarter-deck, he ordered his crew to quarters, and prepared for action. A word, however, from the captain of the English frigate was enough to dispel the gallant prince's vain alarms, and the explanations which soon followed, afforded the British tars a hearty laugh at the distorted view the Frenchman had of English faith. This rumored bravado of the Prince, is nevertheless in perfect keeping with his Bobadil pamphlet, published soon after his return with Napoleon's remains, in which he attempts to show how easily he could invade England, if he had only ships enough, with men of the right sort to man them.

both the burials of Napoleon, this must have been apparent. They could not fail to note the contrast between the gorgeous display of the second ceremony, and the simple, but deeply heartfelt, funeral at St. Helena. In Paris every thing seemed unreal. For a burial, the second ceremony was too far removed from the death; people, if they had not forgotten, had ceased to lament for him. The charger led before the hero's hearse had never borne the hero. And for a commemoration it was much too soon. True, the remembrance of his reverses, and his sufferings at St. Helena commanded the sympathy and reverence of every Frenchman present; doubtless they felt, and felt keenly, the return of their former hero, though dead; but the reflections were bitter to their sensitive natures; they felt that though the bones of their idol were amongst them, yet the sentence which indignant Europe had written on the rocks of St. Helena was not erased, but was

treasured in the depths of men's minds, and registered in the history of the world.

As the *catafalque* slowly passed by, over the bridge, along the Quay d'Orsay, until it was finally hidden from the view by the trees of the Esplanade of the Invalides, it was evident, that let his countrymen do what they would, let them fire their cannon, sound their trumpets, unfold the dusty banners of past wars, they failed to impart to the memory of the vanquished of Waterloo a becoming character; their funeral ceremony wanted moral grandeur; they converted into a theatrical show, what was intended for a national solemnity, for mourners there were none; his own uniforms were not even seen around him, and the only eagles there, were those which were cut in yellow pasteboard. But the light had burned out which projected the gigantic shadow on the canvas, and what was left behind? nothing but a name,

"The sport of fortune and the jest of fame."

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From Dolman's Magazine.

## SICK CALLS.

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THE DYING BANKER.

### CHAPTER I.—DRURY-LANE AT NIGHT.

I WAS summoned on a busy Saturday night some three years ago. The beadle knocked smartly at my door, and informed me that a young lady wished to see me immediately. I went to the bottom of the chapel, and found her near the entrance door. She was crying bitterly. She told me that her father was suddenly very much affected in his head—that she was afraid he was losing his senses. She begged earnestly that, if possible, I would see him that night; for she trembled to think of what his state might be on the morrow. I, of course, consented; and prepared immediately for my sick call.

The direction given me was in a small street near Drury-lane. My nearest way lay through Clare market; which was densely thronged with purchasers and venders of fish and vegetables, and perambulating stalls of nondescript refreshment.

It was about eleven o'clock as I turned into Drury lane; and here let me give a

slight sketch of this celebrated locality, which is never seen to such picturesque effect as on this hour of a Saturday night.

The palaces of old Drury-lane are long since departed; it is no longer a favorite site for the residences of the English nobility, or the foreign ambassadors, as it was in the reigns of James II. and of William III. Pawnbrokers, gin-palaces, and provision shops have long since usurped their place and state; and its immediate purlieus—once laid out in fair and stately gardens and shady walks, where fountains glistened in the noonday-day sun, where birds warbled their trilling melodies, and the ambient air was redolent of choice and richly-scented flowers,—these once beautiful environs now fester in rank squalor and filth, the abodes of crime and pollution, and peopled with the vilest of the vile. As you turn into Drury-lane, there are several pawnbrokers right and left. Each banker of the poor generally contrives to get a location at



the corner of a court or alley, or some quiet passage, where his customers may step in and out unperceived by the passers-by. Let us take as a specimen yon densely-stored establishment, which has relieved the necessities, or administered to the vices of the poor for some generations past. From basement to attics it is piled with pledges; each in its pigeon-hole, ticketed and numbered, and ready for delivery at a moment's notice. To save time, there is a speaking-trumpet in the shop, which communicates by a zinc pipe to the various store-rooms; and when a pledge is about to be redeemed, the word is passed up the pipe, and the article is slipped down a mahogany well, which goes through every floor. How often have I gazed at that curious shop, and stared at the motley contents which are hung about its door. Pendant groups of shawls, and sheets, and blankets, and every description of wearing apparel, gaudy silk handkerchiefs of the real bird's-eye spot, and faded gowns of every variety of shape, and color, and material. Suspicious old violins too are there, which arrest the hurried step of many a fiddling genius, and cause him to inspect their shape and varnish, in the delusive hope that one may turn out a veritable Cremona. Husky old flutes are there in abundance; and child's corals, and warming-pans, and fashionable stocks with a cataract of satin enriched with crimson stripes; and mosaic gold chains and studs, and shirt-pins with little chains and arrow-like devices; and a tempting old oil painting is sure to be there, with George Morland freshly painted in the corner, or some other celebrated and taking name, by which a stray collector is often taken in and done for; and a magnificent collection of plate is there also—plated, of course—but which, in the gas light, looks as bright and as costly as silver; soup-tureens and dish-covers of an antiquated pattern, bottle-holders, tea services, and candlesticks in rich profusion, strike the eye of the poor passenger with an inexhaustible idea of boundless wealth; and real silver spoons are there too, glistening in a row, and making the hearts of housewives pine with envy when they array at tea-time their scanty stock of Britannia metal.

But look at that stream of laden women, who, shunning the street-entrance, are groping their way round the corner of the alley. Whither are they bound? what do they carry with so much furtive care and circumspection? Glance your eye round

the corner, and you will see. A dozen paces down that alley there is another, and a secret entrance, dimly lit by a slender thread of gas inside the open door-way. This is the real business inlet, and through which these women so stealthily enter. A long passage leads at right-angles from the door, and faces two-thirds of the extensive shop. This long passage is divided into little dens, each with its wicket, and about three feet wide. The unhappy suppliants for the pawnbroker's assistance are thus screened from observation, and enabled to make their pitiful bargains in desired privacy. This nicety of feeling, however, only applies to the uninitiated in pawnbroking; the habitués of the locale lounge with their elbows on the counter, thrust their mopy heads forward, and laugh and chat with the shopmen as with old and long-trying acquaintances.

But it is at the window that you are gazing, resplendently lit up with external tin sconces, from which the light is reflected, and, joined with numerous bright jets within, shed the light of day on all around. And what an extraordinary museum does the window of that pawnbroker present, from the flat-iron of the drunken laundress, the ragged blanket of the starved mechanic, to the diamond ear-rings or necklace of the spendthrift lady of fashion! Each and every article has its ticketed price; and if each article could tell its pitiful tale, what a series of romantic facts, stranger and sterner than ever fiction imagined, could be gleaned! A row of wedding rings hangs on one of the small brass rods. How many domestic tragedies do these worn and battered rings denote! Heart-broken widows, famished wives, profligate mothers—who would sell or pawn their souls for gin—bring here the first sacred pledge of wedded love—that love which is either buried in the grave, or crushed out of life by crime or debauchery. A little tray contains articles of jewelry, marked from three and sixpence upwards: lockets containing hair—the hair of a dead lover, a dead parent—garnered and cherished so many failing years until grim poverty and starvation compelled the heart-broken survivor to pawn the sacred relic.

How many mournful kisses, how many sad and unavailing tears, have fallen upon that locket! But there was no resisting the grinding, pinching famine. We may guess the feelings of shame and timidity of that poor creature, as she neared the pawn-

broker's shop—the lingering, hesitating step that trembled at the threshold—the feeling that she was about to commit a crime;—but the Rubicon is passed, and from henceforth that threshold is worn with her frequent footsteps. See that small Breguet gold watch: it belonged to a gambling and ruined spendthrift. He pawned it to have a last chance at hazard: all was lost; and, in an hour afterwards, his corse was floating down the Thames. Look at that diamond pin. It was plucked from the bosom of a drunken reveller by a street-walker; and she too, soon after, committed suicide—leapt in a fit of frenzy from the fatal bridge, which, more than that of Venice, has been the bridge of sighs. A terrible history stares you in the face from each trinket in the group; the prison and the hulks, the mad-house, and the midnight grave of the self-destroyer, hold possession of their late owners: and they stand and glisten through the begrimed windows, mementoes of past sorrows and follies, and unatoned-for crimes.

In the classic region of Drury-lane, gin-shops reign preeminent. They have not the flaring, rampant way of displaying their magnificence that the more western emporiums exult in exhibiting to the squalid and miserable drunkard; though several are smart enough in external stucco, plate-glass, mahogany counters, and a battalion of immense casks or vats, labelled with gigantic letters, "Old Tom," "Cream of the Valley," "Splendid Gin," "The Nonpareil," and other tempting varieties of this villanous and poisonous compound—for villanous and poisonous it is to the stomach and brains of its unhappy and besotted recipients—being doled out in countless drams, at a much lower rate than it issued from the distiller. But the gin-palaces of Drury-lane have their peculiar type of debauchery,—perhaps unmatched in any other quarter of this overgrown metropolis,—and their flaunting glories shine forth with redoubled splendor as the eleventh hour approaches on a Saturday night.

Reader, take your stand at that corner slaughter-house, so celebrated for its cheap and burning gin; the poor folk love what warms and stimulates them. They are reckless of the vitriol, so that they are oblivious for a brief hour of the icy and depressing calamities of life. Fix your eye for ten minutes consecutively on that mahogany swing-door, through whose ceaseless

openings a hot and stifling steam of spirituous compounds, of bad beer, and worse tobacco, and the breaths, foul and tainted, of a serried rank of drinkers, clamorous, pugnacious in their bestial draughts—issues, reeking and overpowering, into the cold midnight air. The ear is almost stunned with the noisy uproar inside those gates of death; the eye is pained with its quickly-recurring glimpse of the doings within; the pitying heart is saddened with the consciousness of the near vicinity of a pandemonium, little less frightful and abhorrent than hell itself. About two score of men, women, and children, are congregated about that gaudily-decorated bar,—hard-working, ragged mechanics, with their wives, madly spending a great part of the earnings of the previous week; drunken trulls, whose flushed and swollen visages proclaim habitual intoxication, and whose every second word is one of obscenity or blasphemy; young, daring, and insolent-looking costermongers, with their girls, scarce past the innocent age of juvenility; ancient fish-women, squatting upon their empty baskets, with the short and blackened pipe in their toothless mouths, crooning together over the day's market and scanty gains; cadgers in every variety of costume; the pretended sailor, the broken-down tradesman, the starving agriculturist; the hoarse ballad-singer, who has wound his remaining and unsold stock of sentimental ditties (three yards long for a half-penny) round his greasy and dilapidated hat, poor famished needle-women, who have no food to eat—who have but three half-pence in the world—and who strike the balance in favor of a glass of gin, that sends them to bed in a dreamy reminiscent state of better and happier days. Young boys and girls, too, are there, whose discerning palates are well acquainted with gin, and who stand on tip-toe at the capacious bar to imbibe their small glass—their pennyworth of poison. Mothers, too, are there, with babies in their arms, pouring down the throats of their offspring, with maudlin tenderness, the drainings of the scarce-emptied glass. It is a scene of horrors. And on a sudden the fierce uproar succeeds that hoarse murmur of sound within. Screams, quick and agonizing, are heard; oaths, deadly, and blasphemous, and most appalling;—and then the quick and repeated blow, the struggle, the smash of glass, the sob of agony, the terrible imprecation, the blasphemous appeals to that God whose name



they profane, the cries for the police, the rush, pell-mell through the doors, of a hideously-blent crowd of fighting combatants, of shrieking wives, and fiend-like husbands, and terrified children,—the renewed battle with the police, the capture of the most violent, their drooping repentant walk to the police-station at Bow-street, the gradual clearance of the crowd;—and then all is quiet in Drury-lane for the next quarter of an hour.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE SICK ROOM.

“How do you find yourself, sir!” said I to an elderly gentleman of prepossessing appearance, who was seated at a table covered with numerous manuscripts. His daughter, the young lady who summoned me, was standing by his side, pale and tearful, and anxiously watching her parent’s looks.

The old man had gazed on me, as I entered the room, with a troubled look, as if he were puzzled at my intrusion.

“Papa,” whispered his daughter, “this is the clergyman whom I requested to see you for spiritual consolation. You know, dear father, how much we talked about it the other day. You then promised me that you would be good, and go to confession.”

Her father turned his eyes alternately from his daughter to me, without replying. His mind seemed lost in vacancy. It was then that something extraordinary struck me about his eyes. They were very glassy and tremulous; the muscles about the orbit of the eye were working with a twitching motion. His look was wandering, inquiring, anxious, and a tinge of imbecility had overspread his entire features. His mouth, though beautifully cut in nature’s happiest mood, was slightly twisted aside, and a deep and internal distress gave it an appearance of anxiety most painful to contemplate. His forehead was magnificently developed. Gall would have been in ecstasies to have handled it. Slight as my knowledge of phrenology was, yet I could perceive the more noble organs of humanity beautifully and prominently developed. Its external formation showed high intellect, deep sagacity, and a happily-balanced brain. What then could have so disturbed its functions? It was *paralysis*—stealthily, but surely approaching—laying its gaunt hand on every faculty of the brain, and eye, and speech.

“Father, dear father, will you not speak to the clergyman,—your own clergyman?”

No answer, but a wild and incoherent look.

The poor girl wrung her hands, suppressed with difficulty an hysterical sob, and looked piteously at me with a heart-broken despondency.

I was much and deeply moved. They seemed alone together in the world, or some friend or relative would have been summoned on this afflicting occasion. There was, too, an air of shabby gentility in the room, that betokened poverty, though every precaution was taken to conceal it. In the rapid side glance that I took of its appointments on entering, I saw that everything was much worn, and of ancient workmanship. Everything, though in respectable order, looked faded and past its date, and valueless, save to its possessors. There were two exceptions. A beautiful miniature over the mantel-piece—a lady of exquisite beauty—painted in enamel, which I afterwards found out was the portraiture of the mother of the sobbing girl before me, and also a double-actioned harp, with a covering of green baize.

What could be done? I drew a chair beside the aged man and laid my hand gently on his shoulder. He turned his poor demented countenance, and looked at me long and piteously. At length he spoke.—“I am an old man, sir; take care of my daughter when I am gone.” His words were slowly, very slowly, articulated. There was a thickness in their utterance, and a hesitation that shewed that both tongue and brain were affected.

“You love your daughter,” I replied.

“Love her! dearly, dearly, sir. But what are you come for? Come, Ellen,” he said, turning sharply round; “I have no time to waste; I must go on with my work.”

So saying, he drew before him several folio sheets of paper, which were nearly covered with figures and memoranda.

His daughter sank at his feet, rested her clasped hands on his knees, and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

“Ellen,” said he, “why do you cry? Why does this gentleman stop here? He is hindering me from retrieving my embarrassed fortunes. Aye,” he muttered, “they say that I am poor and bankrupt; but they will soon see me win back more than my former wealth.”

That this afflicting case may be intelligible to my readers, I must make them ac-

quainted with what the weeping, trembling girl told me an hour before. Her father had been a country banker. The firm was one of considerable standing and importance in a distant county, and bore a high character for stability and prudential dealings. When Mr. Danby (for so I must call him) began to feel the infirmities of old age, he resigned the active management of the bank to his head clerk, whom he had taken into partnership, and retired with his daughter to a beautiful country residence, which he had lately purchased. A few years passed happily away in calm retirement, when the old man's happiness was suddenly blasted, and his fortunes shipwrecked by the insolvency of his bank. His new partner had plunged recklessly into every wild and specious speculation, in the delusive hope of realizing speedily a colossal fortune. As fast as one scheme failed, another was eagerly taken up. A heavy drain was continually going on upon the available resources of the bank; the most disgraceful, dishonorable expedients were resorted to, from time to time, to raise money; stock, standing in his name, but belonging to minors and married women, was sold out; charitable, and even religious, trust property was misappropriated; but a curse from heaven seemed to blight every plan or expedient this dishonest banker took in hand. His American securities, in which he had embarked enormous sums, became waste-paper in the market—his patented inventions all failed—and the crash of several other banks and influential firms suddenly completed his ruin.

And curses, loud and deep, from the ruined widow and orphan—from the decayed gentlewoman—from the broken tradesman, followed this miserable man wherever he went. No one pitied him. But every one lamented over the entire ruin of the excellent Mr. Danby, whose only fault had been that he had no suspicion that his partner was a scoundrel, and that he had not kept a watchful eye on his proceedings. Everything that Mr. Danby possessed in the world—funded property, house and land—was sold to provide the miserable fraction of a dividend for the creditors. An old and faithful clerk purchased at the sale the harp and miniature for his beloved master and child, and devoted the whole of his savings to getting them comfortably settled in the metropolis, where Mr. Danby thought he might have a better chance of employment, and might be at a greater

distance from the scene of his late disgrace and misfortune.

For the five preceding years he had struggled to gain a scanty livelihood by keeping the books of tradesmen, and making up their Christmas bills. His daughter also did her best by exerting her accomplishments as a daily governess. But her employment was scanty, and her remuneration trifling. Her meek and quiet temper was often sorely tried by the cold insolence and unfeeling conduct of her employers. Still they struggled on, with God for their support, and to Him they looked for consolation in all their trials.

In the year preceding the opening of my narrative, Mr. Danby's mind seemed strangely affected. He became peevish, querulous, and fretful. His natural good temper deserted him entirely. He brooded more and more over his past misfortunes, and the poor old man complained at times bitterly about his shattered fortunes. He uttered terrible threats against his late partner; declared repeatedly that he was an infamous villain who richly deserved hanging, for bringing him and his child into so much and undeserved calamity, and so many poor tradesmen to ruin who had trusted to his honor. It was in vain that his sweet child endeavored to soothe and pacify him. He said he was sure she hated him for his folly in not looking sharper after the concerns of the bank. It was in vain that she pleaded her constant love and veneration for her poor old and irritated parent; in the exacerbations of his mental misery he would shun all society with her—lock himself in his bedroom, and remain the whole day without food. and then his hitherto firm and ardent trust in Divine Providence began to fail him; he looked with a gloomy and jaundiced eye at the dispensations of heaven, and muttered threats, that if it were not for his child, he would put an end to his life and his sorrows together.

Then it was that he began to absent himself from confession, which he before said was his great comfort and support. He thought himself an outcast from heaven, and gradually withdrew from attendance at chapel. This caused his daughter, as she told me, many bitter tears. They had hitherto prayed together, knelt together, and received together the bread of life, and it was with an aching heart that she now performed alone these sacred duties.

His next aberration was a fancied discovery how to pay off the national debt. He



neglected his slender appointments in book-keeping and spent days and nights in the working out his scheme. He expected a magnificent reward from government for his discovery; wrote repeated and incoherent letters to the chancellor of the exchequer, which, of course, were unanswered. Suspense and disappointment deprived him of sleep, took away his appetite, and, finally, brought on partial paralysis of the brain. It was in this state that I found him.

"My dear young lady," said I, "your poor father requires medical aid, and that immediately. I can be of no service here in his present sad state: allow me to send a doctor?"

She hesitated for a moment, requested to speak with me in the small ante-room, and then told me, with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks, that she would have sent for one before, but they were too poor to incur much expense for medical advice, and she could not bear the idea of applying for the parish doctor.

"Do not, my dear child," I replied, "make yourself uneasy about it. I will see to it, and a friend of mine, if disengaged, will see your father to-night."

The poor girl put her trembling hand in mine, pressed it warmly, and looked at me with eyes full of grateful tears. Promising to see her father on the following Monday, I then departed in search of a physician.

He came, bled him copiously, and partially restored him to consciousness.

On Monday afternoon I visited him again. He then knew me, welcomed me kindly, and spoke with resignation as to his present state, and past troubles. He embraced the opportunity to make his confession, and the tears rained down the poor old man's cheeks when he received that priceless boon, the sacramental absolution of his sins.

"Sir," said he, "I can never sufficiently thank you for having imparted peace to an almost broken heart. God give me grace to bear my cross patiently. In the days of prosperity I was never sufficiently thankful to my heavenly Father for all his blessings; but now that he has withdrawn them, pray for me, sir, that my hope in him may remain to the end unshaken."

On the morrow I gave him the holy communion. He then began slowly to recover.

But God had prepared for him still further trials.

A month afterwards, his daughter sent a

lodge in the house, requesting me to come immediately to her father.\*

She was waiting for me on the stair-case, and appeared much agitated. "Oh, sir!" said she, "I am afraid something serious has happened to my father; pray, go to him." I entered his sitting-room. He was seated in an old arm-chair at a table, pen in hand; but his eyes were fixed, not upon his paper, but upon the ceiling, and he appeared absorbed in thought. A bright sunbeam, with its countless particles, came from the window, and glancing athwart his countenance, lit up every feature; but it gleamed powerless across the old man's open eyes. They shrank not nor quivered. No lightning's flash could move their dull tranquillity. He was blind.

"Bring the candles, Ellen," said the old man, "it is quite dark; how strange that night should have come so soon!"

\* In proof that my sketches are not exaggerated, when I had finished writing the above paragraph, I had a sick-call. I am now returned home, and will faithfully narrate what I have done, and seen, and heard. I have been attending a poor little girl about twelve years of age, who, two months ago, caught the typhus fever. She recovered; but, from going out bare-foot in cold wet weather, had a relapse, and is now in a dying state. I have heard the innocent child's little confession, anointed her, and given her the last blessing. I left her with her poor little wasted hands joined together, praying heartily to God. This is such an every day occurrence, that I should not mention it were it not for attendant circumstances. The father is a carpenter, an honest hard-working man. He was laid prostrate with typhus fever about six months since. He was dreadfully ill for four weeks; but rallied, and now creeps about, the shadow of his former self. Another priest attended him then; and was good and kind to him, or he must have starved. He has been out of work since his recovery, as his skeleton frame shews little capability for much exertion and no master carpenter will employ him. I saw his tools neatly arranged around his little parlor, in No. 48 Parker-street, Drury-lane. The poor man held the candle while I anointed his child; and he trembled and staggered from weakness while holding this slight burthen. In addition to his troubles, after his recovery, his wife was taken ill of the fever, but God brought her round. Then followed the sickness of the poor child of my last hour's ministration. It is a climax of suffering. When the poor mother came to me, crying, and begging me to come to her child, they had been starving all day—had neither fire nor candle. When, on leaving, I put some silver into the poor man's hand, his chest heaved, and he fairly sobbed in striving to utter his grateful thanks. And yet, with all this accumulation of most bitter distress, there was not the least complaint or murmur; but cheerful, heartfelt, unaffected piety, and the utmost resignation to the will of God. Again do I say, blessed are the virtuous poor, for theirs assuredly is the kingdom of heaven.

"Father," said the daughter, "dear father!" "Hush!" said I, in a low tone; and beckoning her to come near me, I whispered to her startled ear:—

"I fear, my dear child, your poor father is deprived of sight. Be calm, or fatal consequences may ensue."

A deep sob, but instantly repressed with heroic effort, escaped the grief-worn bosom of this hapless daughter. She fell on her knees; bowed herself down in earnest prayer to that adorable Being who alone can comfort the broken heart.

"Ellen," exclaimed the old man, with a sharp and querulous tone, "why don't you bring the candle! Time is money; I must not waste it."

"Dearest father," she answered, the tears coursing their way rapidly down her cheeks, "don't write any more to-night—let me lead you to bed. I am sure you are tired."

He was patient and submissive in her hands,—he knew not the extent of his calamity,—he wondered why night had come so quickly,—he wished it would go, and leave him to work again.

I went instantly to my friend, the physician, who was fortunately at home. He came back with me, and carefully, and in silence, examined his patient's eyes. On his return to the little sitting-room, Ellen anxiously asked if her father was really blind?

"It would be cruel in me to deceive you," was the reply of the benevolent physician; "I am afraid there is little hope of cure."

"Oh, no!" she exclaimed. "Do not say that, sir. It is so sudden, it would break my heart. Oh, merciful father! strengthen me to bear this great trial."

My heart melted within me as I witnessed the grief of this poor afflicted girl. The bruised reed was indeed broken.

gered,—or partially, or, alas! totally deprived of its magnificent utility,—it is then we value it at a right estimation. *Experto crede.*

My slender funds, in addition to a liberal donation from my dear kind friend, the physician, enabled me to provide a nurse and all requisite necessities for the poor blind man. His daughter had the good fortune to get a little needle-work from one of her late employers. This timely occupation prevented her mind from being corroded by grief, and enabled her to sit constantly by the bed-side of her father, and speak to him from time to time those loving words of affection which none but a good and true-hearted woman can so effectually use in the sick chamber of suffering man. It is then that the helpless lords of the creation pine after the soothing ministry of woman's tenderness and compassion. Their own sex are too apt to regard their sufferings with calm and stolid indifference; not so a wife, or daughter, or sister, whose loving hand smoothes the tossed and tumbled pillow,—whose pitying eye is ever kindly directed towards you—and whose voice is ever low and gentle, and full of comforting influence.

My good old penitent was very calm and resigned; much more so than I expected he would be under his terrible privation. He was highly educated, and his mind was enriched with the best stores of ancient and modern literature. I rarely enjoyed an hour's chat more than I did with this good old man. The paralysis had spent its efforts in depriving him of his sight, and his mind seemed clearer and calmer than ever. Our conversation was generally of a varied description. He was deeply read in the Holy Scriptures, and he would delight in clothing biblical stories of blind men, in his own terse and eloquent words. He made out to me, clearer than I ever heard before, the infinite tenderness and compassion of God to blind men. He was never tired of recurring to the old Tobias, who had an angel sent from heaven to cure his blindness.

"I do not, my dear sir," he cheerfully said, "I do not myself expect, or even hope, for this high privilege. It's God's will I should be blind: Thy will be done, my heavenly Father!" He would then touchingly dilate on the advantages of blindness in our last moments: the more perfect concentration of mind upon God and eternity that necessarily results from the

#### CHAPTER III.—THE DEATH BED.

I took particular interest in Mr. Danby's case, and as his residence was near the chapel, I managed to see him almost daily. It was indeed a touching and a melancholy sight to witness this blind and aged man so suddenly deprived of one of God's greatest blessings,—a gift rarely sufficiently appreciated while this important organ is in a sound and healthy state, but when endan-



absence of all distractions of sight. He thought it an unhappy thing in a person about to die to have his sight gradually obscured by the film of death, and to have his longings after immortality disturbed by the dimly-seen agonies of weeping relatives around his dying bed. He had one sacrifice less to make—the last, longing, lingering look at his child. He spoke firmly upon this trying point. He had no misgivings in God's all-protecting Providence. "He, who suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground without His divine permission, would not assuredly permit his much-loved Ellen to suffer overmuch, without grace to support it, when he was taken from her."

He seemed never wearied in talking of the joys of heaven; he had a rapturous, though humbly tempered, wish to be there and to see God face to face, and in the clear vision of His celestial glory, for ever to be inebriated with the plenty of His house. And then, at times, he would break out into a murmured and ecstatic thankfulness on the goodness of God, who had thus chastened him before receiving him into His heavenly kingdom. The infinite, all-atoning love of his Savior was dwelt upon with rapture; and in his frequent communion his soul was more and more purified—more nearly united to the martyred Lamb of God.

His daughter read to him morning and night, and frequently during the day, those beautiful prayers of the *Garden of the Soul*, which have prepared and fitted so many souls for heaven. She never seemed so happy, and tranquil, and resigned, as when she was assisting her father to die the death of the just. There was a fervor and spirituality about every tone of her low and musical voice, that vibrated tenderly through every chord and fibre of the heart. Her father felt it; for his countenance would glow, and his sightless eyes would be raised towards heaven with a reverential appearance that showed that, though corporeal sight was wanting, the eye of faith steadily contemplated the ineffable glories of that eternal kingdom to which he was now rapidly hastening.

And his death-bed was most beautiful and consolatory. His heavenly Father wonderfully consoled him in his last moments. They were moments of joy and of overflowing tenderness. A little space before he died, he desired the nurse to raise him up in bed.

"Ellen, my child," he feebly whispered,

"my dear, darling child, let me die in your arms. You have ever been the kindest, most dutiful of daughters to me; let me have this last happiness upon earth."

Almost fainting, tear upon tear flowing down her pale and convulsed cheek, her heart throbbing with unutterable anguish, yet keeping down, by a strong effort, every audible expression of grief, the dear child arose quickly from her knees in which reverent posture she had joined in the prayers for the dying, leaned over the pillow of her father, laid his poor dying head upon her bosom, clasped him tenderly round the neck, kissed again and again his pale brow and lips, and whispered tremulously words of heavenly peace and hope to his dying ear.

In a few minutes he faintly said, "Ellen, my darling child, God eternally bless you; may we meet in heaven. Reverend father, God Almighty bless you too for all your kindness to me; look to my poor child when I am gone!"

His right hand was slightly agitated. His daughter quickly divined the cause; she reverently raised it, kissed it and placed it on her own head. The old man's lips were tremulous with unuttered words; a tear rolled down his cheek; a smile prophetic of his heavenly heritage lit up his every feature; and with that look of happiness he expired.

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THE QUEEN AND THE PARROT.—The following morsel of gossip appears in the *Bristol Mercury*:—"A noted bird fancier, living in the neighborhood of the Great Western terminus, in Bristol, lately reared a parrot of uncommon beauty, and moreover of a disposition to talk. Poll was duly instructed, and as will be seen in the sequel, in time more than repaid her tutor for the pains he had taken. Her teacher was so much pleased with Poll's progress that he determined to present her at Court, and she was accordingly started upon the journey. Poll upon her arrival, was somewhat abashed at the new scenes of splendor in which she found herself, and exhibited an unwonted uncouthness, and would not speak to any one. At length, however, she was introduced to the Queen, who, struck with the beautiful plumage and fine symmetry of the newly-arrived guest, entered with great condescension into conversation with her. Poll's shyness wore off, and before the Queen left her she said, 'If you don't send 20*l*. I'll go back.' The Queen inquired to whom she was indebted for this new acquisition to her aviary, ascertained the circumstances connected with the affair, and gave orders for the transmission of 20*l*. to the rearer of Poll, who accordingly was paid that sum a few days since at the West of England Bank in this city—an inducement to 'all teachers to impart profitable instruction to their pupils.'

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE STATE OF MORALS AND EDUCATION IN WALES.

THE attention of the Government was first directed to the state of popular education in Wales in the year 1840. The inquiries which were set on foot on that occasion originated in the Chartist outbreak under the leadership of Frost, when some thousands of the mining population were impressed with an idea that they were to "march to London, fight a great battle, and conquer a great kingdom." The ministry of the day was aroused to a state of vigilance in a quarter to which its attention had been previously very little directed. An investigation was made into the condition of the population. It was found to be in the enjoyment of more than an average share of material comforts, but very low in the scale of morals and education.

Her majesty's inspector of schools under the Committee of the Council of Education, which had been then recently established, was commissioned to make the necessary inquiries into the state of the working-classes, and his Report disclosed the causes of the demoralized condition of the country, which was stated to have its origin in deficient education and an insensibility and culpable indifference on the part of the superior classes to the moral interests of the population by which they were surrounded.

Some praiseworthy efforts have doubtless since been made to improve the state of this district. Schools have been established in some spots, of which the moral features were formerly as repulsive as the physical aspect is cheerless, and in many places a decided improvement has been effected. Much, however, yet remains to be done to rescue this much-neglected locality from the dominion of lawlessness and vice.

While the portion of South Wales to which we have adverted has been undergoing a gradual and, we trust, a permanent improvement, the remainder of the principality has continued almost a *terra incognita* in reference to the state of popular education. The attention of Government was at length directed to it by an intelligent member of parliament, who, a Welshman himself, was the first to call the public attention to the condition of his country. Urged to the necessary duty by Mr. Williams, Government delegated the office of

inquiry to the Committee of Council of Education. A commission was speedily appointed, consisting of three gentlemen, well qualified for the duties they were required to discharge, and the result is the production of the three able and comprehensive Reports which have been recently presented to both Houses of Parliament.

We believe that few were prepared for the revelations made by these important documents. They exhibit a state of society utterly and, but for a few redeeming features, we should say, hopelessly corrupt, and disclose an amount of popular ignorance and moral degradation no less painful to contemplate than disgraceful to the country which harbors it, the State which has permitted it, and to the nation within whose confines it exists.

The information contained in these Reports is so minute and multifarious that it will be impossible, we fear, to give, within our necessary limits even a faint representation of the educational condition of Wales; but, by a selection of such facts as are most calculated to fix attention, we hope to present a correct outline of the moral features of the principality.

The Welsh undoubtedly labor under a very serious impediment to any considerable intellectual progress. The language presents an impassable barrier to the reception of new ideas. It shuts them out from all communication with the world of thought beyond them. Neighbors to the most enlightened and enterprising nation on the face of the globe, it dooms them to a state of comparative ignorance and mental torpor. It is the language of the Cymri, and anterior to that of the ancient Britons, and adapted only to express the wants of a simple people engaged in the pursuits of rural life and the feelings of religious devotion. It appears to be not ill adapted for religious controversy. The profoundest conceptions of theology may, it is said, be expressed in it with metaphysical accuracy. A taste for religious discussion forms a marked feature of the Welsh character. Their Sunday-schools are described as a mixture of worship, discussion, and elementary instruction; and a fifth of the entire population is returned as attending them. It is not pretended that these



schools, too often the only substitute for daily education, can supply its deficiency.

"The popular Sunday-schools are (Mr. Lingen says) maintained at little or no expense. Almost every adult scholar possesses his own Bible. The elementary books are little stitched pamphlets of the commonest kind. These are purchased by subscription. Commentaries are usually the property of individuals. They are possessed and read to a considerable extent. The rabbinical sort of learning, or exalted doctrine often contained in them, suits the popular taste. I have heard the most minute accounts given of such customs as expulsion from the synagogue and the constitution of the Jewish councils; and it will be seen by reference to the Report of my assistant, Mr. Morris, that a familiar acquaintance with formulæ, embodying the more abstruse parts of the Divinity, is far from being uncommon."\*

So much doctrinal controversy has arisen of late years in Wales, that the catechizing of these schools is now chiefly confined to polemics. The connexion between Church and State—whether confirmation is contrary to Scripture—whether baptism ought to be by immersion or the reverse—the rival systems of Presbyterianism and Independency—original sin—these are some of the subjects in which children are instructed, and which engage in earnest discussion the adult members of the Sunday-schools. Much immorality is also said to be the consequence of the evening meetings of these societies; and it will be apparent, that among the Welsh generally a taste for theological discussion and religious excitement may be perfectly well combined with a total disregard of moral purity.

The means hitherto adopted for removing the great obstacle to intellectual progress—namely, ignorance of the English language, have been found perfectly inadequate. In fact, in no class of schools has even an attempt been made to remove the first difficulty which occurs to a Welsh child at the very commencement of his course of instruction.

"Every book in the school (according to Mr. Vaughan Johnson†) is written in English; every word he speaks is to be spoken in English; every subject of instruction must be studied in English; and every addition to his stock of knowledge in grammar, history, or arithmetic, must be communicated in English words. And yet no class of schools has been furnished with dictionaries or grammars in Welsh and English. The promoters of the schools appear unconscious of the difficulty, and the teachers of the possibility of its removal. In the meantime, it is difficult to conceive an em-

ployment more discouraging than that of the scholars, compelled as they are to employ six hours daily reading and reciting chapters and formulæ in a tongue which they cannot understand, and which neither their books nor their teachers can explain."

Many schools, indeed, as Mr. Symons states, are "not for the purpose of mental instruction, or of education in any single sense of the word, but for that of accustoming the eyes to certain signs and the mouth to utter corresponding sounds."

What can be expected from attempts at education thus hopelessly defective but an amount of general ignorance unexampled, we believe, in any civilized nation? The ideas, no less of the adult laboring population than of children, under this system, must for ever remain exclusively local. The progressive intelligence of a thousand years has not yet extended to them. Scarcely a ray of the general illumination which the full light of knowledge has shed over other lands has entered their darkened minds. They cannot even understand a word which expresses a relation beyond their daily life. Their only literature is exclusively religious, and that replete with the bitterness of sectarian bigotry. All attempts to introduce a periodical literature in their own language devoted to the diffusion of general information have hitherto failed for want of encouragement, and been abandoned with loss by the projectors. They were rejected as much from want of interest in the subjects as from a positive inability to grasp unfamiliar ideas. A people thus isolated and cut off from all communion with a higher intelligence than their own naturally falls under the dominion of a degrading superstition. The belief in charms, supernatural appearances, ghosts, and witchcraft, is common. A book was published at Newport, in the year 1813, by a clergyman, designed, as expressed in the title-page, "to confute and to prevent the infidelity of denying the being and apparition of spirits, which tends to irreligion and atheism." And a subscription was lately made by his fellow-townsmen in order to enable a carpenter to travel fifty miles, from Monmouth to Lampeter, to consult a "wise man" how to recover some tools he had lost.\*

It is painful to reveal the moral condition of the Welsh people and to bring to light the illustrations with which these Reports are full. The evidence presented in corro-

\* Report. p. 5.

† Ibid. p. 11.

\* Mr. Symons's Report, p. 64.

boration of the opinions expressed is uniform, explicit, uncontradicted, and abundant. There is a total want of cleanliness in their houses and of decency in their domestic arrangements; a common herding of the sexes together in a sleeping apartment is general. In many places, squalid huts appear to be the deliberate choice of people who are not more poor than the peasantry of England. Drunkenness and dishonesty extensively prevail. The sanctity of places is sometimes as little regarded as the decencies of life. In one district a churchyard is used as a drying-ground, and in another is resorted to as the common privy of the parish. The houses are in general devoid of the accommodations which health and propriety require. The cottages are generally described as wretched in the extreme, formed in many places of loose fragments of rock and shale piled together, without mortar or whitewash. Never having seen a higher order of civilization, although they have the means to live respectably, they deliberately prefer, from ignorance, their degraded social condition. Nor is this state of feeling confined to the laboring population. The farmers, who might raise the standard of comfort and civilization around them, are content to inhabit huts scarcely less dark, dirty, and comfortless. The testimony of a gentleman well acquainted with the state of society in Welsh towns, is very strong on the social degradation of the people.

"The poor (he says) seem ignorant on most subjects except how to cheat and speak evil of each other. They appear not to have an idea what the comforts of life are. There are at least 2000 persons in this town living in a state of the greatest filth, and, to all appearances, they enjoy their filth and idleness, for they make no effort to get rid of it. From my experience of Ireland, I think there is a very great similarity between the lower orders of Welsh and Irish—both are dirty, indolent, bigoted, and contented."\*

Petty thefts, lying, cozening, every species of chicanery, drunkenness, and idleness, prevail to a great extent among the least educated part of the community, who are said scarcely to regard them in the light of sins. An acknowledged thief is almost as well thought of, and as much employed, as better characters by the lower orders.†

Perjury is common in courts of justice. It is a regular custom for parties to a cause

\* Evidence of Archdeacon Venables.

† Evidence of the Rev. J. Denning, Mr. Symons's Report, p. 58.

to employ persons to tamper with the jury before a trial comes on, and to infuse views of the case into their minds. A Bristol merchant is reported to have declared that his efforts to continue a commerce with the Welsh people, which would be mutually profitable, were they commonly trustworthy, had been wholly frustrated by their inveterate faithlessness to their bargains the moment they see the possibility of gaining a penny by breaking them.

But the predominant sin of Wales is the almost total absence of chastity on the part of both sexes, which prevails rather from the want of a sense of moral obligation than from a forgetfulness or violation of recognised duties. The number of illegitimate children in proportion to the population is astounding. The vice is not confined to the poor. Farmers' daughters are in the constant habit of being "courted in bed," and in the case of domestic servants, the offence is said to be universal. Pregnancy before marriage is the natural order of things, and neither creates shame nor affixes disgrace. The custom of Wales is said to justify the practice, and the system of "bundling," or courting in beds, is an ancient and recognised preliminary to marriage; if pregnancy ensues, the union generally, but by no means always, takes place. An attempt having been made at a Union board to persuade the guardians to build a workhouse, with the belief that it would check the increase of bastardy, they scouted the notion of its being any disgrace, and maintained *that the custom of Wales justified the thing*. In short, to use the emphatic language of the chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bangor,—

"It is an undeniable fact, that incontinence is not regarded as a vice, scarcely as a frailty, by the common people in Wales. It is considered as a matter of course, as the regular conventional process towards marriage. It is avowed, defended, and laughed at, without scruple, or shame, or concealment, by both sexes alike. \* \* \* The minds of the common people are become thoroughly and universally depraved and brutalized; and to meet this appalling evil the present system of education in Wales is utterly powerless."

We will now, having dwelt longer than we could desire on these revolting details, endeavor to show what that education really is; and to point out its utter insufficiency to eradicate or check the moral pestilence with which a whole country is infected.

In the three counties of Brecknock, Cardigan, and Radnor, it appears that the



number at day-schools in every hundred of the whole population of the three counties is 6·17, amounting to little more than *one-sixteenth of the whole population*. And this result is conjectured to be more favorable than the truth, the population being taken from the census of 1841. Indeed, the commissioner, on satisfactory data, shows a deficiency in Brecknockshire of 21·7 per cent., in Cardiganshire of 43·2 per cent., and in Radnorshire of 46·6 per cent. The results are arrived at by assuming that five years is no undue proportion of a youth's lifetime to be allotted to the entire course of education, and that one-half of the whole number, between five and fifteen years of age, will give the floating number of children *in statu pupillari*; and from these a deduction of one-sixth is made for those who are not likely to attend the common schools. But a striking and significant fact is elicited by the statistics of the three above-mentioned counties. Of the whole number on the books of the district, no less than 5265, or 56·9 per cent., have been in attendance for less than one year, and only 732, or 7·9 per cent., for more than three years.

The proportions per cent. of the children attending schools to the population of the same age and sex is thus given for the whole of Wales: Carmarthenshire, 17·7; Glamorganshire, 25·4; Pembrokeshire, 27·7;—the three counties, 22·9: Brecknockshire, 20·7; Cardiganshire, 15·3; Radnorshire, 14·6;—the three counties, 17·1: Anglesey, 18·2; Montgomery, 18·4; Carnarvon, 19·7; Merioneth, 21·7; Denbigh, 22·8; Flint, 30·2. Total, North Wales, 22·0.

These few statistical facts speak more impressively than any description of educational deficiencies. The incomes of schools and the remuneration of schoolmasters, as detailed in tables, are facts of equal significance.

The average annual income of schools is represented to be, for the three counties of Carmarthen, Glamorgan, and Pembroke, at an average, 21*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.*; for the counties of Brecknock, Cardigan, and Radnor, it is said to range between 18*l.* and 25*l.*; and in the six counties of North Wales the average is specified as 26*l.* 19*s.* 2*d.* The school buildings are generally described as wretched in the extreme; sometimes consisting only of dark and dilapidated lofts, squalid hovels with floors of bare earth; and even the best, generally devoid of

apparatus, proper furniture, and decent accommodations.

In estimating the results of the very insufficient amount of elementary education in Wales, allowance must undoubtedly be made, not only for the great poverty of the schools, but for the manifold difficulties arising from the diversity between the language in which the school-books are written and the mother-tongue of the children.

"In proportion," Mr. Lingen justly observes, "as the teacher adheres to English, he does not get beyond the child's ear; in proportion as he employs Welsh, he appears to be superseding the most important part of the child's education. How and where to draw the line, how to convey the principles of knowledge through the only medium in which the child can apprehend them, yet to leave them impressed upon its mind in other terms and under other forms; how to employ the old tongue as a scaffolding, yet to leave, if possible, no trace of it in the finished building, but to have it, if not lost, at least stowed away;—all this presupposes a teacher so thoroughly master of the subject which he is going to teach, and also of two languages most dissimilar in genius and idiom, that he can indifferently represent his matter with equal clearness in one as in the other. No teachers less gifted could deal effectually with the existing state of things."

How far the present race of school-masters approximates to this standard, may be inferred not only from the exceedingly low rate of remuneration before described, but from the heterogeneous elements of which they are composed, as indicated by the ninety-seven different occupations which they have severally filled before they took upon themselves the office of an instructor—an office the least esteemed and the worst remunerated in the country, and serving as "the sink of all the others." The miserable pittance they get, not in most places exceeding the wages of a common laborer, is irregularly paid, and keeps them in a state of penury and contempt.

The intellectual and moral results of schools so circumstanced and so conducted can only, if not positively barren, be conceived as of the most humble description. We feel that, in estimating the attainments of children, every allowance ought to be made for a training so defective, and for the disadvantages under which they labor in their efforts to acquire even the most rudimentary knowledge. In questioning a child on subjects brought almost of necessity indistinctly before its mind, the difficulties of forming conceptions on matters alien to its

habits of thought ought to be duly appreciated; nevertheless, an amount of ignorance connected with questions of the most elementary instruction has been adduced in the evidence of these Reports, which is not less astonishing than deplorable.

The notions generally entertained on geography, and on subjects connected with national life and history, are not a little strange. Tredegar was named as the capital of England, and Europe and America described as towns in the same country. Indeed, a very faint conception is formed, even by teachers themselves, of the rudiments of geographical knowledge. The prevailing belief among children is, that Ireland is a town somewhere in Wales, and that France has been alternately placed in every quarter of the globe. Black people were assigned to every country except Wales. A decided majority of the children examined did not know the name of the county they were living in. A Dissenting minister is represented as illustrating idolatry by a description of "the god Ganges, whom the pagans carried on their shoulders, and made the people worship." In one school William the Conqueror was declared to have defeated the English at the battle of Waterloo, and to have reigned next before Queen Victoria; and Napoleon was by turns declared to have been an American, a Russian, a Scotchman, and a Spaniard. In two schools, widely distant from each other, Prince Albert was said to be the Queen of England. In by far the greater proportion of Schools the name of her majesty was unknown. In one she was pronounced to be the mother of our Savior; but a rather common impression exists that she sits somewhere in London, "making money."

However ludicrous these instances of a total absence of intelligent notions on common affairs may appear, the profound ignorance almost universally exhibited on religious subjects is calculated to give rise to very different emotions. It is, however, difficult to introduce illustrations without treading on the verge of profaneness, and presenting grotesque and incongruous images to the mind. Yet the truth cannot be disclosed without some allusion to the subject.

There is, in fact, little or no religious instruction given in the day-schools. In the adventure-schools the masters and mistresses admit they do not teach it, and that the parents would be dissatisfied if they did.

The Scriptures appear to be read in almost every school, but merely as a text-book, and a cheap one. In very few schools are the leading facts of the Gospel history known. In one, in reply to a question, "Who was Christ?" five repeatedly declared they did not know, and had never heard of him; one only knew he was crucified; two only knew who made the world. All except two declared, positively and repeatedly, that there would be no other life or world after this; that they had never been told or heard of any; and that their fathers and mothers never said anything to them about such things. In another school, two only could tell any one thing that Christ did; and a third said that he drew water from a rock in the land of Canaan. In another, one only knew who the apostles were, none what happened to Christ when he came into the world; but they thought that he was nailed to a cross by the "bloody Jews." Seven thought that it was done in Wales, and two in England. A child of fourteen repeated the Belief perfectly, and then said that she did not understand one word of it. All thought the sun went round the world. In another, three girls repeatedly declared that they had never heard of Christ; two, that they had never heard of God. Two out of six had never heard of St. Paul; the same number thought Christ on earth now; one only said he was in heaven. In another, none knew whether Christ would come back to the earth nor what death he died. One only could say half the Lord's prayer. All thought that the sun went round the world in twenty-four hours, and that the moon went away sometimes and then came back again. In another, two or three of the first class, after every inducement to tell the truth, declared that they had not heard of Christ at all, and were wholly unable to say who he was or what he did, or anything about him; and the disciples were defined as people who behaved ill to Christ. Baptism was the only word of which they seemed to have a dim conception, and that was explained as "being put into a basin."

In one school some of the children thought Adam, and others Eve, to be the mother of our Savior; and that the book of Exodus was written by Genesis, and Genesis by Exodus. In another, Mary Magdalene was declared to be the mother of Jesus Christ, the master acquiescing and assuring the commissioner that the case was so; a grown-up girl said that Abraham was the father of Jesus Christ, and that Jacob bap-



tised him; the greater part had never heard of the resurrection of the dead. In another it was said, that Mary Magdalene was the mother of our Savior, that the Virgin Mary was his wife, and that the Virgin Mary was God. Some thought that Jesus Christ was born in *Heaven*; others, that he was born in *hell*. The head boy of a large national school was of opinion that Nebuchadnezzar and Pharaoh built the temple of Jerusalem. In a church school in the county of Flint, scholars who could repeat the Church catechism perfectly believed that their "ghostly enemy" was Jesus Christ, and that there were three, nine, and fifteen gods. An apparently intelligent boy thought the ark in which Noah was saved was constructed of iron, and built by Solomon. In another, none could tell who were the Jews; and many believed that the Welsh were Jews. Moses was said to have been the husband of the Virgin Mary, and our Savior to have been born in the Garden of Eden. Mary Magdalene was repeatedly declared to be the mother of our Savior; and on one occasion, Joseph of Arimathea her husband. It was said in one school that St. Matthew wrote the History of England, and even the best scholars in another repeatedly and confidently asserted that the soul was mortal and the body immortal.

Opinions are said to differ as to the sufficiency of Sunday-school instruction; there can be none, we conceive, on the dearth of scriptural knowledge imparted in the day-schools. We concur in a just and important reflection on this subject by one of the commissioners:—

"A fatal delusion has misled the promoters of schools in North Wales. They have supposed that if the children make use of the Bible as a handbook to learn reading, from the alphabet upwards, and if catechisms be carefully committed to memory, the narratives and doctrines therein contained must be impressed on their understanding and affections. The catechisms and religious formularies, which were intended to direct and assist the teacher in explaining Scripture and imparting religious instruction, to supply the defects of extempore explanation, and to secure the scholars from the inculcation of false doctrine, have had the effect of suspending all intelligent exertion, have degraded the office of the teacher, and reduced the scholars to a state of hopeless ignorance, not only of the peculiar doctrines of respective denominations, but of the first principles and truths of Christianity.\*"

\* Mr. Vaughan Johnson's Report, p. 47.

It appears, that of the entire number of schools provided for the poor, those established in connexion with religious bodies, or with a view of perpetuating particular religious creeds, are nearly four times as numerous as those for general education, unconnected with any sect or church. The attainments of a class of teachers having large and important schools committed to their charge, may be judged of from the following instances of ignorance elicited in the course of an examination by one of the commissioners:—

"In the Church school at Corwen none seemed to understand what they were reading, and the master was not able to explain. He even explained wrong. 'There came a dearth over all the land of Egypt.' *Master*. What is a dearth? No answer. *Master*. A dearth means a *dew*, or *darkness*. Was St. Peter one of the twelve apostles? *Answer*. No. *Master*, informing the whole school, He was one of the seventy."

In the Church school of Llawynys the master, when his pupils stated that Pharaoh was the king of Israel, commended them, saying, "Very good." In schools so conducted, the discipline is, as may be supposed, not better than the instruction. The children are generally rude in their manners. One of the commissioners on entering a school found a boy fighting with the master. Insubordination and anarchy are generally triumphant. So discouraging is the employment, so poor and precarious the remuneration, that a master of a considerable school is reported to have said, that if his health permitted him, he would rather be a laborer again than keep school:—

"If the competency of a Welsh school-master, says Mr. Symons, is to be measured by the standard of the popular estimation of his duties, perhaps almost as many exceed as fall short of it. But if it is not an undue expectation, that a school-master who professes to teach English should do more than make his scholars pronounce and spell English words without understanding their meaning—that he should give them some degree of mental exercise—inform their minds on the subjects he professes to teach—acquaint them with the rules as well as the practice of arithmetic, and at least endeavor to advance the younger as well as the older classes of his scholars—if these be not extravagant requirements for the qualifications of a school master, I have no hesitation in saying, that there are very few persons worthy of that title in my district. I may safely say, that there are not a dozen who are efficiently teaching even that which they profess to teach; and that, if the standard be extended to skilful teaching, and all the improved

methods of mental cultivation, there are, in my judgment, one or two only who approach to it.\*

There is a great and general deficiency of voluntary funds for the support of schools in the rural districts of Wales. In England, the most liberal contributions to such schools are made by the clergy and wealthy resident landed proprietors. In Wales, if the landed proprietors aid in the support of schools, it is confined exclusively to Church schools; but large districts exist in which they neither reside nor subscribe. There is much non-residence, also, among the clergy, occasioned by the want of glebe-houses, and it is their custom, in many parts of Wales, to reside in the nearest town, and thence visit their parishes. In the hundred of Dewisland, Pembrokeshire, out of twenty-one parishes, containing an aggregate population of 10,840, no less than twelve parishes, containing a population of 2392, are utterly unprovided with day schools at all; thirteen parishes, containing a population of 3401, are without a resident clergyman; and eleven parishes, containing a population of 2462, are without either a day-school or a resident clergyman. In the hundred of Kemess, in the same county, of twenty-six parishes, containing a population of 15,559, no less than thirteen parishes, containing a population of 2652, are without a day-school at all; fourteen parishes, containing a population of 3773, are without a resident clergyman; and twelve parishes, containing a population of 2386, are without either a day-school or a resident clergyman. In the hundred of Kilgorran, in the same county, consisting of nine parishes only, no less than five parishes containing a population of 2458, are without a day-school at all; six, containing a population of 2548, are without a resident clergyman; and four, containing a population of 2115, are without either a day-school or a resident clergyman.† The very restricted income of the clergy further precludes the possibility of their affording any efficient pecuniary assistance. What, indeed, can be expected from a body of men, however pious and self-denying, whose income—the average of three counties, Carmarthenshire, Glamorganshire, and Pembrokeshire, for example—amounts only to 133*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.*‡ The voluntary efforts that are made by the middle and

humbler classes to increase the amount of education, although highly praiseworthy, are totally inadequate to supply the pressing wants of the country; nor are these efforts themselves devoid of evil results, occasioned by a misdirection of the school income. On this subject we adduce the important testimony of Mr. Johnson:—

“The wealthy classes who contribute towards education belong to the Established Church; the poor who are to be educated are Dissenters. The former will not aid in supporting neutral schools; the latter withhold their children from such as require conformity to the Established Church. The effects are seen in the co-existence of two classes of schools, both of which are rendered futile—the Church schools, supported by the rich, which are thinly attended, and that by the extreme poor; and private adventure-schools, supported by the mass of the poorer classes at an exorbitant expense, and so utterly useless that nothing can account for their existence, except the unhealthy division of society, which prevents the rich and the poor from co-operating. The Church schools, too feebly supported by the rich to give useful education, are deprived of the support of the poor, which would have sufficed to render them efficient. Thus situated, the promoters are driven to establish premiums, clothing clubs, and other collateral inducements, in order to overcome the scruples and reluctance of Dissenting parents.”\*

An attempt appears to have been recently made by the Dissenting body in South Wales to develop on a considerable scale what is called the voluntary system of education, and to demonstrate its independent efficiency: a more signal proof of the failure of that system we have seldom seen recorded. The leaders of the movement commenced by establishing a normal school at Brecon, and by combining the middle with the lower classes it was hoped to interest the latter in the plan. The rules of the British and Foreign School Society were adopted, and a system of agitation was commenced in all directions for the formation of committees, the collection of subscriptions, and the establishment of schools; out of 992 subscribers, 776 were either laborers, or farmers paying less than 20*l.* per annum in rent, mechanics, or small tradesmen, and 887 were annual subscribers of less than 1*l.* The amount subscribed and promised to be subscribed in five years did not exceed 5000*l.*

There are satisfactory indications of an earnest desire on the part of the Welsh to improve their intellectual and social condition. The wish to acquire a knowledge of

\* Mr. Symons's Report, p. 25.

† Mr. Lingen's Report, p. 10.

‡ Ibid., p. 35.

\* Report, p. 53.



the English language is strong and general. An ignorance of it is felt to be an insurmountable obstacle to their advancement in life, especially in their efforts to place their children out at service. In the mining districts, it keeps the workmen in a position of inferiority. He never becomes a clerk or agent. He never emerges from the laboring into the administrating class. He is able to read the Scriptures and the denominational magazines, all of an exclusively theological and sectarian character; but he is cut off from the supply of general knowledge which the press so abundantly diffuses over almost every other part of the kingdom. This evil is beginning to be generally estimated and keenly felt. A strong attachment to their own language is nevertheless still retained by the people. There is little or no probability at present of its being "*taught down*" in the schools; almost all the progress made, or likely to be made, in acquiring English, is attributable to their intercourse with those who speak it.

The ignorance of the small farmers is said to be complete; great numbers do not know their alphabet; when they come to be married they cannot write their names. Those who can read their own language have no means of general information. A few periodicals are said to be published in Welsh, by means of which all that goes on in England may be known in Wales; but however plain or colloquial the style, the farmers complain that they cannot understand it. A yeoman of considerable property, with a farm of 300*l.* per annum, and keeping a pack of hounds, cannot read, or write, or speak English. His three brothers, the eldest of whom has nearly 800*l.* per annum landed property, is in the same state.\*

Ignorant as the Welsh population is, no people, Mr. Symons remarks, better deserves to be educated. A strong desire for intellectual improvement exists. Their natural capacity is described as of a high order; their memories are remarkably retentive, and they learn with facility. Their temperament is warm, and a spirit of kindness is pleasingly evidenced by the ancient custom of assisting the marriages of each other's children by loans or gifts of money. The absence of great crimes also favorably distinguishes the Welsh population, and conjugal infidelity is comparatively rare. Of their present state of intellectual infe-

riority a full consciousness exists, but there appears to be no corresponding sense of their moral degradation. Indeed the state of opinion in reference to some offences seems to arise from a condition of mind incapable of distinguishing right from wrong, and evinces a total deprivation of the moral principle: the natural and inevitable effect of a systematic and long-continued violation of its laws. Should we be asked whether the state of society, such as here disclosed, is worse than the condition of some districts in England, we frankly affirm that we believe it is very little worse; but the disadvantages of an isolated country, and a poor and non-resident clergy, plead strongly in favor of a more than ordinary share of attention being directed to its most pressing and palpable wants.

The proper remedies for the evils which exist we hope to see speedily discussed by the legislature. In the meantime we may venture to suggest a measure or two, which seem calculated to meet the necessities of the Welsh population.

It appears to be the conviction of all who have the interests of the principality at heart, that the continued existence of the Welsh language, at least as the language of common life, is incompatible with the intellectual progress of the people. It is useless for all the purposes of practical life. It is adapted to express only the notions of an obsolete agriculture, poetry, and religious feeling. There is doubtless, something touching in the thought of the systematic extinction of a language, with all its venerable associations, in which for upwards of two thousand years, and generation after generation, an ancient people has lisped its first accents, communicated its daily thoughts, and addressed itself to the Divinity in prayer and praise. But extinguished it must be. It will be preserved in the antiquarian records of a departed age; but in proportion as it fades into obscurity and falls into disuse, will be manifest the increasing light of Welsh civilization.

To accelerate this desirable epoch the English language must be *effectually* taught. We are not ignorant of the difficulties which surround such an undertaking. It will require the cordial co-operation of the landed proprietors and the clergy; we trust that this will be secured, and their minds be reconciled to the transition which must take place as soon as its paramount necessity has been demonstrated.

In the meantime no effort should be spar-

\* Mr. Johnson's report, p. 61.

ed to place the existing schools in a state of efficiency, and to establish others where they are so urgently required. The voluntary system, as attempted to be developed in Wales, has completely and signally failed, and it rests with the Government to mature some plan which shall prove satisfactory to the different religious denominations, and adapted to meet the pressing wants of the community. We have adduced sufficient proof of the readiness of the Dissenting body to accept state assistance, under reasonable restrictions; and we are happy to point out these examples of proper feeling and correct appreciation of the importance and absolute necessity of public aid, as we wish to see them followed by their brethren in England. We rejoice at these symptoms of improved feeling among a party from which the greatest obstructions to popular education have recently come.

Many of the landed proprietors in Wales exhibit a great disregard of the responsibilities of their position. What they will not do for themselves and their country the State ought to do for both; and by throwing a part of the burthen occasioned by the necessary increase of schools as a charge upon landed property, compel them to make those sacrifices for the benefit of the population surrounding them which they are morally bound to make. We desire to see a school-rate impartially assessed upon the landed property of Wales. Nothing short of this will, we conceive, be commensurate with the magnitude of the evil. Nor would any formidable difficulty, we believe, be found in administering the rate in such a manner as to do justice to every class of religionists. The children of Dissenting parents should never be *compelled* to learn the church catechism, or to attend church ordinances. This system has been established for sometime in schools connected with Poor-law Unions. General religious instruction is given to all, but the Church Catechism is not taught to children whose parents object to it. The clergy and Dissenting ministers, concurring, as they must do, as to the cause of the fearful degradation of their common country, and equally desiring to remove it, will, we trust heartily unite in any reasonable plan for so important an object.

And now before we part with this subject, we take leave to address a few words to the Government under whose directions these inquiries have been instituted. The State, having uncovered the nakedness and

exposed the moral sores of her neglected children, is forbidden, no less by compassion than by shame, to leave them to fester into a mass of putrifying corruption. It is impossible that public attention should not be immediately directed to this subject. Much must be done, and done promptly. The people of this country, great as may be their own shortcomings in this field of exertion, will not endure the continued scandal of a nation so closely connected with them, being brought up in a state of almost heathen ignorance, and living in an habitual and more than barbarian disregard of the decencies of civilized life. The strong hand of Government must be put forth to cope with the gigantic evils which these Reports reveal; and it is our conviction that a Government—we care not of what party it may be composed, or what principles it may profess—which should shrink from the plain duties of its position, will forfeit all right to the moral allegiance of the nation. The whole subject of popular education has been too often treated by successive Governments in an unworthy spirit; the maturest counsels have been perplexed by unexpected opposition, and the best-planned schemes have been abandoned from a pusillanimous apprehension of the effects of sectarian agitation. We believe that each party in the state is justly chargeable with this weakness. But the time has, we trust arrived when the educational wants of the community will be met, not only with an earnest desire, but with a resolute determination, to supply them. If the true end of legislation be, as a great philosopher and statesman has defined it, to give “a technical dress, a specific sanction, to the popular will,” that will cannot, we conceive, henceforth be faintly or feebly expressed. But let it not be collected from the prejudiced clamor raised by artificial means. We are quite prepared to see a system of agitation again resorted to by certain religious bodies, to the effects of which more than one ministry has weakly succumbed. We believe that the nature of this agitation is beginning to be better understood. A central committee establishes itself in the metropolis, and petitions from the provinces are, as a matter of course, “got up to order.” It is astonishing that any firm and conscientious Government should have been diverted from its duty by the effects of such a system. No Government can be worthy of the name that is not determined for the future to despise and defy them.



From Hogg's Weekly Instructor.

## THE SEVEN SAGES OF GREECE AND THEIR SAYINGS.

No country ever produced so many illustrious men in so short a time as Greece. It was a land of great warriors and of sublime poets—of matchless orators, statesmen, and philosophers. And though delighting in athletic accomplishments and the excitements of war, though dazzled by the beautiful creations of their painters and their sculptors, and fascinated and enraptured by the sublimest and the sweetest strains that ever poet sang, it must yet impart a high idea of the innate strength of mind of the lively Greeks, that *wisdom* was ever regarded by them as possessing the highest claim to their admiration. They considered the title of Sage as the noblest distinction they could confer. Seven men were thus ennobled by the united voice of their countrymen; and the "Seven Sages of Greece" have become familiar almost as a household word. Who and what they were, it will be the object of this and a succeeding paper to explain more fully than has yet been done.

They were all cotemporaneous; and they flourished in the sixth century before the Christian era. The great object of their studies was human nature—its duties, and its principles of action; to benefit mankind was their great aim. Few of them attained celebrity in philosophy, as we now understand the term—Thales and Solon, indeed, alone seem to have applied themselves to any of its branches; but the benefits which, by their wisdom, they conferred on their nation, and the moral and useful precepts which they have bequeathed to us, will do more to perpetuate their fame than the greatest amount of scientific knowledge to which at that early period they could possibly have attained. One, and one only, of their number must be excepted from the greater part of this eulogy—the name of Periander of Corinth will ever be a by-word of reproach in the mouths of men—an enduring monument of the evil effects of undue ambition—a warning to bad princes that tyranny is its own punishment—a mournful picture of great talents perverted to an unworthy end.

## THALES.

Thales was the first who obtained from

his countrymen the high title of "sage;" and in his attainments in science and philosophy he far surpassed the other six. He was of Phœnician extraction, and was born at Miletus, in Ionia, 640 years before the Christian era. In science and philosophy Greece was still ignorant; and in order to prosecute these studies to advantage, the young Milesian spent several years in travel, residing for some time in Crete and in Phœnicia, in the latter of which countries, from the great commerce it carried on with foreign lands, Thales became acquainted with the habits and knowledge of various nations. But it was to Egypt in particular that the young Greeks of good family usually proceeded, as it was at that time the great fountain-head of knowledge to all the nations bordering on the Mediterranean. To Egypt, accordingly, Thales also proceeded, visiting the chief cities of that highly civilized country, and receiving from the priests of Memphis varied and important information in geometry, astronomy, and the other sciences, which for centuries they had successfully studied. It was doubtless from them that he adopted the leading tenet of the Ionic school of philosophy, of which he was the founder, namely, that water was the first principle in matter, the chief agent in the convulsions which agitate the surface of the globe. There were many inducements for the priests to adopt this theory. Shortly before the time of Thales's visit, the Egyptians had acquired a considerable tract of land by the retiring of the waters of the Mediterranean; they found shells in the heart of their mountains, even in the substance of their metals; from most of their wells and fountains they drew a brackish water like that of the sea; and they depended for subsistence on the fertilizing inundations of the Nile.

On his return to his native country, Thales imparted the knowledge he had acquired to his fellow-citizens. It was probably about this time that he was intrusted with a chief place in the administration of his country; and in this he displayed much zeal and ability, henceforth devoting to the study of nature only such time as he could spare from affairs of state. He was resolutely opposed to matrimony; or, more

probably, he seems to have considered the cares of the married state as likely to encroach too much on the little leisure he had to devote to his favorite philosophical pursuits. His mother, we are told, pressed him much to choose a wife—but to this he at first pleaded that he was too young; and afterwards, on her entreaties being renewed, that he was too old.

Thales made considerable attainments in geometry; and on visiting the Pyramids in Egypt, he was able to measure the proportions of one of the largest from the extent of its shadow. But it was in astronomical science that Thales chiefly distinguished himself. He advocated the division of the year into 365 days; and studied the motions of the heavenly bodies with so much success that he was the first Greek who accurately calculated and foretold an eclipse of the sun. Like most men of a contemplative turn of mind, fits of abstraction were not unusual with him. One night, it is narrated, when, as was his wont, he was walking with his eyes fixed on the starry skies, he stumbled into a ditch. "Ah! served him right!" cried a Thracian girl, who was attending him; "he would read the skies, and yet doesn't know what is at his feet!"

Thales as we have mentioned, was the founder of the Ionic school of philosophy—the speculations of which upon the nature of man and the structure of the universe, though often ingenious, and in some points far in advance of the age, were in the main very absurd and erroneous. This school, however, obtained much celebrity, and many of its philosophers stood high in the estimation of their countrymen. Some of the theories held by members of this school were very singular. Some fancied that the sun was a rim of fire—others that the heavens were a solid concave, on which the stars were nailed—that earth was cylinder-shaped—that it was a level plain—that earth and sky were of stone—that the moon was inhabited—and that man was originally formed by the union of earth and water, to which the sunbeams imparted the spirit-fire of life. Thales was free from many of the absurd doctrines of his followers, very much, doubtless, in consequence of his attainments in astronomy; and as his leading doctrine, he regarded the Intelligence, or God, as the author and soul of the world, and water, as we have said, as the principle of everything. None of the philosophical writings of Thales have come

down to us; but we have several pithy aphorisms, exemplifying his knowledge of human nature. He lived to the advanced age of ninety-six, dying about 545 B.C.

#### SAYINGS OF THALES.

Nothing is more ancient than God, for he was not created; nothing is more beautiful than the world, and it is the work of God; nothing is more active than thought, for it traverses the whole universe; nothing is stronger than necessity, for everything yields to it; nothing is wiser than time, for to it we owe every discovery.

Which is the happiest of governments? That in which the sovereign can without danger take the most repose.

Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have lost all still possess it.

Do not do yourself what offends you in others.

Know your time, and do not publish beforehand what you purpose to do. You would fail in your project, and be laughed at by your rivals.

Love your parents. If they cause you some slight inconveniences, learn to support them.

#### SOLON.

Solon, the celebrated Athenian lawgiver, was born in the small island of Salamis, on the southern coast of Attica, 592 years before Christ. He was of noble lineage, being descended from Cadmus, the last king of Athens, and a family relationship existed between him and his future antagonist Pisistratus. His father had expended the greater part of his fortune in acts of benevolence, and at his death the family were no longer able to maintain the rank to which they had been accustomed. Young Solon, however, received a liberal education at Athens, and became desirous of re-establishing the fortunes of his family. From the maritime situation of Athens, and the natural bent of its citizens to mercantile pursuits, the Athenian nobility considered it in no way derogatory to their rank to engage in commerce; and Solon accordingly entered into commercial life, and it would appear with considerable success. It was doubtless in the capacity of merchant that the greater part of his early travels were undertaken, when he visited almost every part of Greece, and during which his already well-informed mind closely observed the habits and customs of the places he visited. During these travels his attention was principally directed to the study of mankind and their principles of action, which was of great service to him in his subsequent office of legislator; and from his various attainments, on his return to his native country,



he was already one of the greatest philosophers and politicians of his day. He cultivated the acquaintance of all those who were most distinguished by their virtues and their wisdom—especially such as were void of personal ambition, who were animated by a patriotic spirit, and by the desire of ameliorating the forms of government, and of directing the passions of their countrymen to a useful and an honorable end. Periander too, the talented but tyrannic ruler of Corinth, was at this time among the number of his acquaintances; and it is narrated that one day, when they were at table together, Solon was unusually silent. "Why don't you converse?" inquired Periander; "is it stupidity? is it barrenness of idea?"—"Do you not know, then," replied Solon, "that it is impossible for a fool to keep silence at table?"

The Athenians at this time groaned under the sanguinary laws of Draco, which punished every crime indiscriminately with death. Athens, indeed, was in a state of anarchy, for the laws were too atrocious to be put in force. A new code must be drawn up, more conformable to the spirit of the age and the spirit of the people; and Solon was unanimously chosen by his fellow-citizens for that high but difficult office. He was created archon and supreme legislator. He executed his task with great zeal and with great impartiality, and it was one which required all the wisdom of his matured mind. One day, when engaged in his task, Anacharsis, the Scythian philosopher, entered his apartment: "What are you taken up with, my dear Solon?" said he. "Do you not know that laws are like cobwebs? The weak are caught in them; the strong break through."

Solon acted very much on the principle conveyed in this remark; and if in his laws he has unduly favored the people, it was because he was deeply interested in their happiness, and because he saw how many means of oppression were possessed by the powerful, and how difficult it was for the poor man to protect himself. Whether the institutions he framed were the best to effect his purpose may be doubted; he himself remarked, "I have not given the Athenians the best of laws; but I have given them the best they were capable of receiving." But unquestionably he placed a very dangerous power in the hands of the people, by constituting them a court of last appeal in every cause, and in framing his laws so obscurely that an appeal to the people to

interpret them was of constant occurrence. In regard to the domestic relations, the code of Solon was far in advance of the spirit of his age, and infinitely superior to that framed by Lycurgus for the Spartans. Solon was the first of his nation who invested the family compact with a dignity becoming its importance, by regarding marriage as a sacred tie, and strengthening it by legislative enactments. But he could not at once rise superior to the lax morality of the age; he permitted divorce, though under restrictions, yet on grounds that would appear far from sufficient in modern times. It was reserved for the religion of Christ to raise woman to her proper rank in society; the New Testament is the great charter of her liberties. The character of Solon makes it probable that he sought much of his happiness in the domestic relations; and we know that he was an affectionate father. He was deeply afflicted by the death of his son; and a friend one day visiting him, surprised him in tears. "Why do you grieve so bitterly?" said his friend; "tears cannot bring back the dead."—"Tis because of that I weep!" was the sorrowful rejoinder.

The conduct of Solon, and the laws which he framed, gave so much satisfaction to the Athenians that he might now have easily obtained the sovereign power in the state. But he refused the offer of the kingly office; and having now completed his legislative duties, and fearing lest he should himself be the first to alter his code, he withdrew into voluntary exile for ten years, having previously obtained from his countrymen a solemn oath that they would strictly observe his laws for one hundred years, and that they would live at peace till his return. Upon leaving Athens he visited Egypt. From thence he repaired to the court of Cræsus, king of Lydia, who seems to have treated him with great favor, although the opinions of the frank-spoken sage must have been at times disagreeable to the most opulent monarch of the age. On one occasion being asked by Cræsus if he were not the happiest of mortals, "Tellus, an Athenian," replied the sage, "who always saw his country prosperous, his children virtuous, and who died himself in his country's defence, was more truly to be called happy than the possessor of riches and the ruler of empires."

Thus living as it were in seclusion, removed from the cares of state, and free from the anxieties of his late legislative

office, Solon indulged the belief that, by the wise and mild constitution which he had framed, he had permanently secured the happiness of his countrymen. But if in this he was forgetful of the fickleness of the people, he underrated also the ambitious projects of individuals. In his absence, the republican constitution which he had framed was already tottering. The blow was struck by a relation of his own—Pisistratus. While yet a youth, Pisistratus had fixed upon himself the admiration of the Athenians no less by his military talents and personal valor in the field, than by his eloquence and address at home. Gifted with a fine person—brave, frank, and generous, he was every way fitted to become the idol of the people; he redressed private grievances, listened to the complaints and encouraged the hopes of those who flocked around him; and on the return of Solon, he was rapidly smoothing his way to supreme power.

Republican in principle, and grieved to see the liberties of his country thus endangered, Solon struggled against the rising power of his ambitious relative—but in vain. Strong in the love of the people, Pisistratus soon obtained the protection of a body-guard to his person—Solon alone raising his powerful voice in opposition. Henceforth Athens was no longer free. Yet Pisistratus knew how to gild the chains which he threw round his fellow-citizens; and his conduct while in power was in many respects most praiseworthy. His rule was distinguished by justice and moderation; he raised the dignity of Athens; he encouraged literature and the arts; and was the friend and patron of illustrious men. He always treated Solon with the greatest respect, though the latter continued his inflexible antagonist; and even, by kindly offices, endeavored to renew the ties of friendship which formerly had existed between them. But Solon rejected the friendly advances of one whom he deemed the destroyer of his country's liberty; and grieved at the overthrow of his best plans, and chagrined at the sight of his countrymen forging their own chains by the favor they showed to Pisistratus, in bitterness of heart the old man withdrew from Athens, and retired to Cyprus, where his declining years were sustained by the kindness of King Philocyprus.

It was most probably in his retreat in Cyprus that he composed one of the few poems of his which have come down to us,

in which he bewails the misfortunes of his native country—The ruin which the rashness of the Athenians was bringing upon them. "O Athens!" he exclaims, "destiny would have spared you, but you will perish by the hands of your own citizens!

. . . . The blasting hailstorm escapes from the bellowing cloud; the rapid thunder-bolt leaps out from the clear sky; the wind raises mighty tempests on the sea; and often by great men perish great states—often the imprudent people of a sudden find themselves lorded over by usurpers.

. . . . O Athenians! ascribe not to the gods the ills that overwhelm you; it is the work of your own corruption: yourselves have placed the power in the hands of your oppressors." He then expresses his gratitude for the kindness of the Cyprian monarch, and seems about to conclude, when a yearning for home fills his heart—the longing of age to revisit the scenes of its youth: "O lovely Venus! crowned with violet wreaths, smooth my path o'er the sea, bless the hospitable land that has welcomed me, and grant that I may once more behold my dearly-loved Athens!" The desire of his heart was not granted. He died at the court of King Philocyprus, in the eightieth year of his age.

His laws survived him for four hundred years, until Greece became absorbed in the rising empire of Rome; and Cicero, who himself saw them in operation, passes a high eulogium on the wisdom of one who framed a code so mild, and so well adapted to the temper of the fickle Athenians. The prominent feature in the character of Solon is utilitarianism—his love of the useful—his earnest desire of practically benefiting the physical and moral condition of those around him. A philosopher, he avoided the then uncertain and ill-directed speculations of metaphysics, and turned his attention solely to the duties of man and the laws of nature. Of his success in the former of these studies his code will be an enduring monument, and in the latter, having regard to the state of science in his day, he seems to have been little less successful; and, wishing to instruct his countrymen in the philosophy of nature, he composed a treatise on the subject, using poetry as a vehicle for his ideas, in order to impress them more deeply on the minds of the people. As a poet, he did not give way to the ideal reveries, the passionate sentiments, the ardent aspirations of the poetical temperament; the charms of poetry are chiefly



employed by him to render his precepts attractive. Austerity formed no element in the character of Solon; but he seems always to have been calm-tempered, and of strict justice; and if in some places his writings were tinged by voluptuousness, some allowance ought to be made for the laxity of morals then all-prevalent. In conclusion, we may remark, that the writings of Solon consisted of a number of letters, a poem upon the Atlantis—an isle which was supposed to exist far off in the Western Ocean,—and several political elegies, of which some fragments have been preserved, which everywhere exhibit proofs of a noble mind, an elevated understanding, and a great talent for serious poetry.

#### SAYINGS OF SOLON.

There is a God who is Lord of all; no mortal has power equal to his. Our ideas of the Deity must always be imperfect.

No man is happy; but also, no one under the sun is virtuous.

As long as you live, seek to learn: do not presume that old age brings wisdom.

Take care how you speak all that you know.

Distrust pleasure; it is the mother of grief.

Do not be in a hurry to make new friends, nor to quit those you have.

Few crimes would be committed, if the witnesses of the injustice were not more deserving of it than the unhappy victims.

Courtiers are counters used at play—they change in value with him who employs them.

#### BIAS.

Bias of Priene united the benevolence of the philanthropist to the wisdom of the sage; and the memory of his kind actions will more surely preserve his name from oblivion than even the purity and truth of his maxims. He was born in Priene, one of the twelve independent cities of Ionia. He won the esteem of his countrymen by his talents and zeal in behalf of his native state, which, sharing the common fate of small republics, was alike torn by intestine divisions and menaced by powerful enemies from without; and which, but for his exertions, must speedily have lost its independence. He inherited, or amassed by his own efforts, a considerable fortune; and his wealth was employed by him in gratifying the promptings of a benevolent heart. Among other generous actions, he ransomed the young captives of Messena, watched over their education with all the interest of a parent, and afterwards sent them back to their native land, bearing with them the rich presents which his kindness had bestowed

on them. He was a poet, we are informed, and composed a poem of some two thousand verses on the way to become happy: he had found it, for he did good.

Bias flourished about five hundred and sixty-six years before our era. He was elevated by his countrymen to office in the state; but his native gentleness of heart was unchilled even by the stern forms of the hall of justice. On one occasion, we are told, on condemning a man to death, Bias wept. "If you weep," said one to him, "for the guilty, why do you condemn him?" "We can neither repress the emotions of nature," said the sensitive sage, "nor disobey the law." He is said to have been possessed of great eloquence; and, to the last hour of his life, it too, like his fortune, was ever ready at the call of benevolence. One day the old man was pleading the cause of one of his friends; when he had finished speaking, he leaned his head on the bosom of his nephew who stood near. When the judges had pronounced in his favor, the bystanders wished to awake him—but life was flown!

#### SAYINGS OF BIAS.

A good conscience is alone above fear.

Listen much, and never speak but to the purpose.

To desire what is impossible, and to be insensible to the troubles of others, are two great maladies of the soul.

People who bestow all their talent on trifles, are like the bird of night, which sees clear in the darkness, and becomes blind in the light of the sun.

You become arbiter between two of your enemies; you will make a friend of him whom your decision favors. You constitute yourself judge between two of your friends: be sure you will lose one of them.

The wicked suppose all men knaves like themselves; the good are easily deceived.

The most unhappy of men is he who cannot support misfortune.

#### CLEOBULUS.

We know but little of Cleobulus, but he seems to have been a mild and good prince. He was a native of Lindos, in the island of Rhodes, and was elevated to the sovereignty of his country; and it was as much by the wisdom and the zeal for his country's welfare which characterized his conduct on the throne, as from his philosophical attainments, that he won a place among the sages of Greece. Nature seems to have been no less kind to him in physical than in mental endowments, for he is said to have possessed great beauty of form. His leisure hours

were devoted to the cultivation of philosophy and poetry; and after a tranquil reign, he died in the seventieth year of his age, 546 B.C. His daughter Cleobulina seems to have inherited her father's talents, and profited by his instructions. She distinguished herself as a poetess, and composed several enigmas, in one of which the year is thus characterized:—"A father had twelve children; and these twelve children had each thirty white sons and thirty white daughters, who are immortal, though they died every day."

#### SAYINGS OF CLEOBULUS.

Benefit your friends, that they may love you more dearly still; benefit your enemies, that they may at last become your friends.

Never take the part of a railer: you would make an enemy of his victim.

Many words and more ignorance: such is the majority of mankind.

Choose a wife among your equals. If you take one from a higher rank, you will not have allies, but tyrants.

#### CHILON.

Chilon was a native of Sparta, and became one of the Ephori, or chief magistrates of the state; and in fulfilling the duties of his high office, his judgments were always dictated by the strictest impartiality. A true Spartan, he entertained a profound veneration for the laws of Lycurgus, and considered the slightest deviation from their rigid execution, in spirit as well as in form, as the highest of offences; and for one failing in this point he all his life after reproached himself. One of his friends, it seems, had been guilty of some misdemeanor, and was brought before him for trial: Chilon had the firmness to condemn him, but advised him to appeal from his decision. Such was the fault with which this upright magistrate reproached himself: it is one from which he is absolved at the bar of posterity. The character of his eloquence and of his writings bespoke the Spartan: always bold, always nervous, and of few words. "Know thyself," is one of his admired aphorisms—a precept the difficulty of rightly fulfilling which has since become proverbial, and one of which, from the preceding anecdote, Chilon, as was to be expected, seems to have been no more capable than others, for had he thoroughly "known himself" his sensitive mind would have had cause to weep over not one but a thousand failings.

The Olympic games, at which all Greece assembled every fourth year, and in which rivals alike for literary and athletic fame competed, was the great arena of distinction for the Greeks. Sparta, of course, was not hindmost in the athletic contests; and in 597 B.C., a son of Chilon was a competitor in the games. He proved victor in the combat of the Cestus; and on his triumphal entrance into his native city, his aged sire, overcome with joy, died in the youth's arms while embracing him.

#### SAYINGS OF CHILON.

Know thyself. Nothing is more difficult: self-love always exaggerates our merits in our own eyes.

You speak ill of others; do you not fear, then, the ill they will speak of you?

You bewail your misfortunes; if you considered all that others suffer, you would complain less loudly.

Distrust the man who always seeks to meddle with the affairs of others.

It is better to lose than to make a dishonest gain.

Your friends invite you to a feast; go late, if you like. They call you to console them; hasten.

Do not permit your tongue to outrun reflection.

To keep a secret, to employ well one's leisure, and to support injuries, are three very difficult things.

Let your power be forgotten in your gentleness; deserve to be loved; avoid being feared.

The touchstone tries the quality of gold: gold, the quality of men.

#### PITTACUS.

Pittacus was distinguished alike as a warrior and as a philosopher: his victories in the field endeared him to his countrymen: and his wisdom was held in such high repute that many of his maxims were engraved on the walls of Apollo's oracular temple at Delphi. A patriot, a warrior, and a sage, he will live for posterity; virtuous, self-denying, and contented, his memory will be cherished by all good men. He was a native of Mitylene, in the island of Lesbos. His country was then groaning under the oppression of the tyrant Melanchrus; and as he grew up, young Pittacus resolved to attempt the liberation of his native isle. Alcæus, the great lyric poet, had roused the patriotic ardor of his fellow-citizens by his stirring warlike odes, and his bold invectives against tyranny; and his sons now associated themselves with Pittacus in his daring enterprise. Their efforts were successful. The citizens rose against



the tyrant; and under the generalship of Pittacus, he was defeated and driven from the island. But scarcely had the Mitylenians begun to taste the sweets of freedom when a new danger arose, and they were menaced by a formidable invasion from the naval power of Athens. Pittacus was again chosen leader, and defeated the Athenians in several engagements, in one of which he killed the enemy's general in single fight. As the issue of the war seems in some way to have depended on the issue of this combat, it is recorded that Pittacus, besides his usual armor, provided himself with a net, which he concealed in the hollow of his shield, and during the fight he skilfully contrived to entangle his antagonist in its meshes, and thus came off victor.

His countrymen were not deficient in gratitude; and Pittacus was soon after created governor of the city, with kingly power. His reign was marked by justice and moderation; he introduced many wise laws and institutions; and at the end of ten years voluntarily abdicated the throne, alleging that the virtues and innocence of private life were incompatible with the possession of unlimited power. Filled with admiration for his noble conduct, his countrymen now sought to load him with marks of their esteem. But Pittacus declined the dangerous gift of wealth; and when offered an extensive tract of land, he refused to accept more than he could overcast with a javelin. A costly present is also said to have been sent to him by King Croesus, which was declined in the same contented spirit of independence. His declining years were passed in peaceful retirement, employing much of his time in literary pursuits. His writings have perished; but they consisted, we are told, of a code of laws for his countrymen, a variety of moral precepts, and some elegiac verses. He lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, and died peacefully, full of years and of honors, 570 B. C.

Originally of obscure parentage, Pittacus is said to have had the weakness to marry a lady belonging to the class of the nobility, whose pride often disturbed his usual serenity of mind, and helped to embitter his otherwise tranquil existence. He had a high regard for the duties of children to their parents, and of parents to their offspring; and nothing could be better suited to express this than one of his own maxims—"As you treated your father," he says, "so expect in your old age to be treated by

your children." One day, we are told, a son was about to plead against his father, when Pittacus stopped him: "You will be condemned," said he to the youth, "if your cause is less just than his: if more so, you will still be condemned."

#### SAYINGS OF PITTACUS.

Happy is the prince whose subjects fear for him, and do not fear him.

Would you know a man? Invest him with great power.

The prudent man foresees evil; the brave man bears it without complaining.

You answer for another: repentance is at hand.

In commanding others, learn to govern yourself.

I love the house where I see nothing superfluous, and where I find everything necessary.

#### PERIANDER.

THE enrolling Periander among the sages of Greece is now-a-days regarded as derogatory to the high character of his colleagues; for in his case his vices and tyranny were more conspicuous, and are now oftener thought of, than his wisdom and ability. The word "tyrant" in its original signification means "prince," and it was only in after times that it came to be applied as an epithet of reproach. But Periander was a tyrant in the worst sense of the term; so that some writers have been tempted to think that it was another Periander who lived about the same time that was the sage; but there is little authority for this supposition, and the general opinion is, that the tyrant and the sage were one person.

Periander was a native of Corinth, and became a magistrate and leading man in the state. At this time he is said to have been of a mild and even amiable disposition: but ambition sprang up in his heart, and seems quickly to have obtained a mastery over his early good qualities. Bent upon attaining supreme power in his native country, and at first uncertain as to the best means of succeeding in his ambitious project, he despatched an envoy to the court of the tyrant of Syracuse, that he might procure the advice of one well fitted to guide him aright in the course which he meditated. The tyrant was in the country when the messenger was brought to him; and after reading Periander's letter, he bade the envoy mark what he did, and then, plucking off all the ears of corn which overtopped the rest, told him that was the answer he was to make to his master. Periander divined his meaning.

He forthwith surrounded himself with an armed guard; and, by high pay and other inducements, secured their fidelity to his person. By means of them he made himself supreme in Corinth, cutting off all those who by their talents or influence were likely to prove rivals, selecting his officials from the servile and the cowardly, and issuing death-warrants on the slightest suspicion.

The iniquities of his public career were only surpassed by those which stained his conduct in private life, where he was guilty of irregularities so gross that we are forced to forbear detail. As he became old, constant and harassing fears preyed upon his mind; his agitation, his terrors, his remorse punished the tyranny which he had not courage to abdicate; he trembled at his shadow—the echo of his own footfall filled him with alarm. His tyranny and its punishment lasted forty years. Enfeebled by age, and no longer able to bear the tortures of a guilty conscience, he one night dispatched some youths of his body-guard to lie in ambush at a certain spot, with orders to kill the first man who should pass that way. It was himself who went: they had killed their prince ere they recognised him.

This monster of cruelty was possessed of learning and wisdom, and was on terms of

friendship with the other six sages. Had not ambition come with its deadening and all-engrossing influence—had he continued in the rank in which it found him, he might have carried his attainments to a higher perfection, and have preserved the better nature of his youth; and so have bequeathed his title of sage uncoupled with that of tyrant. He has left some valuable maxims; but perhaps in his case the most striking is one which must have been wrung from him in bitterness of heart, when, alone, unloved, agitated by nervous terrors, the aged tyrant called to mind what he might have been and what he was—"Would you reign in safety?" he remorsefully asks: "surround not your person with armed satellites; have no other guard than the love of your subjects!" He lived eighty years, and died 585 years before the Christian era.

#### SAYINGS OF PERIANDER.

Pleasure endures but a moment: virtue is immortal.

Do not content yourself with checking those who have done ill; restrain those who are about to do it.

When you speak of your enemy, think that one day, perhaps, he may become your friend.

A dangerous promise has been drawn from you by force; go, you have promised nothing.

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From Howitt's Journal.

### ROBERT NICOLL.

BY DR. SMILES.

THE name of Robert Nicoll will always take high rank among the poets of Scotland. He was one of the many illustrious Scotchmen who have risen up to adorn the lot of toil, and reflect honor on the class from which they have sprung—the laborious and hardworking peasantry of their land. Nicoll, like Burns, was a man of whom those who live in poor men's huts may well be proud. They declare from day to day, that intellect is of no class, but that even in abodes of the deepest poverty, there are warm hearts and noble minds, wanting but the opportunity and the circumstances to enable them to take their place as honorable and zealous laborers in the great work of human improvement and Christian progress.

The life of Robert Nicoll was not one of much variety of incident. It was, alas! brought to an early close, for he died almost ere he had reached manhood. But in his short allotted span, it is not much to say, that he *lived more* than most men have done, who have reached their three score years and ten. He was born of hard-working, God-fearing parents, in the year 1814, at the little village of Tulliebelton, situated about the foot of the Grampian hills, near Auchtergaven, in Perthshire. At an early period of his life his father had rented the small farm of Ordie-braes, but having been unsuccessful in his farming, and falling behind with his rent, his home was broken up by the laird; the farm stocking was sold off by public roup; and the poor man was



reduced to the rank of a common day-laborer. The memory of Ordie-braes afterwards haunted the young poet, and formed the subject of one of his sweetest little pieces—

"Aince in a day there were happy hames  
By the bonny Ordé's side:  
Nane ken how meikle peace an love  
In a straw roof'd cot can bide.  
But these hames are gane, and the hand o' Time  
The roofless wa's doth raze:  
Laneness and sweetness hand in hand,  
Gang o'er the Ordé Braes."

Robert was the second of a family of seven children, six sons and one daughter; the "sister Margaret," of whom the poet afterwards spoke and wrote so affectionately. Out of the bare weekly income of a day-laborer, there was not, as might be inferred, much to spare for schooling. But the mother was an intelligent, active woman, and assiduously devoted herself to the culture of her children. She taught them to read, and gave them daily lessons in the Assembly's Catechism, so that, before being sent to school, which they were in course of time, this good and prudent mother had laid in them the foundations of a sound moral and religious education.

"My mother," says Nicoll in one of his letters, "in her early years, was an ardent book-woman. When she became poor, her time was too precious to admit of its being spent in reading, and I generally read to her while she was working; for she took care that the children should not want education."

Robert's subsequent instructions at school, included the common branches of reading, writing, and accounts; the remainder of his education was his own work. He became a voracious reader, laying half the parish under contribution for books. A circulating library was got up in the parish, which the lad managed to connect himself with, and his mind became stored apace.

Robert, like the rest of the children, when he became big enough and old enough, was sent out to field-work, to contribute by the aid of his slender gains, towards the common store. At seven years of age, he was sent to the herding of cattle, an occupation by the way, in which many of our most distinguished Scotchmen,—Burns, James Ferguson, Mungo Park, Dr. Murray (the Orientalist), and James Hogg—spent their early years. In winter, Nicoll attended the school with his "fee." When occupied in herding, the boy had always a book for his companion; and he read going to his work and returning from it. While engaged

in this humble vocation he read most of the Waverley novels. At a future period of his life, he says, "I can yet look back with no common feelings on the wood in which, while herding, I read Kenilworth." Probably the perusal of that beautiful fiction never gave a purer pleasure, even in the stately halls of rank and fashion, than it gave to the poor herd-boy in the wood at Tulliebelton.

In his "Youth's Dream," he looked back with delight to that glad period of his life,—

"O, weel I mind how I would muse,  
An' think, had I the power,  
How happy, happy I would make  
Ilk heart the world o'er!  
The gift, unending happiness—  
The joyful giver I!  
So pure and holy were my dreams  
When I was herdin kye!"

When twelve years old, Robert was taken from the herding, and went to work in the garden of a neighboring proprietor. Shortly after this, when about thirteen years of age, he began to scribble his thoughts, and to string rhymes together. About this time also, as one of his intimate friends has told us, he passed through a strange phasis of being. He was in the practice of relating to his companions the most wonderful and incredible stories as facts—stories that matched the wonders of the Arabian Tales,—and evidencing the inordinate ascendancy at that time of his imagination over the other faculties of his mind. The tales and novel literature, which, in common with all other kinds of books, he devoured with avidity, probably tended to the development of this disease (for such it really seemed to be), in his young and excitable nature. As for the verses which he then wrote, they were not at all such as satisfied himself; for, despairing of ever being able to write the English language correctly, he gathered all his papers together and made a bonfire of them, resolving to write no more "poetry" for the present. He became, however, the local correspondent of a provincial newspaper circulating in the district, furnishing it with weekly paragraphs and scraps of news, on the state of the weather and the crops, etc. His return for this service, was an occasional copy of the paper, and the consequence attendant on being the "correspondent" of the village. But another person was afterwards found more to the liking of the editor of the paper, and Robert to his chagrin, lost his profitless post.

Nicoll's next change was an important

one to him. He left his native hamlet and went into the world of active life. At the age of seventeen he bound himself apprentice to a grocer and wine merchant in Perth. There he came into contact with business, and activity, and opinion. The time was stirring with agitation. The Reform movement had passed over the face of the country like a tornado, raising millions of minds to action. The exciting effects of the agitation on the intellects and sympathies of the youth of that day, are still remembered; and few there were, who did not feel more or less influenced by them. The excitable mind of Nicoll was one of the first to be influenced; he burned to distinguish himself as a warrior on the people's side; he had longings infinite after popular enlargement, enfranchisement, and happiness. His thoughts shortly found vent in verse, and he became a poet. He joined a debating society, and made speeches. Every spare moment of his time was devoted to selfimprovement; to the study of grammar, to the reading of works on political economy and politics in all their forms. In the course of one summer, he several times read through with attention "Smith's Wealth of Nations," not improbably with an eye to some future employment on the newspaper press. He also read Milton, Locke, and Bentham—and devoured all other books that he could lay hands on, with avidity. The debating society with which he was connected, proposed to start a periodical; and Nicoll undertook to write a tale for the first number. The periodical did not appear, and the tale was sent to *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*, where it appeared under the title of "Jessie Ogilvy," to the no small joy of the writer. It decided Nicoll's vocation—it determined him to be an author. He proclaimed his Radicalism—his resolution to "stand by his order," that of "the many." His letters to his relatives, about this time, are full of political allusions. He was working very hard too,—attending in his mistress's shop, from seven in the morning, till nine at night, and afterwards sitting up to read and write; rising early in the morning, and going forth to the North Inch by five o'clock, to write or to read until the hour of shop-opening. At the same time he was living, on the poorest possible diet—literally on bread and cheese, and water—that he might devote every possible farthing of his small gains to the purposes of mental improvement.

Few constitutions can stand such intense

labor and privations with impunity; and there is little doubt but Nicoll was even then undermining his health, and sowing the seeds of the malady which in so short a time after, was to bring him to his grave. But he was eager to distinguish himself in the field of letters, though then but a poor shop-lad; and, more than all, he was ambitious to be independent, and have the means of aiding his mother in her humble exertions for a living; never losing sight of the comfort and welfare of that first and fastest of his friends. At length, however, his health became seriously impaired, so much so, that his Perth apprenticeship was abruptly brought to a close, and he was sent home by his mistress to be nursed by his mother at Ordie Braes,—not, however, before he had contributed another Radical story, entitled "The Zingaro," a poem on "Bessy Bell and Mary Gray," and an article on "The Life and Times of John Milton," to *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*. An old friend and schoolfellow, who saw him in the course of this visit to his mother's house, thus speaks of him,—

"Robert's city life had not spoiled him. His acquaintance with men and books had improved his mind without chilling his heart. At this time he was full of joy and hope. A bright literary life stretched before him. His conversation was gay and sparkling, and rushed forth like a stream that flows through flowery summer vales." His health soon became re-established, and he then paid a visit to Edinburgh, during the period of the Grey Festival,—and there met his kind friends Mrs. Johnstone, William Tait, Robert Chambers, Robert Gilfillan, and others known in the literary world, by all of whom he was treated with much kindness and hospitality. His search for literary employment, however, which was the main cause of his visit to Edinburgh, was in vain, and he returned home disappointed though not hopeless.

He was about twenty when he went to Dundee; there to start a small circulating library. The project was not very successful; but while he kept it going he worked harder than ever at literary improvement. He now wrote his Lyrics and Poems, which were soon afterwards published, and extremely well received by the press. He also wrote for the liberal newspapers of the town, delivered lectures, made speeches, and extended his knowledge of men and society. In a letter to a friend, written in February, 1836, he says, "No wonder I am busy. I



am at this moment writing poetry; I have almost half a volume of a novel written; I have to attend the meetings of the Kinlock Monument committee; attend my shop; and write some half dozen articles a week for the *Advertiser*; and to crown all, I have fallen in love." At last, however, finding the library to be a losing concern, he made it entirely over to the partner who had joined him, and quitted Dundee, with the intention of seeking out some literary employment by which he might live.

The Dundee speculation had involved Nicoll, and through him his mother, in debt, though to only a small amount. This debt weighed heavy on his mind, and he thus opened his heart in a highly characteristic letter to his parent about it:—"This money of R.'s (a friend who had lent him a few pounds to commence business with) hangs like a millstone about my neck. If I had it paid I would never borrow again from mortal man. But do not mistake me, mother; I am not one of those men who faint and falter in the great battle of life. God has given me too strong a heart for that. I look upon earth as a place where every man is set to struggle, and to work, that he may be made humble and pure hearted, and fit for that better land for which earth is a preparation—to which earth is the gate. Cowardly is that man who bows before the storm of life—who runs not the needful race manfully, and with a cheerful heart. If men would but consider how little of *real* evil there is in all the ills of which they are so much afraid—poverty included—there would be more virtue and happiness, and less world and mammon worship on earth than is. I think, mother, that to me has been given talent; and if so, that talent was given to make it useful to man. To man it cannot be made a source of happiness unless it be cultivated; and cultivated it cannot be unless, I think, little [here some words are obliterated]; and much and well of purifying and enlightening the soul. This is my philosophy; and its motto is—

Despair, thy name is written on  
The roll of common men.

Half the unhappiness of life springs from looking back to griefs which are past, and forward with fear to the future. That is not my way. I am determined never to bend to the storm that is coming, and never to look back on it after it has passed. Fear not for me, dear mother; for I feel myself daily growing firmer, and more hope-

ful in spirit. The more I think and reflect—and thinking instead of reading, is now my occupation, I feel that, whether I be growing richer or not, I am growing a wiser man, which is far better. Pain, poverty, and all other wild beasts of life which so afright others, I am so bold as to think I could look in the face without shrinking, without losing respect for myself, faith in man's high destinies, and trust in God. There is a point which it costs much mental toil and struggling to gain, but which, when once gained, a man can look down from, as a traveller from a lofty mountain, on storms raging below, while he is walking in sunshine. That I have yet gained this point in life I will not say, but I feel myself daily nearer it."

About the end of the year 1836, Nicoll succeeded through the kind assistance of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, in obtaining an appointment as editor of an English newspaper, the *Leeds Times*. This was the kind of occupation for which he had longed; and he entered upon the arduous labors of his office with great spirit. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, laboring with the energy and devotion of one who felt that there was social and political existence and freedom in the truths he gave utterance to. During the year and a half of his editorship, his mind seemed to be on fire; and, on the occasion of a parliamentary contest in the town in which the paper was published, he wrote in a style which to some seemed bordering on phrenzy. He neither gave nor took quarter. The man who went not so far as he did in political opinion, was regarded by him as an enemy, and denounced accordingly. He dealt about his blows with almost savage violence. This novel and daring style, however, attracted attention to the paper, and its circulation rapidly increased, sometimes at the rate of two hundred or three hundred a week. One can scarcely believe that the tender-hearted poet and the fierce political partizan were one and the same person, or that he who had so touchingly written

"I dare not scorn the meanest thing  
That on the earth doth crawl,"

should have held up his political opponents, in the words of some other poet,

"To grinning scorn a sacrifice  
And endless infamy."

But such inconsistencies are, we believe, reconcileable in the mental histories of ar-

dent and impetuous men. Doubtless had Nicoll lived, we should have found his sympathies becoming more enlarged, and embracing other classes besides those of only one form of political creed. One of his friends once asked him why, like Elliot, he did not write political poetry. His reply was, that "he could not: when writing politics he could be as *wild* as he chose: he felt a vehement desire, a feeling amounting almost to a wish, for vengeance upon the oppressor; but when he turned to poetry, a softening influence came over him, and he could be bitter no longer."

His literary labors, while in Leeds, were enormous. He was not satisfied with writing from four to five columns weekly for the paper; but he was engaged at the same time in writing a long poem, a novel, and in furnishing leading articles for a new Sheffield newspaper. In the midst of this tremendous labor, he found time to go down to Dundee to get married to a young woman, since dead, for whom he had for some time entertained an ardent affection. The comfort of his home was thus increased, though his labors continued as before. They soon told upon his health. The clear and ruddy complexion of the young man grew pallid; the erect and manly gate became stooping; the firm step faltered; the lustrous eye was dimmed; and the joyous health and spirits of youth were fast sinking into rest. The worm of disease was already at his heart and gnawing away his vitals. His cough, which had never entirely left him since his illness, brought on by self-imposed privation and study while at Perth, again appeared in an aggravated form; his breath grew short and thick: his cheeks became shrunken; and the hectic, which never deceives soon made its appearance. He appeared as if suddenly to grow old; his shoulders became contracted; he appeared to wither up, and the sap of life to shrink from his veins. Need we detail the melancholy progress of a disease which is, in this country, the annual fate of thousands.

It almost seemed as if, while the body of the poet decayed, the mind grew more active and excitable, and that as the physical powers became more weakened, his sense of sympathy became more keen. When he engaged in conversation upon a subject which he loved—upon human progress, the amelioration of the lot of the poor, the emancipation of mind, the growing strength of the party of the movement—he seemed as one inspired. Usually quiet and reserved,

he would on such occasions work himself into a state of the greatest excitement. His breast heaved, his whole frame was agitated, and while he spoke, his large lustrous eyes beamed with an unwonted fire. His wife feared such outbursts. They were followed by sleepless nights, and generally by an aggravation of his complaint.

Throughout the whole progress of his disease, up to the time when he left Leeds, did Nicoll produce his usual weekly quota of literary labor. They little know, who have not learnt from bitter experience, what pains and anxieties, what sorrows and cares, lie hid under the columns of a daily or weekly newspaper. No galley-slave at the oar, tugs harder for life than the man who writes in newspapers for the indispensable of daily bread. The press is ever at his heels, crying "give, give;" and well or ill, gay or sad, the Editor must supply the usual complement "of leading article." The last articles poor Nicoll wrote for the paper, were prepared whilst sitting up in bed, propped about by pillows. A friend entered just as he had finished them, and found him in a state of high excitement; the veins on his forehead were turgid, his eyes were bloodshot, his whole frame quivered, and the perspiration streamed from him. He had produced a pile of blotted and blurred manuscript, written in his usual energetic manner. It was immediately after sent to press. These were the last leaders he ever wrote. They were shortly after followed by a short address to the readers of the paper, in which he took a short but affectionate farewell of them; and stating that he went "to try the effect of his native air, as a last chance for life."

Almost at the moment of his departure from Leeds, an incident occurred which must have been exceedingly affecting to Nicoll, as it was to those who witnessed it. Ebenezer Elliot, the "Corn Law Rhymér," who entertained an enthusiastic admiration for the young poet, had gone over from Sheffield to deliver a short course of lectures to the Leeds Literary Institution, and promised himself the pleasure of a kindly interview with Robert Nicoll. On inquiring about him, after the delivery of his first lecture, he was distressed to learn the sad state to which he was reduced. "No words (says Elliot in a letter to the writer of this memoir), can express the pain I felt when informed on my return to my inn, that he was dying, and that if I would



see him I must reach his dwelling before eight o'clock next morning, at which hour he would depart by railway for Edinburgh, in the hope that his native air might restore him. I was five minutes too late to see him at his house, but I followed him to the station, where about a minute before the train started he was pointed out to me in one of the carriages, seated I believe, between his wife and his mother. I stood on the step of the carriage and told him my name. He gasped: they all three wept; but I heard not his voice."

The invalid reached Newhaven, near Leith, sick, exhausted, distressed, and dying. He was received under the hospitable roof of Mrs. Johnstone, his early friend, who tended him as if he had been her own child. Other friends gathered around him, and contributed to smooth his dying couch. It was not the least of Nicoll's distresses, that towards his latter end he was tortured by the horrors of destitution; not so much for himself as for those who were dependent on him for their daily bread. A generous gift of £50 was forwarded by Sir William Molesworth, through the kind instrumentality of Mr. Tait, of Edinburgh, but Nicoll did not live to enjoy the bounty; in a few days after he breathed his last in the arms of his wife.

The remains of Robert Nicoll rest in a narrow spot in Newhaven Churchyard. No stone marks his resting place: only a small green mound that has been watered by the tears of the loved he has left behind him. On that spot the eye of God dwells; and around the precincts of the poet's grave, the memories of friends still hover with a fond and melancholy regret.

Robert Nicoll was no ordinary man: Ebenezer Elliot has said of him, "Burns at his age had done nothing like him." His poetry is the very soul of pathos, tenderness, and sublimity. We might almost style him the Scottish Keats; though much more real and life-like, and more definite in his aims and purposes than Keats was. There is a truth and soul in the poetry of Nicoll, which come home to the universal heart. Especially does he give utterance to that deep poetry which lives in the heart, and murmurs in the lot of the poor man. He knew and felt it all, and found for it a voice in his exquisite lyrics. These have truth written on their very front—as Nicoll said truly to a friend, "I have written my heart in my poems; and rude, unfinished,

and hasty as they are, it can be read there."

Need we cite examples?—"We are lowly," "The Ha' Bible," "The Hero," "The bursting of the Chain," "I dare not scorn," and numerous other pieces which might be named, are, for strength, sublimity, and the noble poetic truths contained in them, equal to anything in the English language. "The Ha' Bible" is perhaps not unworthy to take equal rank with "The Cottar's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns.

To this interesting memoir by our friend Dr. Smiles, we will add a few sentences.

William Tait, in a note to us, observes, that "Robert Nicoll's manners were uncommonly gentle, yet he was spirited in conversation. I recollect when he and Mr. M'Laren, of the *Scotsman*, dined with me and a few friends more, Mr. M'Laren remarked the strange brilliancy of Nicoll's eyes, in which there appeared what might be supposed to be the true poetic fire, or—mayhap, one of the well known signs of consumption."

It was in Edinburgh that we ourselves saw Robert Nicoll, just before he went to Leeds to edit the *Times*; and we thought that we had never seen any one who so completely realized the idea of the young poet. Somewhat above the middle size, of a free and buoyant carriage, and with a countenance which was beautiful in the expression of intellect and noble sentiment. His eyes, struck us as most poetical,—large, blue, and full of enthusiasm. There was an ingenuousness about him that was peculiarly charming, and the spirit of freedom and of progress that animated him, seemed to point him out for a brilliant, ardent career in the cause of man.

He accompanied us to breakfast at the house of an old Friend, a leading member of the Society there, and the order, the quietness, and seriousness of the family, made a most lively impression upon him. After breakfast the old gentleman brought the Bible and read a chapter, after which we sate some time in silence, and when the conversation was renewed, it was not of the ordinary matters of the day, but of the progress of the Peace Society, the Anti-Slavery Society, and similar topics, all embracing human improvement and welfare. As we retired, Nicoll said it was a peep into an entirely new life to him, and brought strongly to his imagination the life of Covenanters and Patriarchs. We may well under-

stand his feelings when we read his "Ha' Bible," with which, as a fine specimen of his poetry, we will close this article.

#### THE HA' BIBLE.

Chief of the Household Gods  
Which hallow Scotland's lowly cottage homes!  
While looking on thy signs  
That speak, though dumb, deep thought upon  
me comes—

With glad yet solemn dreams my heart is stirr'd,  
Like Childhood's when it hears the carol of a bird!

The Mountains old and hoar—  
The chainless Winds—the Streams so pure and  
free—

The God-enamel'd Flowers—  
The waving Forest—the eternal Sea—  
The Eagle floating o'er the Mountain's brow—  
Are teachers all; but O! they are not such as thou!

O! I could worship thee!  
Thou art a gift a God of love might give;  
For Love and Hope and Joy  
In thy Almighty-written pages live!—  
The Slave who reads shall never crouch again!  
For, mind-inspired by thee, he bursts his feeble  
chain!

God! unto Thee I kneel,  
And thank Thee! Thou unto my native land—  
Yea to the outspread Earth—  
Hast stretched in love Thy Everlasting hand,

And Thou hast given Earth and Sea and Air—  
Yea all that heart can ask of Good and Pure and  
Fair!

And, Father, Thou hast spread  
Before Men's eyes this Charter of the Free,  
That all thy Book might read,  
And Justice, love, and Truth and Liberty.  
The Gift was unto Men—the Giver God!  
Thou Slave! it stamps thee Man—go spurn thy  
weary load!

Thou doubly-precious Book!  
Unto thy light what doth not Scotland owe?—  
Thou teachest Age to die,  
And Youth and Truth unsullied up to grow!  
In lowly homes a Comforter art thou—  
A sunbeam sent from God—an Everlasting bow!

O'er thy broad ample page  
How many dim and aged eyes have pored?  
How many hearts o'er thee  
In silence deep and holy have adored?  
How many Mothers, by their Infants' bed,  
Thy Holy, Blessed, Pure, Child-loving words have  
read?

And o'er thee soft young hands  
Have oft in truthful plighted Love been join'd,  
And thou to wedded hearts  
Hast been a bond—an altar of the mind!—  
Above all kingly power or kingly law  
May Scotland reverence aye—the Bible of the Ha'.

From Tait's Magazine.

#### POPULAR LECTURERS.—PROFESSOR NICHOL.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

THIS, indeed, is the age of public lecturing, and we might spend a long time in discussing its *pros* and *cons*, its advantages, and its evils. The open and legitimate objects which popular lecturing proposes to itself are chiefly the three following: Instruction, Excitement, and Communication between the higher minds of the age, and those of a lower grade. Now, in reference to its utility as an organ of instruction, much may be said on both sides. In public lecturing, truth is painted to the eye; it is enforced and illustrated by voice, gesture, and action; it stands in the person of the orator, as in an illuminated window. The information thus given, attended by a personal interest, and accompanied by a peculiar emphasis, is more profoundly impressed upon the memory; and many, by the fairy aspect of truth which is presented, are induced to love and learn, who otherwise would have remained indifferent and dis-

tant. On the other hand, the quantity of knowledge communicated by lecturing is seldom large; and, as to its quality, lecturers are under strong temptations to dilute it down to the capacities of their audience; and, instead of conducting them from first principles to details, they give them particular facts, and tell them to travel back themselves to leading principles, an advice which they seldom, if ever, follow. Too often the hearers, however strongly urged to the contrary by their instructors, forget to pursue profounder researches, to seek after higher sources; and the close of the six or seven lectures is the close of their studies, and furnishes the complement of their knowledge. Often, too, the class who have least access to books have also least access to lectures, or even when privileged to attend them, find their *special* wants but indifferently supplied.

In the excitement produced by good pub-



lie lecturing its advocates find a more plausible argument in its favor. It is an amusement so happy and so innocent; it withdraws so many from the theatre, the card-table, and the tavern; it gives such a stimulus to nascent intellects; it creates around the lecturer such circles and semi-circles of shining faces; it rouses in so many breasts the spark of literary and scientific genius; it commences the manufacture of so many incipient Miltons, no longer mute and inglorious; and of whole generations of young Arkwrights, worthy of their illustrious progenitor. Nay, we would go a little farther still, we would "better the instruction." Its excitement and pleasure do not stop here. The lecture-room promotes a great many matches; it brings young ladies and gentlemen into close and intimate propinquity; it excites active and animated flirtations; it forms, besides, a pleasant interchange to one class with the card table—to another, an agreeable lounge on the road to the afterpiece, and to a third, a safe and decent half-way house to a quiet social *crack* in a quiet ale-house. It is also a nursery for the numerous sprigs of criticism which abound—faithfully figured by the immortal *Punch*, in those specimens of the rising generation who deem that, as "for that ere Shakspeare, he has been vastly over-rated." And last, not least, it permits many a comfortable nap to the hard-wrought doctor or *dominie*, or artisan—to whom it matters not whether the lecturer be in the moon or in the clouds, as they are only, like their instructor, absent and lost.

Joking, however, apart, popular lecturing is undoubtedly a source both of much entertainment and excitement, though we are not sure but that that entertainment is more valued by the luxurious as a variety in their pleasures, than by the middle and lower classes as a necessity in their intellectual life; and although we are sure that an undue portion of that excitement springs from the glare of lights, the presence of ladies, the mere "heat and stare, and pressure," of which Chalmers complained; and that comparatively little of it can be traced to the art, less to the genius, and least of all to the subject, of the discourser.

As a means of communication between men of science and literature, and the age, it is we are afraid, what Mr. Horne would call a "False Medium." You have in it the Prophet, shorn, dressed, perhaps scented, perhaps playing miserable monkey-

tricks to divert the audience—and not the Moses coming down the Mount, with face shining, but with lips stammering, from that dread communion on the summit; or if the Prophet do preserve his integrity, and speak to the souls instead of the eyes and ears of his audience, it is at his proper peril; wild yawnings, slumbers both loud and deep, not to speak of the more polite hints conveyed in the music of slapping doors and rasping floors, are the reward of his fidelity. We are aware, indeed, that a few have been able to overcome such obstacles, and in spite of stern adherence to a high object, to gain general acceptance. But these are the exceptions. Their success, besides, has greatly resulted from other causes than the truth they uttered. Certain graces of manner—certain striking points in delivery—a certain melody, to which their thoughts were set—created at the first an interest which gradually, as the enthusiasm of the speaker increased, swelled into a brute wonder, which made you fancy the words "Orpheus no fable," written in a transparency over the speaker's head. But clear steady vision of truth, true and satisfying pleasure, and any permanent or transforming change, were not given. The audience were lifted up for a season, like an animal caught in a whirlwind, by the sheer power of eloquence; they were not really elevated one distinct step—they came down precisely the same creatures, and to the same point, as before, and the thing would be remembered by them afterwards as a dream.

Minds, again, somewhat inferior to the prophetic order, find a far freer and more useful passage to the public ear and intellect, and succeed in giving not only a vague emotion of delight, but some solid knowledge, and some lasting result. Such a mind is that of our admirable friend, Professor Nichol; and even at the apparent risk of indelicacy, we propose to analyze its constituent qualities, as well as the special causes of his great success as a lecturer. May this article greet his eyes, and cheer his heart somewhere in that great land of strangers, where he is at present sojourning, (would he could read it under the shadow of the Andes!) and convince him that his friends in Scotland have not forgotten him, and are, in the absence of himself, either drawing, or looking at his picture!

The first time we heard of Professor Nichol was on the publication of his "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens," and

the first thing that struck us about the production was the felicity and boldness of its title. The words "Architecture of the Heavens" suggested, first, the thought that the heavens were the building of a distinct divine architect; secondly, that the building was still in progress; and, thirdly, that from even this low and distant platform we are permitted glimpses of its gradual growth toward perfection. The essence, in fact, of the nebular hypothesis was contained in the title; and although that hypothesis is now commonly thought exploded, it is only so far as the visible evidence is concerned—as a probable and beautiful explanation of phenomena, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of immeasurable antiquity, it retains its value. But how suggestive to us at the time was the expression, "Architecture of the Heavens!" Formerly we deemed that when man awakened into existence, the building, indeed, was there in all its magnitude, but that the scaffolding was down—all trace and vestige of the operation elaborately removed—and that the Almighty architect had withdrawn and hid himself. But now we had come upon the warm footprints of omnipotence—the Power was only a few steps in advance; nay, thrilling thought! we had only to lift our telescopes to behold him actually at work up there, in the midnight sky. The telescope enabled us to stand behind the processes of the Eternal—it was a wing by which we overtook the great retreat of the Deity, if indeed a retreat it was, and not rather a perpetual progress—a triumphal march onwards into the Infinite Dark. It brought us ever new, electric, telegraphic tidings of Him whose goings forth were of *old*—from everlasting—and which were *new* to everlasting as well. Such were the dim, yet high suggestions, of the nebular hypothesis. If we relinquished them recently with a sigh, we now sigh no more; for now we have been taught, in a manner most impressive, the immense *age* of the universe, whose orbs seem hoary in their splendor, and have thus found a new measure for computing our knowledge, or rather for more accurately estimating our ignorance, of the days, of the years, of the right hand of Him that is the Most High. How long, we now exclaim, it must be since the Great Artist put his finishing touch to that serene gallery of paintings we call the stars, and yet how perfect and how godlike their execution; since their lustre, their beauty, and their holy calm are this night as fresh

and unfaded as at the beginning! And how solemn the thought, if these works, in the hiding of their Creator, be so magnificent, how great must himself be, and how great must he have been, especially as he travailed in birth with such an offspring, amid the jubilant shouts of all awakening intelligence!

It is very common to skip the preface in order to get at the book. In this case, we skipped the book to get at the pictures. We read, nay, devoured, the plates—the poems shall we call them—ere we read a word of the letterpress. And most marvellous to us was their revelation of those starry sprinklings, relieved against the dark background—those wild capricious shapes, which reminded you of rearing steeds under the control of perfect riders—seeming at once to spurn and to be subject to immutable laws—those unbanked rivers of glory flowing through the universe—why, we seemed standing on a Pisgah, commanding the prospect of immensity itself. But still more striking to overlook, as we then imagined, the laboratory of God, and to see his work in every stage of its progress—the six demiurgic days presented to us contemporaneously and at once. No wonder that such plates enchanted us, and that we seemed gazing on rough copies from the paintings of the Divine hand itself. What a triumph, too, to mind over matter, and to a poor sun-illuminated worm, over his haughty torch—to be able, *with a pin-point*, to indicate, and, if necessary, to hide his place in the firmament! It was, indeed, an hour much deserving of memory. The folding-doors of the universe seemed to open upon us in musical thunder; and if we could not, as yet, enter, yet we could wish, like Mirza, for the wings of a great eagle to fly away with them. It was one of those apocalyptic moments that occur, or that can occur so seldom in life, for it is not every day that we can see, for the first time, in the expanded page of immensity, the charter of our soul's freedom, and feel ourselves "enlarged" to the extent of the length and breadth, the depth and the height of the creation.

Returning from a reverie, in which we saw our sun and his thousand neighbor stars quenched like a taper, in the blaze of that higher noon, we found ourselves in earth again, and remembered that we had yet to read Dr. Nichol's book. And it is the highest compliment we can pay it, to say that it did not dissipate or detract



from the impressions which the eloquent pictures had produced, and that it gave them a yet clearer and more definite form. It bridged in the foaming torrent of our enthusiasm. It translated (as Virgil does Homer) the stern and literal grandeurs of night into a mild and less dazzling version. We liked, in the first place, its form. It consisted of letters, and of letters to a lady. This held out a prospect of ease, familiarity, clearness, and grace. Most expounders, hitherto, of astronomical truth, had been either too stilted in their style, or too scientific in their substance. But here was a graceful conversation, such as an accomplished philosopher might carry on with an intelligent female, under the twilight canopy, or in the window recess, as the moon was rising. It in no way transcended female comprehension, or if it did, it was only to slide into one of those beautiful, bewitching mists, which the imagination of women so much loves. There were, too, a warmth and a heartiness about the style and manner, which distinguished the book favorably from the majority of scientific treatises. These, generally, are cold and dry. Trusting, it would seem, to the intrinsic grandeur of the subject, they convey their impressions of it in a didactic and feeble style, and catalogue stars as indifferently as they would the withered leaves of the forest. Nichol, on the contrary, seems to point to them, not with a cold rod, but with a waving torch. He never "doubts that the stars are fire"—no immeasurable icebergs they, floating in frozen air, but glowing, burning, almost living orbs; and his words glow, burn, and nearly start from the page in unison. We will not deny that this heat and enthusiasm sometimes betray him into *splendida vitia*—into rhetorical exaggerations—into passages which sound hollow, whether they are so or not—and worse, into dim and vague obscurities, copied too closely from his own nebula, where you have misty glimmer, instead of clear, solid land; but his faults are of a kind which it is far more easy to avoid than to reach, which no sordid or commonplace mind, however accomplished, durst commit; and the spirit which animates his most tasteless combinations of sound, and peeps through his swelling intricacies of sentence, is always beautiful and sincere. Beyond most writers, too, on this theme, he has the power of giving, even to the uninitiated, a clear and memorable idea of his subject—the truths of Astronomy

he paints upon the eye and soul of the reader. And this he is enabled to do—first, because he has a clear vision himself, which his enthusiasm is seldom permitted to dull or to distort; and, secondly, because he seeks—labors—is not satisfied till he has transferred this entire to the minds of his readers, and of his auditors. Thus far of the mere manner of his writing. In considering its spirit, we shall find metal more attractive. That is distinguished by its sincere enthusiasm, its joyous hope, and by its religious reverence.

What field for enthusiasm can be named in comparison with the innumerable and ever-burning stars—the first objects which attract the eyes of children, who send up their sweetest smiles, and uplift their tiny hands to puck them down, as playthings—the beloved of solitary shepherds, who, lying on the hill-side, try to count them in their multitudes, call them by names of their own, love those "watchers and holy ones," as if they were companions and friends, and sometimes exclaim, with the great shepherd king of Israel, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained, what is man!"—the beloved of the mariner, who, pacing his midnight deck, turns often aloft his eye to those starry sparklers, shining on him through the shrouds, or,—

"Mirrored in the ocean vast—  
A thousand fathoms down"—

the loved of the wakeful, especially of those who are awake through sorrow, who, as they see them trembling through the lattice, feel, or fancy, that they are sympathizing with their agonies, and would, if they could, send down a message from their far thrones that might wipe away their tears—the loved of the astronomer, who, a friendly spy, watches their every motion, and through the tube of his telescope distills into himself the essence of their beauty, their meaning, and their story—the loved of the poet's soul, who snatches many a live coal of inspiration from their flaming altars—the loved of the Christian, who sees in them the reflection of his Father's glory, the milestones on the path of his Redeemer's departure, and of his return—the loved of all who have eyes to see, understandings to comprehend, and souls to feel their grandeur so unspeakable, their silence so profound, their separation from each other, and from us so entire, their

multitude so immense, their lustre so brilliant, their forms so singular, their order so regular, their motions so dignified, so rapid, and so calm. "If," says Emerson, "the stars were to appear one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had thus been shown. But night after night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

It is singular, that while the theory of the stars has been perpetually changing, the conception of their sublime character has, under every theory, remained nearly the same. While they were believed to be, as in the darker ages, absolutely divine, incorruptible, and perfect in their essence, they were not regarded with more enthusiasm, alluded to with more frequency, or lauded with more eloquence, than now, when we know that imperfection, and inequality, decay, and destruction, snow, and perhaps sin, have found their way thither, as well as here; and Dante, amid his innumerable descriptions of the heavenly bodies—and no poet has so many—has said nothing finer in their praise than we find in some of the bursts of Bayley. If science has, with rude hand, torn off from the stars that false lustre of supernaturalism which they bore so long, it has immeasurably multiplied their numbers, unlocked their secrets, at once brought them nearer and thrown them farther off, and supplied the glitter of superstition by the severe light of law. If they seem no longer the thrones of angels, they are at least porch-lamps in the temple of Almighty God. If no longer the regents of human destiny, they are the Urim and Thummim upon the breast of the Ancient of Days. If not now regarded as a part of the highest heaven, they at least light the way that leadeth to honor, glory, and immortality. From sparks they have broadened into suns; from thousands they have multiplied into millions. It is ever thus with the progress of genuine truth. Remorselessly, as it rushes on, it scatters a thousand beautiful dreams, slumbering like morning dew-drops among the branches of the wood, but from the path of its progress there rises, more slowly, a stern, but true and lasting glory, before which, in due time, the former "shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind."

A collection of all the descriptions of the

stars, in the poetry and prose of every age, would constitute itself a galaxy. It would include Homer's wondrous one-lined allusions to them—so rapid and so strong, as they shone over Ida, or kept still-watch above the solitary Ulysses in his sea-wanderings—the crown they wove over the bare head of the sleepless Prometheus—the glances of power and sympathy which they shed in, through rents in the night of the Grecian tragedies—the ornate and labored pictures of Virgil and Lucretius—the thick imagery they supply to the Scripture bards—their perpetual intermingling with the *Divina Comedia*, darting down through crevices in the descending circles of damnation, circling the mount of purgatory, and paving the way to the vision of essential Deity—Shakspeare's less frequent but equally beautiful touches—Milton's plaintive, yet serene references to their set glories—Young's bursts of wonder, almost of longing and desire, for those nearer neighbors to the eternal throne, which appeared to him to see so far and to know so much—Byron's wild and angry lashing at them, like a sea, seeking to rise, and reach and quench them, on a thousand shipwrecks—Wordsworth's love to them, for loving and resting on his favorite mountains—Bayley's hymnings of devotion—Chalmers' long-linked swells of pious enthusiasm—and last, not least, our author's raptures, more measured, more artistic, but equally sincere.

There occurs a passage in one of Byron's letters, written in Venice, where he describes himself, after a debauch, looking out at the night, when he exclaims, "What nothings we are before these stars!" and adds, that he *never sufficiently felt their greatness*, till he looked at them through Herschell's telescope, and *saw that they were worlds*. We rather wonder at this, for we have always thought, that, to a highly imaginative mind, it mattered little whether it looked to the stars through the eye or the telescope. Who does not see and feel that they are worlds, if he has a heart and an imagination, as well as an eye? Who cares for the size of algebraic symbols? A star, at largest, is but a symbol, and the smaller it seems, the more scope it leaves for imagination. The telescope tends rather to crush and overwhelm than to stimulate—to fill than to fire—some souls. It necessarily, too, deprives the seeing of the stars, so far as they are regarded individually, of many of its finest



accessories. The mountain which the star seems to touch—the tree through which it trembles—the soft evening air on which it seems silently to feed—the quick contrasts between it and its neighboring orbs—its part as one of a constellated family—such poetical aspects of it are all lost, and the glare of illumination falls upon one vast unit, insulated at once from earth, and from the other parts of Heaven. It is as though we should apply a magnifying glass to a single face in a group of painted figures, thereby enlarging one object at the expense of the others, which are not diminished, but blotted out. While, of course, acknowledging the mighty powers and uses of the telescope, and confessing, that from no *dream* did we ever more reluctantly awake, than from one which lately transported us to Parsonstown, and showed us the nebula in Orion just dropping to pieces, like a bright dissolving cloud, yet we venture to assert, that many derive as much pleasure and excitement from the crescent moon still as in Shakspeare's time, a silver bow new bent in Heaven—from round, shivering Venus in the green west—from the star of Jove suspended high over head, like the apparent king of the sky—and from those glorious jewels, hanging like two pendants of equal weight and brilliancy, from the ear of night, Orion and the Great Bear, as they could from any revelation of the telescope. This very night we saw what probably impressed our imagination as much as a glimpse of the Rossian glories would have done. The night has been dark and drifting till a few minutes ago. We went out to the door of our dwelling, looking for nothing but darkness, when suddenly, as if flashing out through and from the gloom, and meeting us like a gigantic ghost at our very threshold, we were aware of the presence of *Orion*, and involuntarily shuddered at the sight.

All astronomers of high name have been led at first to their science by the workings of an enthusiasm, as strong as passion and as high as poetry. We cannot doubt that Newton was from his boyhood fascinated by the beauty of the heavenly bodies, and that his wistful boyish glances at their serene splendor and mystic dance formed the germs of his future discoveries. To some, *Woolsthorpe* reverie of twilight, we may trace the fall of the keys of the universe at the feet of his matured manhood! Surely a loftier principle was stirring in him, than that which renders the juvenile

mechanician uneasy till he has analyzed the construction of a toy. It was not, in the first instance, the mathematical puzzles connected with them that attracted him to those remote regions, but it was their remoteness, magnitude, and mystery, which roused him to grapple with their secrets. Ordinary children love to see, and would like to join, the march of soldiers, as they step stately by. The boy Newton burned to accompany, as an intelligent witness and companion, the steps of planets and suns. This enthusiasm never altogether subsided, as many well-known anecdotes prove. But too soon it ceased to express itself otherwise than by silent study and wonder; it retired deep into the centre of his being, and men, astonished at the lack-lustre look with which the eye of the sage was contemplating the stars, knew not that his spirit was the while gazing at them as with the insatiate glance of an eagle. Thus frequently has it been with astronomers. Their ardor diving beyond human sight or sympathy has failed to attract the minds of others, and by coating itself in the ice of cold formulæ and petrified words, has repelled many a poetical enthusiast, whose imagination was not his only faculty. We look on Professor Nichol as an accomplished mediator between the two classes of mind, or, as we have formerly called him, an Aaron to many an ineloquent Moses of astronomy.

How he has preserved his child-like love for his subject-matter we do not know, but certainly we always feel, when reading him, that we are following the track of suns, burning and beneficent as footsteps of God, and not of "cinders of the element," whirled round in a mere mechanical motion, and chiefly valuable as lively and cheap illustrations of Euclid's elements! It is said that he has sacrificed powers of original discovery to popular effect; but what if this popular effect, in which so many are now participating, should be to rouse the slumbering energies of mightier geniuses, and give us a few Newtons, instead of one fully developed Nichol!

"Ha! I think there be siz Richmonds in the field."

We like next to, and akin to this, in Professor Nichol, his spirit of hope and joy. This, we think, ought to be, but is not always, the result of starry contemplations. Our readers all remember Carlyle's celebrated exclamation, "Ah, it's a sad sight," as he looked up to a sparkling Janu-

ary sky. Whether we join with him in this, or with Emerson in expressions of jubilant praise, may depend partly upon our state of feeling. In certain moods the stars will appear hearths, in others hells. The moon is bayed at, not by dogs alone. The evening star awakens the gloomy hour of the misanthrope, and shines the signal to the murderer, as well as lights the lover to his assignation with his mistress, and the poet to his meeting with the muse. It seems now, besides, evident to most, that the universe being made of one material, struggle, uncertainty, woe, and the other evils to which finitude is heir, are, in all probability, extended to its remotest limits, and that thus the stars are no islands of the blest, but, like our own world, stern arenas of contest, of defeat, or of victory. Still there are many reasons why the heavenly bodies should be a permanent spring of cheering if pensive thought. There is first their unfathomable beauty. Is it nothing to the happiness of man that God has suspended over his head this book of divine pictures, talking to him in their own low but mighty speech, spotting his nights with splendor, and filling his soul with an inspiring influence which no earthly object can communicate? Doubts and difficulties may occupy part of the intervening time, but the first and the last feeling of humanity is, "Thanks, endless and boundless, to Heaven for the stars." Secondly, They give us a sense of liberty which no other external cause can do, and which must enhance the happiness of man. This was one great good of the discovery of America. It did not, when found, fulfil the dreams of navigators; it was not a cluster of fortunate isles, filled with happy spirits—the worst passions of man were found among the most beautiful scenery in the world; but its discovery shivered the fetters of usage and prejudice, burst the old *maniamundi*; and man, the one-eyed giant, found himself groping and pawing, to say the least, in a wider dungeon, and breathing a freer air. But the modern astronomy has broken down stronger walls, and made man, in a sense, free of the universe. What though he has good reason to believe that these many mansions of his Father's house are not, as yet, peopled with the perfect and the happy, To him height and depth have unbarred many of their secret marvels, new provinces, pointing to innumerable others behind—have expanded in the kingdom of the Infinite—every limit and barrier have fled

away, and the surprised prisoner feels his spirit at large, unbounded in a boundless universe. Surely the telescope, in infusing into the mind such a sense of freedom, has been a benefactor to the heart of man, who may exclaim to it, in the language of the sword song, "Joy-giver, I kiss thee." But, thirdly, the stars diffuse happiness through the thoughtful mind, as revealing a whole, so vast, that all our partial and gloomy views of it are straightway stamped with imperfection and imbecility. How little and idle our most plausible theories look under the weight of that beaming canopy! Imagine the shell-fish, amidst its sludge, dreaming of the constitution of that world of waters which rolls above! So insignificant appears a Locke, a Kant, or a Spinoza, exalted each some five or six feet above his grave, and theorizing so dogmatically on the principles of the starry ocean. We seem to see the mighty mother bending down, listening to each tiny but pompous voice, smilingly measuring the size of the sage, and saying, in the irony of the gods, "And is this really thy opinion, my little hero, and hast thou, within that pretty new thimble of thine, actually condensed the sea of truth? *Perge Puer.*" Thus the midnight sky teaches us at once the greatness and the littleness of man—his greatness by comparison with his past self—his littleness by comparison with the expanse of the universe, and with his future being; and by both lessons it summons us to joy; because from the one we are obviously advancing upwards, and because from the other our doubts are seen to be as little as our resolution of them; our darkness yet pettier than our light. Why, to one, who could from a high point of view overlook the general scheme of things, the darkest and broadest shadow that ever crossed the mind of man—that ever made him dig for death, or leap howling into perdition—may appear no larger than one dim speck upon a mountain of diamond.

We stand up, therefore, with Leigh Hunt and Emerson *versus* Carlyle and Foster, for the old name—the happy stars; and Professor Nichol will come in and complete the majority. Without specially, or at large, arguing the question, he takes it for granted, and sees human immortality and infinite progress legibly inscribed on the sky. The words "onwards" and "to come" are to him the rung changes of the sphere-music, and fearlessly, and as in dance, he follows them into the hoary deep.



We admire, still more, Professor Nichol's spirit of reverence. Religion as a human feeling is so natural a deduction from the spectacles of Night, that we sometimes fancy, that did man live *constantly* in a sunless world, and under a starry canopy, he would be a wiser and holier, if a sadder being. One cause, we imagine, why people in the country are more *serious* than the same class in towns, is, that they are brought more frequently, with less interruption, and often alone, into contact with the night sky, which falls sometimes on the solitary head heavy as a mantle with studs of gold. "An undevout astronomer," says Young, "is mad." Nor will the case of La Place disprove this poetic adage—if we understand him to mean, by devotion, that general sense of the Infinite in the imagination which passes as worship into the heart, and comes out as praise upon the lips. La Place was a worshipper—and that not merely, as Isaac Taylor intimates, of a law which had frozen into a vast icy idol, but of the warm creation as it shone around him. Still, his worship did not reach the measure, or deserve the name of piety; it was the worship of an effect, not of its living, personal, and father-like cause. Nichol, on the other hand, never loses sight of the universe as an instant, ever-rushing emanation of the Deity. "God," he says, quoting a friend of kindred spirit, "literally creates the universe every moment." He is led by Bosovich's theory of atoms to suppose an infinite Will, producing incessantly all force and motion. And thus the beauty of things seems to him, as it were, an immediate flush upon the cheek of the Maker, and their light a lustre in his eye, and their motion the circulation of his untiring energies; and yet, withal, the works are never lost in the conception of their Creator, nor the Creator pantheistically identified with the works. The mighty picture, and its mightier back-ground and source, are inseparably connected, but are never confused.

He takes up, in short, precisely the view and the attitude of the ancient Hebrew prophets, in regard to the external universe. To them, that is just a bright or black screen concealing God. All things are full of, yet all distinct from, Him. That cloud on the mountain is his covering; that muttering from the chambers of the thunder is his voice; that sound on the top of the mulberry-trees is his "going;" that wind bending the forest or curling the clouds is Himself

in his morning or his evening walk; that sun is his still commanding eye; that fire is the breath of his inflamed nostrils. In all the sounds of nature he is speaking—in all its silence he is listening. "Whither can they go from his Spirit? whither can they flee from his presence?" At every step, and in every circumstance, they feel themselves God-inclosed, God-filled, God-breathing men, with a spiritual Presence lowering or smiling on them from the sky, sounding in wild tempest, or creeping in panic stillness across the surface of the earth; and if they turn within, lo! it is there also—an Eye hung in the central darkness of their own heart. This sublime consciousness a cold science had in a great measure extinguished. Deity, for a season, was banished from the feeling of men; but we are mistaken if a higher and better philosophy have not brought *him* back!—brought back the sun to the earth, in bringing back sight to the blind! Say, rather, a better philosophy, of which our author is not the least eloquent expounder, is bringing back *man* to a perception of the overhanging Deity.

On the relations which connect astronomy with revealed religion, Professor Nichol, though not silent, is somewhat less explicit than we could have wished. In the absence of the powerful light which he could have cast upon this topic, we must permit ourselves a few cursory remarks, constituting an outline, which may or may not afterwards be filled up. The Christian Scriptures were, of course, never intended to teach astronomy, any more than to teach botany, or zoology, or conchology, or any other ology, but theology; their main object is to bear a message of mercy to a fallen race, and their allusions to other subjects are necessarily incidental, brief, glancing for a moment to a passing topic, and then rapidly returning to the main and master theme. It follows, therefore, that if we look in them for a systematic statement of truth on any secular subject, we may look long, and look in vain. Nay, we need not have been surprised, although they had in every point coincided with floating popular notions of physical subjects, provided they did not fail, by their wonted divine alchemy, to deduce from them eternal lessons of moral truth and wisdom. But as "all things are known to the soul"—as even the mind of genius, in its higher hour, has rare glimpses of subjects lying round about, as well as within, the sphere of its thought—so, much

more we might have expected that the divinely inspired soul should have hints and intimations, occasional and imperfect, of other fields besides its own. Working in ecstasy, was the prophetic mind never to overleap its barriers? We affirm, and, did space and time permit, could, we think, prove the following propositions:—1st, We find in the Scripture writers not only a feeling of the grandeur of the heavenly bodies, but a sense, obscure indeed, but distinct, of their vast magnitude; 2dly, No real contradiction to the leading principles of the modern astronomy; 3dly, One or two hints, that, whether by revelation or otherwise, the true scheme of the universe was understood by more than one of their number; 4thly, The recognition, especially, of the principle of a plurality of worlds; and, 5thly, The recognition of the operation of decay, change, convulsion, and conflagration, among the stars. "He hangeth," says Job, "the earth upon nothing." What a clear and noble gleam of astronomical insight was this in that dark age! In the deep wilderness of Edom did this truth, the germ of the Copernican hypothesis, flash upon the soul of the lonely herdsman, as he turned up his eye to a heaven of far more brilliancy than ours, through whose serene and transparent air Night looked down in all her queen-like majesty—all her great orbs unveiled—here the Pleiades, and there the bands of Orion—here Arcturus and his sons, and there "Canopus shining down with his wild, blue, spiritual brightness"—the South blazing through all her chambers as with solid gold—the zenith crowning the heavens with a diadem of white and red and purple stars! There wandering the inspired herdsman, and seeing that those orbs which his heart told him were worlds, were suspended and balanced in the mere void, his mind leaped to the daring conclusion, that so, too, was the firm earth beneath his feet; and with like enthusiasm to that of Archimedes, when he cried "*Eureka! Eureka!*" did he exclaim, "He hangeth the earth upon nothing, and stretcheth out the north over the *empty* place."

In like manner, striking is the relation between some admitted facts of astronomy, and some recent speculations in metaphysics, and those remarkable declarations of Scripture concerning the non-permanence of this material framework. We will not soon forget a little circumstance of curious coincidence which occurred in our own experience, in reference to this subject. We

had returned from hearing, in Dundee, a lecture by a brilliant friend, in which, in his own inimitable way, and as a deduction from his own daring theory, he had described the dissolution of the universe. At family prayers that very evening, in the course of our ordinary reading, occurred the third chapter of Peter, prophesying the same event. We were all, particularly the lecturer himself, struck with it. It seemed a sublime commentary from the written word upon the lesson we had heard read us from the stars. So far from looking on it as a mere chance coincidence, we all appeared to hear in it God's own whisper—that we had not been hearing or believing a lie.

We are aware that the magnitude and multitude of the stars have furnished a theme of objection to the sceptic, and have elsewhere attempted to show, that Dr. Chalmers has not fully or satisfactorily answered that objection. His "*Sermons on the Modern Astronomy*"—certainly of this century the most brilliant contribution to the *oratory* of religion—are not distinguished by his usual originality and force of argument. They repel assumptions by assumptions; and, in the exuberant tide of eloquence, the sophism in question is lost sight of, but not drowned. The objection of the sceptic was—Would the Proprietor of a universe so vast have given his Son to die for a world so small? and, perhaps, the best reply might be condensed in three questions asked in return to the infidel's one. 1st, What is material magnitude compared to mind? 2dly, Can you *prove* that the vast magnitude on which you found your objection is peopled by moral beings? and, 3dly, What has magnitude to do with a moral question? What for instance, has the size of a city to do with the moral character of its inhabitants? What has the extent of a country to do with the intellectual or moral interest which may or may not be connected with its plains? Whether is Ben Mac Dhui or Bannockburn the dearer to the Scottish heart? though the one be the prince of Scottish hills, and the other only a poor plain, undistinguished, save by a humble stone, and by the immortal memories of patriotism and courage which gather around that field, where "those who had wi' Wallace bled" bade "welcome to their gory bed, or to victory?" Whether is more glorious the gay city of Madrid, or the lonely cape of Trafalgar, where the guns of Nelson, from their iron lips, spake destruction to the united fleets of France



and Spain, and where, in the embrace of victory, expired the hero whose premature grave was covered with laurels, and watered by his country's tears? Whether is Mont Blanc or Morgarten the nobler object? though the one be the

"Monarch of mountains—  
They crowned him long ago,  
On a throne of rocks in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow."

and the other only a humble field where the Swiss baffled their Austrian oppressors, and where "first in the shock with Xuri's spear was the arm of William Tell?" Whether is more beloved by the Christian's heart Caucasus or Calvary? and yet the one is the loftiest of Asia's mountains, and the other a little hill—a mere dot upon the surface of the globe. So, may there not issue from this remote earth of ours—from the noble deeds it has witnessed—from the nobler aspirations which have been breathed up upon it—from the high thoughts which have been thought upon its surface—from the eloquent words which have stirred its air into music—from the poets who have wrought its language into undying song—from the philosophers who have explored the secrets of its laws—from the men of God who have knelt in its temples—from the angels who have touched its mountains—from the footsteps of Incarnate Deity, which have imprinted its plains—a flood of glory, before which the lustre of suns, constellations, and firmaments, must pale, tremble, and melt away.

Another consideration is important and obvious. If the greatness of the creation, and of its God, dwindles, earth and man must dwindle also—every separate section of the universe, and each separate family—for all sections and families, compared to infinity, are less than nothing—and if special circumstances in man's history called for a special interposition in his behalf, surely the urgency of the demand justifies the interference. And as to the question of condescension, the very term involves a false and human conception of God; or if God did condescend to come down to man's condition, it was, in fact, little more than had he condescended to care for, and die for angels—the gulf between both ranks and himself being boundless. Besides, if, as many suppose, misery and sin extend throughout the universe, may not the scheme of human redemption be only a part of a general process—as Chalmers says,

"may not the redemption of many guilty worlds have been laid on the Redeemer's shoulders;" or, if, on the other hand, ours be the sole world that has fallen, would not this alone account for the importance attached to, and the sacrifices made for it? Just as, let the meanest man in a kingdom commit a high crime, his insignificance is forgotten—he rises instantly into importance—he is summoned to solemn trial, and on his trial the interest and eyes of an entire nation are suspended; or let the tiniest hill in a country, so tiny that it was not thought worth while to give it a name, but break out into a volcano, and that fire will become to it as a crown—men will flock from every quarter to see it—it will become the principal feature—the terrible tongue of the region—and the old snow-clad mountains will appear diminished in its presence. So (*this* view Dr. Chalmers has admirably amplified, but has not sought to prove the *premise* on which it would require to be founded), if we should call earth the only blot on the fair page of God's universe, we can thus account why angels have rested on its summits—the voice of God been heard in its groves—and the son of God, for thirty-three years, ate its bread, walked on its surface, and at last died for its sins.

But, in seeking partially to fill up Dr. Nichol's blanks, let us not forget his redundant merits—the genial glow of his spirit—the rich, yet nice exuberance of his language—his tremulous and prolonged sympathy with every note of his theme—the clear telescopic light he casts on what is dark—the fine chiaroscuro in which he often bathes what is clear—the choice flowers of poesy, which he culls and wreathes around the drier and barer corners of his discourse—and the rich stream of pious feeling which rises irresistibly from each of his closes, as from a censer of incense. Such qualities we find not only in his first work, but even more finely displayed, we think, in his book on the "Solar System." "We would indite," says Charles Lamb, "something on the solar system. Betty, bring the candles." How the gentle Elia fared in this candle-light excursion he does not inform us. But we believe that his grave intentions, as he soared aloft, were speedily disturbed: the only question he asked at the Moon was if it *were* made of green cheese; to the "red haired race of Mars" he recommended the use of wigs; the wet sheet under which he found Jupiter lying, suggested pensive, yet pleas-

ing recollections of Coleridge, and the "Cat and Bagpipes;" Saturn he seized by the hoary beard, threw at him a copy of Keats' "Hyperion," and advised him to pawn his ring for a little firewood; Astrea reminded him of an asterisk on the last page of a bad novel; Uranus he voted a rogue, on account of his many aliases; Neptune he reviled as an absentee from the Irish and other Channels; and when he neared the *fixed stars*, the thought of their being in *motion* threw him into a fit of laughter, which precipitated him back to Fleet Street! In the absence of authentic details concerning this expedition, we have willingly accepted Dr. Nichol's more scientific guidance. We have stood with him on the shining summits of the Moon, looked around on the glazed desolation—gone down into the dreader than Domdaniel caverns, and coming up, asked at the huge overhanging Earth, and the stripped stony Sun, the unanswered question—Is this a chaos or a ruin? We have climbed the tall cliffs of Venus—been motes in Mercury, itself a mote in the near blaze of the Sun—pressed our foot-prints on the snows of Mars—swam across the star of Jove, so beautiful and large—paused, and wished to pause for ever, under the divine evenings of Saturn, wishing his ring that of eternity; saluted, from Herschell, the Sun, as the "*Star of Day*," far, faint, diminished, discrowned—and from Neptune, as from a promontory, have looked out into the empire of a night like day, while behind us lay a day like night. A winged painter, with bold pinion, and bolder pencil, did he lead us from world to world, and his wing seemed to get stronger, and his vision clearer, and his colors more vivid, the dimmer the region, and the farther the flight.

If we have, in speaking at such length of Dr. Nichol, as a writer, left ourselves less room to descant on his merits as a lecturer, our reason is, in both characters he is substantially the same. His writings are just undelivered lectures—his lectures are just spoken books. There are some in whom speaking develops new powers, and who are more at home behind the desk of the lecture-room, than behind that of the study. There are others in whom speaking discovers new deficiencies, and who, for want of practice, or diffidence, or contempt for their audience, lecture below their general powers. Professor Nichol belongs to neither of those classes. Both in the study and the lecture-room, he is the same clear expound-

er, vivid describer, and tempered enthusiast. His manner, without detracting aught from, adds little or nothing to, the impression of his thought or style, of which it is simply the medium. Its principal quality is ease—an ease not materially impaired by a certain hesitation. Hesitation we need scarcely say, has often a great charm. How fine sometimes it is accompanying the prattle of a beautiful child! And we know some popular divines who have stammered themselves into pulpit celebrity, proving that a fault dextrously managed is worth *two* merits left in a state of nature. Dr. Nichol's hesitation is not great, is confined to his extempore speech, and seems rather to spring from an excess than a deficiency of matter or words. Every little while, too, he resorts to his notes, and reads his pet passages with much gusto and effect. We must say, however, that we prefer him when carrying on his conversations—so lively, explicit, and entertaining—with his hearers.

In this combined character of lecturer and popular writer, Dr. Nichol has done more than any man living to uncase science from its mummy confinements, and to make it walk abroad as a free and living thing. And though he should never accomplish much in the walks of positive discovery, nor even build up any solid systematic treatise of scientific exposition, he shall not have labored in vain, nor spent his strength for naught. He has in his various works and progresses through the country, scattered the profuse seeds of what shall yet be an abundant harvest of astronomical enlightenment and enthusiasm. We have been amazed and delighted to witness the impression he contrives to make upon the humblest minds, by the joint effect of his subject—his gorgeous style—his gigantic diagrams, and the enthusiasm which speaks through his pallid visage and large grey eyes; and how many "ready made astronomers" he leaves behind him wherever he goes.

At the commencement of this century, the popular literature of astronomy was in no very palmy condition. Fontenelle, indeed, had defended, with much acuteness and elegance, the doctrine of a "plurality of worlds." Addison, like a "child-angel," had prattled a wondrous prattle about the stars, in some of his Saturday Spectators. But the real text-book of popular prose instruction on this subject was "Hervey's Meditations"—a book written by a good



man, but feeble writer, and chiefly distinguished by its inane glitter. But now, not to speak of Dr. Dick, whose lucid and widely-read books have done so much to popularize the theme, the genius of Chalmers, Isaac Taylor, and others, has made up for the indifference of ages. Still, Nichol is the *prose* laureate of the stars. From his writings ascends hitherto the richest tribute of mingled intelligence of their laws—love for their beauty—admiration of their still strong order—hope in the prospects of mankind, as reflected in their mirror—and sense, ever profound and near, of that unseen Power who counts their numbers, sustains their motions, and makes their thousand eyes the organs and the symbols of his omniscience.

In some of the Professor's recent works, such as his "Observations on the System of the World," and his Preface to Willm's Education, we have been a little annoyed at the quantity of careless writing they contain—at once loose, obscure, and incorrect—and have been tempted to lay the blame now upon his printers, and now upon his own most incomprehensible and nebulous *handwriting*. We were amused the other day to meet with a sapient critic in the *Scottish Press*, who, as specimens of the

fault of his style, clashes, along with a paragraph of his, some sentences written by one of his friends, whose writing is totally distinct, both in essence and in form.

We take our leave of this subject with considerable regret, both because we are always sorry to part from a frank, friendly, and intelligent companion like Dr. Nichol, and because we are even yet sorrier to leave a theme so fascinating, even to an unscientific writer, as the "star-eyed science." We cannot close without alluding to the recent death of Miss Herschell, long the associate of Sir William, in his midnight observations, and to whom our author pays an eloquent compliment, in his "Architecture of the Heavens." After long enjoying the brilliant reputation of her brother, and the equally wide and true, if not so brilliant, reputation of her nephew—retaining amid the chills of extreme age, all the ardor of her enthusiasm, and engaged, it is said, to the last in her favorite pursuit—she has fallen asleep. Every astronomer, surely, is ready to envy her fate, so far as her retaining to the end her post is concerned. To die at the telescope is surely a nobler destiny than to die at the cannon, or on the throne.

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From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

### THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF FEBRUARY, 1848.

1. *History of the Girondists*. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE. In three Vols. H. G. Bohn.
2. *Le National, for February and March, 1848*.
3. *Tables exhibiting the various fluctuations in the Three per Cent. Consols, from 1789 to 1847*. By J. VAN SOMMER. Smith, Elder & Co.

[Of the various articles on this great event, with which the English journals abound, we have selected that of the Westminster, because it is more complete in its details of circumstances, and more thorough in its analysis of the causes which led to the revolution—especially of those of a social, commercial, and financial character, than any other we have seen. Its genial sympathy with the aspirations for liberty, and its hopeful view of things, better accord also, with the sentiments likely to prevail among us, respecting the event. The views of the Edinburgh Review we should have preferred to see, but the April number was not issued at the sailing of the Steamer.—ED.]

TIME has placed upon its records another of those tales of romance in which truth is stranger than fiction. A crowd of events,

bewildering the public mind from their previous incredibility, have passed like a dream; but, not like a dream, to be forgotten. The story of February, 1848, will not fade from human memory as a nine days' wonder. The term "revolution" is too feeble to express the magnitude of the change that has taken place;—a change which the sublime imagery of Scripture can alone adequately depict. We seem to have stood as witnesses to the opening of the seventh seal; as listeners to the sounding of the seventh trumpet; and the words that rise to our lips are those of the Apocalypse—"I saw a mighty angel take a stone, like a great millstone, and cast it

into the sea, saying 'thus with violence shall Babylon be cast down, and shall be found no more at all.'"

"The voice of the people," it was long since said, "is the voice of God;" and if it be ever true that Heaven sometimes appears visibly to man in the judgment of retribution and condemnation, it has been now. And what is the proclamation?—"Old things are passing away and behold I make all things new!" Old systems of civil polity; the old state craft of cabinets and diplomatists; the old trust of a people in princes, and of princes in standing armies; the old intolerance of political and religious opinion; the old oppressions of privilege and corruption;—these are passing away, and a new era is commencing with the inspiration of new hopes, founded upon the acquisition of new rights, at last beginning to be cherished, although as yet perhaps imperfectly understood.

We are not assuming the advent of a millennium. We know, on the contrary, that the immediate result of every great political convulsion, like that which has just occurred, is calamitous; involving a suspension of industry, and ruin to multitudes. Nor are we believers in the sufficiency of republican forms of government to exempt mankind from the consequences of human errors and passions. In the question of whether the late cabinet of the Tuilleries, or that which has been suddenly formed at the Hôtel de Ville, be the better qualified, royalty apart, to direct the affairs of a nation, we take but little interest. All men have their weaknesses, and the judgment of none is infallible; but it is not *men* that will now govern; it is *principles*. The actors that henceforth will appear upon the stage will be but the springs of a mightier movement; and that movement will be an onward one; misdirected sometimes, and erratic in its course, but still an onward movement, one which nothing can stay or resist; for in the earthquake which has swept away a dynasty, have disappeared some of the mightiest but last remaining barriers to human progress.

We shall endeavor to state the grounds of our opinion; and this will be best done in the course of the observations that will naturally arise out of a connected narrative of the facts. These we will note down in the order in which they have transpired, both with a view to present explanation, and the convenience of future reference, in a form, which, a few years hence, may be

somewhat more available (to our readers at least) than existing fugitive newspaper documents, or the elaborate histories of the time, in ten or twenty volumes, that will one day issue from the press.

The character of the ex-king of the French may be described almost in a word; it has not been that of a man with either a bad heart or a weak head. It has been that common-place character, which applies to a multitude of mortals in private life, with whom self, family, friends, and connexions, are the great centre upon which the world turns. It is a misfortune for mankind, when one of this class fills a throne; a still greater misfortune when he who fills it possesses great talents, perverted by the same bias; and of the real, natural, and acquired abilities of Louis Philippe, no one has entertained a doubt.

The accident of a moment, in the revolution of 1830, made him a monarch; but he was to be a citizen-king, surrounded with republican institutions!—an anomalous position which there was no time to consider. The republicans were weak, and some rallying point was necessary to prevent anarchy. He presented himself, and was accepted.

The policy that it was likely he would pursue soon became apparent. It was to turn back the tide of democracy, and prevent any further encroachments upon the traditionary prerogatives of the crown. If he thought at all of the welfare of France, it was but the old story, "everything *for* the people, but nothing *by* the people;" "I and my family" were the theme of every royal speech—"L'état c'est moi."

His first step was to disembarass himself of the instruments of his elevation. He behaved with coldness to Benjamin Constant, quarreled with Lafayette, and dismissed from office Lafitte and Dupont de l'Eure. The liberal party became indignant; Casimir Périer was called to office to put them down; Armand Carrel attacked the measures of the court in the "National," and commenced in the same journal a discussion on the comparative merits of a monarchical and a republican form of government. The press was attacked; insurrectionary movements followed; and violence, on the one hand, in the suppression of *émeutes*, and corruption on the other, as a means of support, became the order of the day. Turning to one of the back numbers of this Review, published in October 1837,



we find the following description of the steps taken by Louis-Philippe to seduce and corrupt the popular leaders opposed to him. It reads with new interest now that the play has been played out, and that we know the catastrophe of the plot, in the case of all the parties concerned.

"One of the most deplorable effects of the new government of France is the profligate immorality which it is industriously spreading among the ablest and most accomplished of the youth. All the arts of corruption which Napoleon exercised towards the dregs of the revolution, are put in practice by the present ruler upon the *élite* of France: and few are they that resist. Some rushed headlong from the first, and met the briber half way; others held out for a time, but their virtue failed them as things grew more desperate, and as they grew more hungry. Every man of literary reputation who will sell himself to the government is gorged with places and loaded with decorations. Every rising young man of the least promise is lured and courted to the same dishonorable distinction. Those who resist the seduction must be proof against every temptation which is strongest on a French mind: for the vanity, which is the bad side of the national sociability and love of sympathy, makes the French, of all others, the people who are the most eager for distinction; and as there is no national respect for birth, and but little for wealth, almost the only adventitious distinctions are those which government can confer. Accordingly, the pursuits of intellect, but lately so ardently engaged in, are almost abandoned; no enthusiastic crowds now throng the lecture-room; M. Guizot has left his professor's chair and his historical speculations, and would fain be the Sir Robert Peel of France; M. Thiers is trying to be the Canning; M. Cousin and M. Villemain have ceased to lecture, have ceased even to publish; M. de Barante is an ambassador; Tanneguy Duchâtel, instead of expounding Ricardo, and making his profound speculations known where they are more needed than in any other country in Europe, was a Minister of Commerce, who dared not act upon his own principles, and is waiting to be so again; the press which so lately teemed with books of history and philosophy, now scarcely produces one, and the young men who could have written them are either placemen or gaping place-hunters, disgusting the well-disposed of all parties by their avidity, and their open defiance of even the pretence of principle."

It was this cancer, which had eaten into the system of Louis-Philippe's administration till it had left nothing vital, that destroyed it. When it had proceeded to such an extent that a minister (M. Teste) was formally accused before a criminal court, and ultimately found guilty of receiving

\* From the review of the "Life of Armand Carrel," by (A).—London and Westminster Review for October, 1837.

direct bribes, the government lost its last hold upon public opinion. It remained only to be proved what strength could be derived from bought majorities in the Chambers, fortifications, and an immense standing army. These were soon to be put to the test; but at the moment when the trial was about to be made, no one predicted or could have foreseen that the end was nigh.

We were in Paris in January, soon after the opening of the Chambers, when it was known that M. Guizot could command a clear majority of 100 votes; and when his position, however it might be assailed, was, as we were assured by some of the chiefs of the liberal party, quite impregnable. So it appeared to M. Guizot himself, to the King, and all the private friends of the minister; and that confidence was their ruin.

The session began stormily, and with ominous presages of a losing cause. The first question that gave rise to a serious discussion, was another public scandal. It had been long known that appointments under the government were often to be procured by money as well as patronage; and, in the affair of M. Petit, clear evidence of a negotiation of the pecuniary terms upon which one place was to be surrendered and another obtained, was brought home to the private secretary of M. Guizot. The case was not perhaps materially worse than our own almost equally indefensible custom of selling and exchanging commissions in the army; and the defence of M. Guizot was that the practice had been tolerated by his predecessors, although not countenanced by law. He thought it sufficient to give notice of an act to prohibit such transactions for the future, and render them penal. This was admitting judgment against himself for sanctioning an act which he knew to be in itself wrong; and was descending from the advantage ground which he had hitherto maintained, of a moral reputation, personally irreproachable.

The second marked incident of the session was a speech (Jan. 14th) of M. le Comte de Montalembert upon the Swiss question, in which the most violent denunciations were thundered against radicals, reformers, and republicans, whether of Switzerland or France. The speech was warmly applauded by the Conservative party; and the Duke de Nemours and M. Guizot personally tendered their congratulations to the orator upon his success. In the midst of

them, but as a warning thrown away, came the news of a revolution in Sicily, commencing, Jan. 12th, with an insurrectionary movement at Palermo. The discussion upon the paragraph of the address upon the Swiss policy of government, was closed by a division, Feb. 3d, when the numbers were,—

For the paragraph	-	-	-	260
Against it	-	-	-	126
				—
Majority for Ministers	-	-	-	80

The third important discussion, and in fact the final one, for with it the Chamber of Deputies ended its existence, arose out of a paragraph of the address in which the promoters of the numerous reform banquets that had been held during the preceding year were stigmatized as mischievous agitators, blind to the true interests of their country, and influenced by hostile passions. This was a gross insult to the members of the opposition, nearly the whole of whom had been present at some one or more of these banquets, and, followed up as it was by the declaration of the Minister of the Interior (M. Duchâtel), and the Minister of Justice (M. Hébert), that there should be no reform, was a wanton defiance of the entire nation. It now seems inconceivable that men in the responsible position of ministers could have become headstrong and reckless enough to have thrown down such a challenge. The explanation is only to be found in the obstinacy of wounded pride, arising out of the personal offence which these banquets had given to Louis-Philippe; for at most of them, and even where the language of the speakers in condemnation of the government measures was the most moderate, the King's health had been designedly omitted. The tone of the debate under these circumstances of irritation necessarily became that of mutual exasperation; and the strong language employed by M. Duchâtel and M. Hébert, instead of serving the cabinet, only weakened it, by drawing forth the angry exclamations of "this is worse than Polignac,"—"blood will follow these threats."

The more moderate and independent portion of the Conservative party at last becoming alarmed at the probable effect of this violence upon the country, proposed, as a compromise, an amendment, meaning very much the same thing as the original paragraph, but suppressing the offensive terms "*ennemis et aveugles*." If this com-

promise had been accepted, the storm would at once have subsided. It would of course have led, though tardily, to the concession of reform; but the certainty of reform being won at last would have prevented revolution. Nothing, however, could shake the pertinacity of the court party. The terms "*ennemis et aveugles*" were to be retained at all risks. Significant and memorable words. To whom were they really applicable? To Louis-Philippe, his own enemy, and blind to his own destiny. The following was the division of Friday, February 11—

For the original paragraph	-	-	-	228
Against it	-	-	-	185
				—
				43

The diminution of his majority and the breaking up of his party appeared to produce no sensible effect upon the minister. M. Sallandrouze moved an amendment to the effect that government should itself take the initiative in the reforms required and demanded by the country, but it was rejected by M. Guizot. The numbers were (February 12)—

Against the amendment of M. Sallandrouze	-	-	-	222
For the amendment	-	-	-	189
				—
Majority for Ministers	-	-	-	33

We now find M. Guizot making vague promises of taking the subject of parliamentary reform into consideration, but refusing to pledge himself to the introduction of any specific measures respecting it this year or the next, and emphatically expressing and repeating his determination to put down all public demonstrations of opinion, in the shape of reform banquets. This was met by the opposition declaring their resolution to attend the reform banquet which had been announced for the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, and defying the minister to make good his threat; no law existing against a public meeting for any peaceable and constitutional object.

Upon this conduct of the opposition there can hardly be two opinions. The minister had clearly committed himself to a course of which the tendency, as utterly destructive of public liberty, could not be mistaken. Its illegality was also obvious, for the law which forbade organized associations without the sanction of the police, never was intended to apply to a meeting of persons not affiliated in societies; or, as it



was properly observed, the law would have interdicted a family dinner party, without a police commissioner as one of the invited guests. Illegal, however, or not, it was the duty of every man opposed to absolutism to make a stand here. To surrender the right now attacked was tamely to bow the neck to despotism, and see the last vestiges of freedom contemptuously trodden under foot.

To try the question, it was decided that the reform banquet of the twelfth arrondissement of Paris, which had been postponed from time to time, waiting the course of events, should now merge into a general banquet to which the independent members of both Chambers, and the public generally, should be invited. The object being a pacific demonstration of opinion, it was arranged, that to avoid all danger of collision with the authorities, the banquet should not be held in Paris itself, but in the suburbs, at Chaillot, near the Barrière de L'Etoile; and to place the legality of the meeting beyond all doubt, by giving it as much as possible the character of a private re-union, the number of guests was limited to 1,500, and no person not invited was to be admitted.

Nearly one hundred Deputies, including M. Odilon Barrot, Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, &c., but not M. Thiers, who held aloof (awaiting to be sent for by the king), accepted the invitation. A few members only of the Chamber of Peers signified their intention to be present.

The day fixed for the banquet was Tuesday, February 22nd, and it was not until the Monday—the day preceding—that the government finally determined to attempt its suppression. The first intention of M. Guizot was to allow the banquet to proceed, under protest. A civil officer was to be sent to verify the fact of meeting, and afterwards a crown prosecution was to be commenced against its originators; but on the Monday the court took offence or alarm at an advertisement and programme which appeared in the opposition journals, of a contemplated procession from the Madeleine to Chaillot; to consist of the guests invited to the banquet, officers and soldiers of the National Guards, with students and others, who were expected to assist, as an escort. On the Monday evening, when it was of course too late to prevent the assembling of crowds the next day to witness the procession,—the banquet having been the sole theme of conversation for a fort-

night previous,—proclamations were posted about the streets by the police, announcing that no banquet or procession would be permitted, and cautioning the public against tumultuous assemblages in the streets.

In the Chamber of Deputies an intimation to the same effect was received during the early part of the sitting, and at once put an end to the discussion of all other business.

"The opposition members, with M. Odilon Barrot, retired into a committee room to consult. At length M. Odilon Barrot entered the chamber followed by a vast number of deputies, and in a moment the house was all attention. M. Odilon Barrot immediately rose, and after alluding to the denial by the government, in the course of the debate on the address, of the right of citizens to assemble without tumult or without arms, to discuss their political rights, he said that the intention of the opposition deputies in attending the banquet was to assert the existence of the right, and allow the government the opportunity of settling the question before the tribunals. He added that he was convinced, that if the government had allowed the manifestation to take place, the public peace would not have been disturbed, and the public mind would have been more tranquil.

"M. Duchâtel replied at considerable length. He said that the intention of the government, till that morning, was to have allowed the banquet to proceed, and merely to have protested against it, in order to let the question be tried before the ordinary tribunals; but the manifesto issued that morning by the Banquet Committee had changed everything. It was an appeal to classes opposed to the government, and was dangerous to the peace of the capital. The government was inclined to allow the question to be settled judicially, and could not allow an *imperium in imperio*. They therefore resolved to suppress the meeting.

"The sitting was then terminated by adjournment; the members separating in a state of the greatest agitation."

Some difference of opinion arose among the members of the Banquet Committee and the deputies of the opposition, whether the proclamation of the government should be obeyed. A minority were inclined to form the procession at all hazards; but it was finally agreed that the meeting should be given up; that the public should be urged to maintain a peaceable attitude, so as to put the government wholly in the wrong, and that the late discussion of the question in the Chambers should be renewed in a form that would lead either to a dissolution, and so bring it before the electors, or to a change of cabinet. Articles of impeachment were therefore to be moved against the ministry, by M. Odilon Barrot. These were not expected to be carried, but

they would suffice to create an agitation that would force the government to give way; or failing to do so, the opposition, by resigning in a body, had the power in their hands of an appeal to the people. It was calculated that the number of Deputies retaining their seats, although a majority, would be insufficient to constitute the legal quorum required for the further prosecution of the business of the session.

In the morning, a formal announcement that the banquet was deferred appeared in all the opposition papers, and the Minister of the Interior having been assured that no attempt would be made to form a procession, the orders he had given to the troops of the line to occupy the ground and all the avenues leading to the place of meeting, were countermanded. Picquets, only, were stationed in places where crowds might be expected to assemble, sufficient, it was presumed, to disperse a mob; but no serious disturbance was anticipated, either by the ministry or its opponents.

The proclamations, however, of the prefect of the police (M. Delessert), and the announcement of the opposition journals, came too late. They had not been read by multitudes of the working classes, who had previously set apart the day for a *fête*, and who, even when they had read the notices, were little inclined to be baulked of their holiday. The majority of these might be peaceably disposed, but their presence in the streets was necessarily calculated to render formidable the smaller number bent upon mischief, if an opportunity should arise. Unfavourable weather, rain falling at intervals, did not affect this disposition; and at an early hour the Place de la Madeleine, the Place de la Concorde, and the Champs Elysées, were thronged by the working classes.

"At noon, the vast area between the Chamber of Deputies and the church of the Madeleine was crowded with a dense multitude, which at one time could not have amounted to less than thirty thousand persons. A little before twelve o'clock, a procession of labouring persons, consisting of several hundreds, attired chiefly in blouses, arrived by the Rue St. Honoré, and the Rue Duphot, at the Place de la Madeleine, and halted at the hotel where the meetings of the opposition deputies have been usually held. Until this moment no display of military force took place at this point. Soon afterwards, however, a regiment of infantry, accompanied by a civil magistrate, wearing the tricolor sash, arrived on the spot, and drew up in front of the hotel. The usual summons to disperse being read, the persons forming the proces-

sion submitted without any resistance, and marched away, taking the route towards the eastern faubourgs.

"The multitude around the church of the Madeleine now became most formidable in numbers, though manifesting no symptoms of disorder or violence. The regiment which had arrived were drawn up in line along the railing of the church. Soon after several squadrons of the municipal cavalry arrived, and the populace was desired to disperse. This order being disregarded, the charge was sounded, and the dragoons rushed on the people. A first effort was made to disperse the crowd by the mere force of the horses, without the use of arms, and the dragoons did not draw. This, however, proving ineffectual, several charges with drawn swords were made, the flat of the sword only being used. By these means, the multitude was at length dispersed, without any loss of life or injury that we could hear of. At one o'clock, the main thoroughfares were clear. During the remainder of the day, the principal streets were patrolled by the cavalry of the municipal guard, the infantry of the line keeping clear the footways.

"Throughout these operations the good temper, forbearance, discipline, and intelligence of the troops of every class were especially remarkable. It is right to state that the same good dispositions were observable generally on the part of the people, who were seen shaking hands with the cavalry commanded to disperse them, and saluting the infantry regiments with 'Vive la Ligne!'

"Each company of infantry carried, besides their usual arms, a collection of implements for cutting down barricades, such as hatchets, pick-axes, adzes, &c. These were tied upon the knapsack, each soldier carrying one."

We next hear of a mob of the lowest rabble running through the Champs Elysées, breaking the lamps; of a crowd attempting to escalate the railings and walls surrounding the Chamber of Deputies, but repulsed, and afterwards retiring, singing the "Marseillaise," and a chorus from the new opera of the "Girondins," "Mourir pour la Patrie;" of a deputation of students, accompanied by another crowd, arriving at the office of the "National" with a copy of their petition to the Chambers for the impeachment of ministers; and towards evening of attempts to form barricades in different streets; attempts for the most part frustrated by the municipal guards, or the troops of the line. These petty commotions created so little uneasiness, that the funds not only remained firm, but in the belief that the threatened danger was past, slightly rose. The three per cents, which were on the Friday at 73f. 85c., opened on Tuesday at 73f. 90c., and closed at 74f.

\* The "Express" of Wednesday evening, Feb. 23, 1848.



At the Chamber of Deputies three impeachments against the Cabinet were handed to the President, who without reading them ordered that they should be taken into consideration on Thursday. One of the impeachments was presented on the part of M. Odilon Barrot, and signed by fifty-three deputies; another on the part M. Duvergier d'Hauranne; the third on the part of M. de Genoude, deputy for Toulouse.\*

In the evening, the disturbances were renewed, and now began to wear a threatening aspect. Gunsmiths' shops were broken open; barricades were formed in the neighborhood of the principal markets; lamps were extinguished; posts of the municipal guards were attacked; the streets were filled with troops; and at night, anxiety for the result of the sanguinary contest on the morrow, which had become inevitable, spread through the whole of Paris.

Perhaps in saying this we should except the court party, for, although slumbering on the edge of a volcano, they appeared

\* The following was the act of impeachment of M. Odilon Barrot and the deputies of the left:

We propose to place the ministers in accusation as guilty—

1. Of having betrayed abroad the honour and the interests of France.

2. Of having falsified the principles of the constitution, violated the guarantees of liberty, and attacked the rights of the people.

3. Of having, by a systematic corruption, attempted to substitute, for the free expression of public opinion, the calculations of private interest, and thus perverted the representative government.

4. Of having trafficked for ministerial purposes in public offices, as well as in all the prerogatives and privileges of power.

5. Of having in the same interest, wasted the finances of the state, and thus compromised the forces and the grandeur of the kingdom.

6. Of having violently despoiled the citizens of a right inherent to every free constitution, and the exercise of which had been guaranteed to them by the charter, by the laws, and by former precedents.

7. Of having, in fine, by a policy overtly counter-revolutionary, placed in question all the conquests of our two revolutions, and thrown the country into a profound agitation.

The following were the signatures:—

MM. Odilon Barrot, Duvergier d'Hauranne, Thiard (General), Dupont (de l'Eure), Isambert, Léon de Malleville, Garnier-Pagès, Chambolle, Bethmont, Lherbette, Pagès (de l'Ariège), Baroche, Havin, Léon Faucher, Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, Le Courtais, Hortensius-Saint-Albin, Crémieux, Gaultier de Rumilly, Bimbault, Boissel, Beaumont (de la Somme), Lesseps, Mauguin, Creton, Abatucci, Luneau, Baron, Lafayette (Georges), Marie, Carnot, Bureaux de Puzy, Dussolier, Mathieu (Saône-et-Loire), Drouyn-de-l'Huys, D'Aragnon, Cambacérès (de), Drault, Marquis, Bigot, Quinette, Maichain, Lefort-Gonssolin, Tessie de la Motte, Demarçay, Berger, Bonnin, Jouvencel (de), Larabit, Vavin, Garçon, Murat-Ballange, Taillandier.

unconscious of danger. Eighty thousand troops of the line had been concentrated in or near Paris, and Paris was now surrounded by forts, to which the troops could retreat in case of need, and by which all the principal roads of the metropolis could be commanded. A portion of the National Guard were known to be disaffected, but the general body, it was believed, being composed of the middle classes, who had something to lose, were disposed to assist in the suppression of any riotous demonstrations, that might directly or indirectly affect property; and of the readiness of the municipal guard, or armed police, to support the government, there could be no doubt. The worst that could happen seemed to be the loss of a few lives, but lives which, in the estimation of Louis-Philippe, could be well spared, and the possible sacrifice of M. Guizot, to his rival, M. Thiers.

It is of some practical moment, in reference to our own future prospects, not so much to comment upon the error of these calculations, as to trace its source. The mistake arose out of the ignorance of the government and its friends, of the extent to which they stood damaged in public opinion. They were right enough in their estimate of the weakness of a mob; but wrong in not perceiving that even that weakness was strength as compared with the feebleness of a party, left without a single honest or unbought adherent throughout the country. The ragged boys who break lamp-glasses and shop windows, do not make revolutions; but let it come to a fair stand-up fight between a crowd of street vagrants and a royal family, for which a million of spectators looking on will not lift a finger, and there need be little hesitation about which way the victory will be decided. But whence this ignorance of the court party of the state of the public mind? The explanation is to be found in their own suicidal folly, which from July, 1830, to February, 1848, incessantly sought to repress the indications of opinion, whether as manifested through the medium of public meetings, or the press. Never had there been a government which had originated so great a number of prosecutions of the press, as were conducted on the part of the crown solicitor, during the reign of Louis-Philippe; and by the stamp laws of September, 1835, all cheap newspapers, addressed to the mass of the people, had perished at a blow. The higher priced journals that survived, existed only under the guarantee of

good behaviour, conveyed by a deposit of several thousand pounds, as *cautionnement*, which might be forfeited at once by an unfavourable verdict of a jury. Thus even such papers as the "National" were compelled to speak under breath of the court; all expressions having the remotest tendency to bring the King into contempt, or which might be so construed, being visited upon the editor with heavy penalties.

The application of this moral lesson to our own case is important; for in regard to the suppression of cheap newspapers, the English government have followed closely in the footsteps of Louis-Philippe; although in other respects the system of restriction has not, here, been carried to the same extent. It will be remembered that one of the consequences of the Reform Bill, was an agitation for the abolition of the newspaper stamp and advertisement duties; an agitation which proceeded so far, that at last unstamped newspapers were set up in defiance of the law, and successively established, although several hundred persons were prosecuted, and suffered imprisonment for their publication. At the close of 1835, the sale of unstamped newspapers was estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at 200,000 weekly; the whole of which were put down by an act of the following session, which embodied for the object some of the most severe and despotic provisions to be found in the statute book, borrowed from the excise restrictions and regulations. This measure, which we owe to the cabinet of Lord Melbourne and Mr. Spring Rice (now Lord Monteagle), was accompanied by what, to a certain class of superficial thinkers, was considered a boon,—the *réduction* of the stamp and advertisement duties. The boon was a boon only to the proprietors of the high-priced journals, who pocketed a considerable part of the difference; and a boon to the rich, to whom the difference between 5*d.* and 7*d.* was an immaterial object. To the poor man, to whom the one price or the other rendered the purchase of political intelligence a rare and costly luxury, and to the whole body of the unrepresented classes, the act was, and remains, a cruel wrong. The evidence of the extent to which it has fettered political discussion, lies in the fact that we have not now, in 1848, a single additional stamped daily newspaper\* more than the number published in 1835, before the reduction of

the duty. And what have either the Whig or Tory parties in the house gained by their distrust of a free press? They destroyed the influence which, long before this, would have peaceably led to national education, an improvement of the suffrage, and equalized taxation; and, like Louis-Philippe, they have shut themselves out from the means of learning what is passing in the minds of the working classes at the present moment. Where are the organs of the untaught, but sufficiently catechized labourer; and through what channels of communication is his mind to be reached? We have forbidden him to speak; and we cannot speak to him. In what way is he preparing to act? Already the signs that have escaped him are ominous. A mine of explosive materials lies beneath our feet.

Wednesday, February 23.—Crowds began to assemble at an early hour, principally in the neighbourhood of the Porte St. Denis, and the Porte St. Martin, and to busy themselves in the formation of new barricades. These were attacked and partially destroyed, as fast as formed, by the municipal guard, or the troops. The morning passed in skirmishes, in which some were killed, and success was generally on the side of the authorities; the people, however, when dispersed in one place, assembling instantly in another, and rapidly increasing in numbers.

Orders and counter orders for calling out the National Guards, had been given on Monday night. The doubt whether they could be trusted had prevailed; many having refused to obey the summons. On Tuesday night, when the symptoms of riot had become general, a new order was issued in the hope that the National Guards, if not supporters of the government, would yet be true to the instincts of property in the suppression of disturbance, and that their moral influence with the people might prevent the further effusion of blood. On Wednesday, considerable bodies of the National Guards appeared in the streets,

\* This is not the place for replying to the objections of the abuses of a cheap press, but we would here observe that the remedy is not to be found in the suppression of any class of periodicals because of their cheapness, but in improved regulations. The best check would be a good law of newspaper copyright. The most violent and ill-conducted newspapers have always been those which have lived by the piracy of intelligence, police reports, &c., obtained by other journals at considerable cost.

\* The 'Daily News' only takes the place of the 'Public Ledger' and the 'Morning Journal.'



but although at first wavering as to the course they would follow, it soon became evident that they would yield to the contagion of popular enthusiasm, and act with, rather than against the movement. The decisive incident of the day occurred in the Rue Lepelletier, near the office of the "National," and is thus described by an eye-witness.

"Hearing loud shouts from the crowd in the streets, I opened the window, and perceived that the people were throwing up their hats and crying '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' '*Vivent les vrais Défenseurs de la Patrie!*' and then winding up with the *Marseillaise*, in which the National Guards joined.

"I descended into the street instantly, and found that the National Guards of the Second Legion, to the amount of about 150, had formed in two lines across the Rue Lepelletier, one division at each extremity of the theatre. In the centre were the officers; outside, the people, frantic with joy. On asking a National Guard what had happened, 'We have declared for Reform,' said he, 'that is, some of us differ about Reform, but we are agreed about Guizot!' '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' cried the people incessantly.

"An hour afterwards the National Guards proceeded, with their *sapeurs* at their head, in full uniform, to the Tuileries to declare their sentiments.

"They returned about one o'clock, and occupied the Rue Lepelletier again. A platoon closed the street on the Boulevard. Loud cries of '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' called me to the window again. A squadron of cuirassiers, supported by half a squadron of *chasseurs à cheval*, arrived. The *chef d'escadron* gave orders to draw swords. The ranks of the National Guards closed. The cries of the people redoubled, although not a man of them was armed. The squadron made a half movement on the Rue Lepelletier, when the officer in command of the National Guards drew his sword, advanced, and saluted him. A few words were exchanged. They separated. The one placed himself at the head of his soldiers, and gave the word to wheel and 'forward,' and they resumed their march accompanied by cheers and clapping of hands from the multitude. The officer of the National Guards returned very quietly to his post, and sheathed his sword.

"I am told the words exchanged between the officers were these—'Who are these men?' 'They are the people.' 'And those in uniform?' 'They are the Second Legion of the National Guard of Paris.' 'The people must disperse.' 'They will not.' 'I shall use force.' 'Sir, the National Guard sympathize with the people, the people who demand Reform.' 'They must disperse.' 'They will not.' 'I must use force.' 'Sir, we the National Guards, sympathize in the desire for Reform and will defend them.'

"I am assured by persons who say they heard all that passed, that the officer and the cuirassiers cried '*Vive la Reforme!*' But I cannot affirm or contradict it.

"HALF-PAST 2.—Thrice since similar scenes have occurred. The municipal guards, who at present occupy the unpopular position of the gendarmes of 1830, are now, by order of Government, mixed up with the troops of the line, on whom the people are lavish of their compliments and caresses. A column of cavalry and infantry, municipal guards *à cheval*, cuirassiers, and municipal guards *à pied*, and infantry of the line, arrived by the Boulevard at the end of the Rue Lepelletier. They made a move like the others as if to wheel into that street, but the attitude of the National Guard made them pause, and immediately the word was given to continue their march, the people rending the air with cries of '*Vive la Reforme!*' '*Vive la Garde Nationale!*' and '*Vive la Ligne!*' Again a precisely similar occurrence took place, but this time it ended with the absolute retreat of the troops, for they turned round and retired up the Boulevard."\*

A military revolt (and this was nothing less, for the National Guards, although citizens, were, when in arms, as much soldiers owing obedience to their commander-in-chief as troops of the line) leaves to an arbitrary government no choice but between civil war and submission. When, therefore, the wishes of the second legion, seconded by the third and fourth, and subsequently by other legions, were signified to Louis-Philippe, at the Tuileries, through General Jacqueminot, they were at once acceded to. Reform, and the dismissal of the Guizot cabinet, were promised, and Count Molé was entrusted with the charge of forming a new ministry. The news of this change was immediately carried to the Chamber of Deputies by M. Guizot himself. On entering he was saluted with groans and cries of "*à bas Guizot!*" from the National Guards of the tenth legion, there on duty. Let us note his last appearance on the scene.

"M. Vavin, deputy for the Seine, was the first to address the chamber, and said, that as deputy of the Seine, and in the name of his colleagues, he had a solemn duty to fulfil, to demand of the Minister of the Interior information and explanation as to what was passing in the capital. Within twenty-four hours the most serious disturbances had broken out in Paris. The population had observed with astonishment the absence of the National Guards. On Monday orders had been given to call them out. A counter order must have been given in the night. It was only the day before, after collisions had taken place, that the *rappel* was beaten. All the day the people had been exposed to serious danger. If the National Guards had been called out at the commencement, it is probable such sad results would not have been to be deplored.

\* Correspondent of the 'Times,' Feb. 23, 1848.

"The Minister of Foreign Affairs then stated that he did not think it for the public interest, nor proper for the chamber, to enter on any debate on the explanation demanded. The King had called on M. le Comte Molé—(cheers from the left)—to form a new cabinet. (Renewed cheers.) He said such interruptions could not induce him to add to, or withhold anything of what he intended to say. As long as his ministry remained in office, he should cause public order to be respected according to the best of his judgment, as he had hitherto done.

"After some interruption created by this announcement,

"M. Odilon Barrot rose, and said: In consequence of the situation of the cabinet, I demand the postponement of the proposition named for tomorrow. (The impeachment.) (Loud cries of 'Yes, yes,' and 'No, no.')

"M. Dupin then rose and said—The first thing necessary for the capital is peace. It must be relieved from anarchy. Every one knows that the spirit of July exists yet. Homage has been done to the will of the nation, but the people must know that its deliberations must not be on the public way. The assemblages must cease. I do not see how the ministry, who are provisionally charged with the public affairs, can occupy themselves at the same time in re-establishing order, and with the care of their own safety.

"M. Guizot: As long as the cabinet shall be entrusted with public affairs, it will cause the law to be respected. The cabinet sees no reason why the chamber should suspend its labors. The Crown at the present moment is using its prerogative. That prerogative must be respected. As long as the cabinet is upon these benches, no business need remain suspended."\*

The motion for postponing the charge of impeachment from Thursday to a future day, was negatived by the Chamber, which then rose. Exit M. Guizot; who for the next twelve days vanishes into space. What has become of him, where he lies concealed, or whither he has fled, remains a mystery till the 3d of March; on which day the fallen monarch and the fallen minister land on the British shore, at different ports; the ex-minister at Folkestone, by the Dover mail steamer from Ostend, "looking pale and fatigued; as much perhaps from the effects of his voyage, as from the great and exciting scenes in which he had figured as one of the principal actors." His arrival had been preceded some days by that of his colleague, M. Duchâtel, at Brighton.

The dismissal of the ministry produced but a momentary calm. At first the National Guards seemed disposed to be con-

tent with their triumph; but it soon became evident to their chiefs that, after the step they had taken, some better guarantee was required for their own safety than a cabinet to be formed by a personal friend of the King, and in which the views of the Court party would necessarily retain the ascendancy. This feeling was naturally encouraged by the only authorities recognised by the people, the small but energetic nucleus of republicans meeting in the office of the "National," and who now for the first time began to dream of the possibility of realizing their ulterior objects. The streets, therefore, continued to be crowded with rioters, who, as evening drew in, compelled the inhabitants to illuminate, and who, whenever they found themselves in sufficient force, attacked the picquets of the municipal guard, and often succeeded in disarming them; partly with the assistance of the National Guards, who acted as mediators in the contest;—favoring the ultimate escape of the obnoxious force.

Between ten and eleven, the somewhat subdued excitement of the populace was changed into rage. A crowd passing the Hotel of Foreign Affairs, which, as the residence of M. Guizot, had been repeatedly threatened, and was now occupied by the 14th regiment of the line, was suddenly fired upon by the troops with fatal effect. Many fell, desperately wounded; some dead. The report of this discharge renewed the consternation of the friends of order, who had begun to flatter themselves that all was over. Twenty minutes after, says an observer stationed in the Rue Lepelletier,

"The buzz of an approaching multitude coming from the Boulevard des Capucines was heard, chanting the low song of death, '*Mourir pour la Patrie*,' instead of the victorious *Marseillaise*. Mingled with this awful and imposing chorus, the noise of wheels could be heard. A large body of the people slowly advanced. Four in front carried torches. Behind them came an open cart surrounded by torch-bearers. The light was strong, and discovered four or five dead bodies, partly undressed, which appeared to have been carefully ranged in the cart.

"When the head of the column reached the corner of the Rue Lepelletier the song was changed to a burst of fury, which will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. The procession halted at the office of the 'National,' and the whole party burst into a unanimous shriek or cry of *vengeance*! You know how sonorous is that word when pronounced in French. The dead bodies in the cart were those of the men who fell under the fire of the soldiers above mentioned.

\* "Express," of February 24, 1848.



"The night was an awful one. The noise of workmen appeared to break on the stillness. Having heard a similar one in 1830, I guessed what was going on. Barricades—one immensely strong at the end of the Rue Richelieu—were in progress of construction. This has since continued without intermission. Every tree on the whole line of the Boulevard has been felled. Every one of the superb lamp-posts has been thrown down, and all converted into barricades.

"At the corner of every street is a barricade; gentlemen, shopkeepers, clerks, workmen, all laboring at the work with an eagerness and an earnestness beyond description."

This unfortunate accident, for an accident it appears to have been, decided the fate of the monarchy. It destroyed the last hope of appeasing the public mind with moderate concessions. How it originated appears doubtful. It is said that an officer was struck by a chance shot, and that the soldiers fired without orders; but there are various accounts. It is certain only that the act was deeply deplored by the government; and with reason.

Late at night it was known that Count Molé had failed in his attempts to form a ministry, and that the king had sent for the leaders of the two sections of the opposition, M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot; but this announcement, which would probably have satisfied the people six hours earlier, and prevented further tumult, now came too late. The demand for reform had become converted by exasperation into a settled purpose of revolution, and the same spirit was likely to extend to the provinces. During the night the egress of the mails had been stopped, and the railways round Paris had been damaged or destroyed at every point at which troops were expected to arrive.

Thursday, Feb. 24.—Early in the morning a placard was posted about the streets to the effect that at 3 o'clock A. M., M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot had been appointed ministers. Subsequently the following proclamation was posted at the Bourse:—

"Orders have been given to cease firing everywhere.

"We have just been charged by the king to form a new ministry.

"The Chamber will be dissolved, and an appeal made to the country.

\* Correspondent of "The Times."

"General Lamoricière has been appointed Commandant of the National Guards.

"THIERS.

"ODILON BARROT.

"DUVERGIER DE HAURANNE.

"LAMORICIERE."

The orders issued to the troops were, it appears, not only to cease firing, but to retire to their quarters. Accordingly, about 11 o'clock the trumpets sounded a retreat, and most of the important positions which up to that hour had been occupied by the infantry, cavalry, and artillery, were abandoned to the people and the National Guard. This, which on the Tuesday would have been a perfectly safe and even a judicious measure on the part of the government, became on the Thursday an act of unconditional surrender. The armed crowds at the barricades, hitherto divided and held in check by the military, were now at liberty to concentrate their force upon any point they pleased to attack, and there was no magic to arrest them in the names of the new ministers. M. Thiers, as a *quasi* liberal, they did not trust, and his more popular colleague, M. Odilon Barrot, was considered to be wanting, from the timidity natural to wealth, in the energy required for the crisis.

Marshal Bugeaud, who had been named to the command of the troops in Paris, protested against the orders given, and resigned. His officers sheathed their swords in despair. Whole regiments marched to their barracks, allowed themselves to be quietly disarmed by the mob, and in some instances with hearty good-will. There was now no want of muskets or cartridges on the side of the insurrection, and the number of working men and others who had the resolution to use them for the expulsion of the royal family, exclusive of the national guards, was by this time swelled to an estimated force of twenty thousand men.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the whole of this miscellaneous army directed itself upon the Tuileries and the Palais Royal, thronging and choking up the streets leading to them by their dense masses. At the Palais Royal some severe fighting took place between the people and a company of the 14th regiment of the line, in charge of the state apartments, who refused to surrender their arms, and maintained a struggle of nearly two hours before they were finally overcome. During the contest the sound of the incessant firing kept up in this quar-

ter was distinctly heard in the Tuileries; its effects, combined with the unfavorable reports which reached the court from every part of the city, producing panic among the inmates of the Chateau, and all who were there assembled.

In the court-yard of the Tuileries were 3,000 infantry, with six pieces of cannon, and two squadrons of dragoons. These might for the moment have swept the space before them (the Place du Carrousel) clear of combatants; but what would this slaughter have availed? They were surrounded not only by an armed populace, but by six legions of the National Guards, ready to close in upon them, if rendered desperate by their position; and who were now supporting a demand for the abdication of the king.

It was represented to Louis-Philippe that abdication was the only means left to save the interests of his family. Instead of "*à bas Guizot!*" "*la tête de Guizot!*" the more fearful cry had been heard of "*à la potence Louis-Philippe!*" The Line, it had been proved, could not be depended upon to act against the National Guards, and the National Guards would not fire upon the people. Abdication in favor of his grandson, the young Count de Paris, and the appointment of his mother, the Duchess of Orleans as Regent, in the place of the unpopular Duke de Nemours, would, it was said, satisfy all parties—few voices having as yet been openly raised for a republic.

This was a proposition which, to be accepted with dignity, required not only deliberation but freedom of action. The answer of Louis-Philippe should have been given at St. Cloud, to which it was yet open for him to retreat, with the force remaining at his disposal, and where, protected by the detached forts, he might at least have remained till he could have dictated honorable terms of capitulation. But all nerve and self-possession seem to have deserted the unfortunate monarch. He signed an act of abdication presented to him by Emile de Girardin; an act as powerless as a sheet of paper thrown to the winds in the midst of a hurricane; but with it all was lost.

Before the news of the abdication could possibly be known in Paris, the troops of the line in the court-yard of the Tuileries were summoned to quit the ground. Whom were they now to obey? The commander-in-chief had resigned. The king had abdicated. The government was dissolved. A few minutes of hesitation, and they might be as fatally compromised as the Swiss

guards of the first Revolution. They agreed to resign their post. The Chateau was to be protected by the National Guards; but the armed populace rushed by them, and entered it in triumph.\* "*Sauve qui peut.*"

\* The following particulars of the taking of the Tuileries were given in "*La Réforme*" newspaper:

"It was learned that the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, and 10th legions surrounded the Tuileries, and that the others were on the march. The combat was imminent. It was then that Lieutenant Aubert Roche, advancing towards the railing near the Rue de Rivoli, caused the commandant of the Tuileries to be sent for. That person arrived with great fear. 'You are lost!' cried the lieutenant. 'You are surrounded, and a combat will ensue, if you do not evacuate the Tuileries, and give them up to the National Guards.' The commandant, understanding the position, caused the troops to be ranged in a line against the Chateau without causing them to leave. Before that they had been drawn up in *échelons*. Seeing that the movement of retreat was not effected, citizen Aubert Roche, accompanied by the citizen Lesueur, chief de bataillon of the canton of Lagny-Riney, who joined the 5th legion, ran to the railing of the Rue de Rivoli, knocked, and announced themselves with a flag of truce. The gate was opened, and both of them unaccompanied, with their swords in their hands, entered into the midst of the court, which was full of soldiers. The commandant of the Tuileries advanced, saying that he had caused the troops to be withdrawn. 'That is not enough,' said the lieutenant; 'the palace must be evacuated, if not, misfortune will happen.' The commandant of the Tuileries then conducted the two officers before the Pavillon de l'Horloge, where stood several generals, and the Duke de Nemours, all with consternation impressed on their faces.—'Monseigneur,' said the commandant of the Tuileries, 'here is an excellent citizen, who will give you the means of preventing the effusion of blood.' 'What must be done,' said the prince in a trembling voice to the lieutenant who was presented to him? 'Sir, you must evacuate the palace this very instant, and give it up to the National Guards—if you do not, you are lost. The combat will be a bloody one—the Tuileries are surrounded—the 5th legion, of which I form a part, is fighting at this moment at the Palais Royal, with its major and superior officers at its head. Take care that the combat does not cease before these troops have left, if not, the battle will be renewed here.' 'You think so?' replied the duke. 'I will make the troops retire.' And, at the same instant, in presence of the two officers of the National Guards, he gave the order to retreat. The artillery went by the railing of the palace, and the staff and the Duke de Nemours by the Pavillon de l'Horloge, their horses descending the flight of steps. The cavalry followed them, then the infantry. It was even forgotten to relieve the posts, who remained. The citizen Aubert Roche charged himself to introduce the National Guards into the palace. He went to warn the National Guards, who were then near the staff. The National Guards then put the butt-end of their muskets in the air, and entered the court of the Tuileries by the railing of the Rue de Rivoli, accompanied by the curious, all quite astonished to find themselves masters of the palace. A quarter of an hour after the combat ceased on the Place du Palais Royal, the combatants hastened to attack the Tuileries, but they found the gates opened."



The Tuileries is no longer an abode for kings, nor even for ex-monarchs. Leave your valuables; save your lives; and "stand not upon the order of your going, but go at once."

The ex-King and Queen pass out at a private door into the gardens, and demand of the National Guards an escort through the crowd beyond. M. Maurice, editor of the "Courier des Spectacles," is standing in the Place de la Concorde about one o'clock in the afternoon, talking with the colonel of the 21st regiment of the line, when his attention is arrested by a young man in plain clothes on horseback, who trots by at a quick pace, circulating the news that the king has abdicated.

"A few instants after, at the Pont Tournant, we saw approach from the Tuileries a troop of National Guards on horseback, at a walking pace, forming the head of a procession, and by gestures and cries, inviting the citizens to abstain from every unfavorable demonstration. At this moment, the expression, a great misfortune (*une grande infortune*) was heard, and the king Louis-Philippe, his right arm passed under the left arm of the Queen, on whom he appeared to lean for support, was seen to approach from the gate of the Tuileries, in the midst of the horsemen, and followed by about thirty persons in different uniforms. The Queen walked with a firm step, and cast around looks of assurance and anger intermingled. The King wore a black coat with a common round hat, and wore no orders. The Queen was in full mourning. A report was circulated that they were going to the Chamber of Deputies to depose the act of abdication. Cries of 'Vive la Reforme!' 'Vive la France!' and even by two or three persons, 'Vive le Roi!' were heard. The procession had scarcely passed the Pont Tournant, and arrived at the pavement surrounding the Obelisk, when the King, the Queen, and the whole party made a sudden halt, apparently without any necessity. In a moment they were surrounded by a crowd on foot and horseback, and so crowded that they had no longer their freedom of motion. Louis-Philippe appeared alarmed at this sudden approach. In fact, the spot fatally chosen by an effect of chance produced a strange feeling. A few paces off, a Bourbon King, an innocent and resigned victim, would have been happy to have experienced no other treatment. Louis-Philippe turned quickly round, let go the Queen's arm, took off his hat, raised it in the air, and cried out something which the noise prevented my hearing; in fact, the cries and *pêle-mêle* were general. The Queen became alarmed at no longer feeling the King's arm, and turned round with extreme haste, saying something which I could not catch. At this moment, I said, 'Madame, ne craignez rien, continuez, les rangs vont s'ouvrir devant vous.' Whether her anxiety gave a false interpretation to my intention or not I am ignorant, but, pushing back my hand, she exclaimed, 'Laissez-moi,' with a most

irritated accent; she seized hold of the king's arm, and they both turned their steps towards two small black carriages with one horse each. In the first were two young children. The King took the left and the Queen the right, and the children with their faces close to the glass of the vehicle, looking at the crowd with the utmost curiosity; the coachman whipped his horse violently, in fact, with so much rapidity did it take place, that the coach appeared rather carried than driven away; it passed before me, surrounded by the cavalry and National Guards that were present, and cuirassiers and dragoons. The second carriage, in which were two females, followed the other at the same pace, and the escort, which amounted to about 200 men, set off at a full gallop, taking the water side, towards St. Cloud."

While this incident is passing, bonfires are being made of the royal carriages and furniture, at the Palais Royal and Tuileries. The throne of the state reception room is carried in triumph through the streets, and finally burned in the Place de la Bastille. The plunder and destruction of property commenced is, however, chiefly confined to the insignia of royalty, and speedily checked. Sentinels are placed at the entrances of the Tuileries by the leaders of the people, and no person allowed to leave the Chateau without a rigorous search.\* The scene changes to the Chamber of Deputies. It is that of the final catastrophe of the monarchy. The curtain is about to fall.

"About half-past one, it was rumoured about that the Duchess of Orleans and the two young princes, her sons, were about to arrive. Shortly after, a movement was apparent in the passage on the left of the Chamber, and the Duchess and her two sons entered, followed by the Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier. The Count

\* The moral feeling of the people generally, with regard to property, may be gathered from the following anecdote of remorse of conscience, related subsequently, by the "Droit":—

"A working man went to the commissary of his quarter, and stated that, after fighting for the people during the three days of February, he was among the first to enter the Tuileries, and, reflecting on the state of destitution in which he had left his wife and family, was tempted to take a double breast-pin, united by a small chain, and mounted with two large pearls, upon which he afterwards obtained 5*fr.* from the Mont de Piété, which saved four persons from starvation. But having got back to work and pay, he was able to restore the 5*fr.* with the ticket from the Mont de Piété, which he placed in the hands of the commissary, who gave the man high praise for his resolution in doing what was right. The pin, when redeemed, was found to have belonged to the Duke de Nemours, and each pearl is worth 500*fr.*" The "Droit" adds, "that several other similar restitutions have been made, and among them a valuable tortoise-shell box, with a portrait set in gold."

de Paris entered first of all; a person holding him by the hand. With difficulty he penetrated as far as the semi-circle in front of the President's chair; so encumbered was it with deputies and National Guards. His presence and that of the rest of the royal party created a great sensation. The Duchess seated herself in an arm-chair with her sons at each side of her in the wide space just mentioned.

"Almost immediately after, the passages to the various parts of the Chamber were filled with an immense body of the people and National Guards, both armed. Cries of 'You cannot enter!' 'You have no right to enter!' were then heard; but the next moment a number of men belonging to the people forced their way into the Chamber, and placed themselves right under the tribune.

"The Duchess of Orleans then rose, and taking the young princes by the hand led them to the range of seats forming the pourtour behind the deputies, and still exactly in front of the President. The Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Montpensier placed themselves in the last line of seats, immediately behind the Princess and her sons. The greatest agitation prevailed in every part of the Chamber, and it was a moment after increased by the public tribunes being rushed into by another body of the people.

"M. Dupin then ascended the tribune, and amidst deep silence said—In the present situation of the capital and the critical circumstances in which the country was placed, the Chamber was bound to assemble immediately. The King has just abdicated. (Sensation.) He has disposed of the Crown in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris, and has constituted the Duchess of Orleans Regent. (Applause from all the benches of the Centre, and from some of the public tribunes, and with loud disapprobation on the left.)

"A voice from one of the tribunes—'It is too late!'

"An agitation, impossible to describe, here arose. A number of deputies collected round the Duchess of Orleans and the rest of the Royal group. National Guards without ceremony came and mingled with the deputies who had done so."

M. Marie ascends the tribune, and when silence is restored, reminds the Chambers that a law exists which gives the regency to the Duke de Nemours, and which cannot be abrogated by an act of the King in favor of another. He demands the nomination of a Provisional Government; M. Crémieux and the Abbé de Genoude, support the proposition. Odilon Barrot is called upon to speak, and declares himself in favor of the regency of the Duchess of Orleans, a ministry of tried liberal opinions, and an appeal to the country. The Duchess herself rises and addresses some words to the Chamber, which are not heard.—Odilon Barrot resumes his discourse, and appeals to all parties to defend the crown of July, now committed to the

custody of a child and a woman, as the only means of putting an end to intestine divisions, and averting the evils of civil war. A majority of the deputies present signify their assent, but their tokens of approbation are drowned in murmurs from the galleries, and cries of *Vive la République*. The Marquis de Larochejaquelin protests against some of the statements of the preceding speakers, without succeeding in explaining his own. M. Chevallier, editor of the "*Bibliothèque Historique*" ascends the tribune, amidst cries of "you are not a deputy," "you have no right to be there." M. Chevallier cautions the Chamber against proclaiming the Count de Paris without the consent of the people, into whose hands the real sovereignty had again fallen.

"At this moment a vast crowd broke into the Chamber. They were dressed in the most heterogeneous manner, some in blouses, with dragoons' helmets on their heads; others with cross-belts and infantry caps; others again in ordinary clothes, but all with arms—swords, lances, spears, muskets, and tri-colored flags. These persons at once seized on such deputies' seats as were unoccupied, several even ascended the tribune, and fixed themselves there. The President perceiving what had occurred, and in order to mark his disapprobation, as well perhaps as to signify that the sitting could not go on under such circumstances, put on his hat. This created a dreadful uproar, and numerous cries, 'Off with your hat, President!' were heard from the new comers. Several of them even directed their muskets at him. The scene was of almost unimaginable violence.

"M. Ledru-Rollin, from his place, overpowering the tumult with his voice—'Gentlemen, in the name of the people, I call for silence!'

"A number of the deputies, appearing to consider their position perilous, began to withdraw, and as they abandoned their places the crowd took possession of them. The tumult was tremendous, and many deputies looked with anxiety towards the Duchess of Orleans and her children. She, however, sat calm amidst the uproar.

"M. Ledru-Rollin after some time succeeded in making himself heard.—'In the name of the people (said the hon. deputy) I protest against the kind of government which has just been proposed to you. (Immense applause, cries of 'Bravo, bravo!' from the new comers, and their comrades in the public tribunes: the shouts were deafening.) This is not the first time that I have thus protested; already, in 1842, I demanded the Constitution of 1791 (Cheers.) That Constitution declared that it should be necessary to make an appeal to the people when a regency bill was to be passed. (The loudest applause.) I protest, therefore, against the government that it is attempted to establish. I do so in the name of the citizens whom I see before me; who for the last two days have been fighting, and who will, if necessary, again



combat this evening. (From every side cries of 'Yes! yes!' cheers, with brandishing of arms, and in some cases raising of muskets to the shoulder; indescribable tumult.) I demand in the name of the people that a Provisional Government be named." (Great applause.)

"M. de Lamartine.—'Gentlemen, I shared in the sentiments of grief which just now agitated this assembly in beholding the most afflicting spectacle that human annals can present—that of a Princess coming forward with her innocent son, after having quitted her deserted palace, to place herself under the protection of the nation. But if I shared in that testimony of respect for a great misfortune, I also share in the solicitude—in the admiration which that people, now fighting during two days against a perfidious government for the purpose of re-establishing order and liberty, ought to inspire. (Great applause from the tribunes.) Let us not deceive ourselves—let us not imagine that an acclamation in this Chamber can replace the co-operation of 35,000,000 of men. Whatever government be established in the country it must be cemented by solid definitive guarantees! How will you find the conditions necessary for such a government in the midst of the floating elements which surround us? By descending into the very depth of the country itself, boldly sounding the great mystery of the right of nations. (Great applause in the tribunes.) In place of having recourse to these subterfuges, to these emotions, in order to maintain one of those fictions which have no stability, I propose to you to form a government, not definite, but provisional—a government charged, first of all, with the task of staunching the blood which flows, of putting a stop to civil war (cheers); a government which we appoint without putting aside anything of our resentments and our indignation; and in the next place a government on which we shall impose the duty of convoking and consulting the people in its totality—all that possess in their title of man, the right of a citizen.' (Tremendous applause from the people in the tribunes.)

"A violent and imperative knocking was now heard at the door of an upper tribune, which was not entirely filled. On the door being opened a number of men rushed in, well provided with arms, and who appeared to have just come from a combat. Several of them forced their way to the front seats, and pointed their muskets at the deputies below. Some of these weapons were also turned in the direction of the Royal party.

"Immediately the persons near the Duchess of Orleans seemed to address her energetically, and a moment after she arose, and, with her sons and the two Princes, quitted the Chamber by a door on the extreme left.

"M. Sauzet at the same moment withdrew from the president's chair, and nearly all the deputies who had remained quitted their places. The noise and disorder at this moment were at the greatest height.

"Shortly after, silence being somewhat restored,

"M. Ledru-Rollin said, 'According as I read out the names, you will say "Yes" or "No," just as they please you; and in order to act

officially, I call on the reporters of the public press to note down the names, and the manner in which they are received, that France may know what has been done here.' The hon. deputy then read out the names of MM. Dupont (de l'Eure), Arago, de Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pagès, Marie, and Crémieux; all of which were received with acclamations.

"Cries of 'To the Hotel de Ville!' here rose, followed by a cry of 'No civil list,' and another of 'No king!' Some one having directed the attention of the crowd to the picture of Louis Philippe swearing obedience to the charter, cries of 'Tear it down!' arose. A workman, armed with a double-barreled fowling-piece, who was standing in the semicircle, cried out, 'Just wait until I have a shot at Louis Philippe!' and at the same moment both barrels were discharged.—(Great confusion ensued, in the midst of which two men jumped on the chairs behind the president's seat, and prepared to cut the picture to pieces with their sabres.)

"Another workman ran up the steps to the tribune, and exclaimed, 'Respect public monuments! respect property! Why destroy the pictures with balls? We have shown that the people will not allow itself to be ill-governed; let us now show that it knows how to conduct itself properly after its victory.' (Great applause.)

"The next instant, M. Dupont (de l'Eure) was placed in the chair. M. de Lamartine and Ledru-Rollin attempted severally to obtain a hearing, but unsuccessfully. Several of the National Guards, and some of the people, also made similar attempts, but without effect. A cry then arose in one of the tribunes of 'Let Lamartine speak!' and at once all the others took it up.

"M. de Lamartine.—'A Provisional Government will be at once proclaimed.' (Enthusiastic cheers of 'Vive Lamartine!')

"Other voices.—'The names! the names!'

"M. Crémieux, amidst great tumult, said, 'it is essential that silence be restored, in order that our venerable colleague, M. Dupont (de l'Eure), may read to you the names which you wish to learn.'

"As the tumult, which had lulled for a second, whilst the honorable Deputy was speaking, recommenced just as violently as ever, the names were written down on a sheet of paper, and that, being placed on the end of a musket, was so paraded about the Chamber.

"M. Ledru-Rollin (in the midst of the noise)—'A Provisional Government cannot be organized in a light or careless manner. I shall read over the names aloud, and you will approve of them, or reject them, as you think fit.'

"In the midst of shouts and cries the honorable Deputy read out the names, but nothing could be heard. Nearly all the Deputies had by this time departed, and the National Guards and the people had the Chamber to themselves.

"M. Ledru-Rollin.—'We are obliged to close the sitting in order to proceed to the seat of Government.'

"From all sides.—'To the Hotel-de-Ville! Vive la République!'

Louis Philippe, in his flight from the Tuileries is said to have been heard to exclaim in the anguish of a wounded spirit, "comme Charles X.!" but the comparison, although not a favorable one, is yet too flattering to the former to be just. Charles the Tenth, when he quitted France after the Revolution of July, 1830, proceeded to the coast by slow and easy stages, not as a prisoner, but with a military escort as a guard of honor. Louis-Philippe, had he requested it, might have been supplied with a similar escort, and travelled in state, with all the comforts of a coach-and-six, the whole of his journey. The only anxiety of the new government, as we have seen from the event, was, that his journey should not be interrupted; and the feeling of the populace towards him was manifested in the exclamations heard from the crowd, "Let him depart—we are not assassins!" "Bon voyage!" To have detained Louis-Philippe, or any members of the royal family, would have been an embarrassment to the new government they were most anxious to avoid. The arrest was ordered, *pro forma*, of M. Guizot and his colleagues, but no active measures for their apprehension followed. When information was given at the Hotel de Ville of the place of concealment of some of the ex-ministers and others, hints were conveyed to the fugitives that it would be expedient to choose another. All were suffered to flee who wished to escape the possible consequences of the part they had acted. We read, therefore, with no sympathy of the privations endured by the ex-monarch before his arrival in England; but they are worth noting, as indicating the deep distrust and total misapprehension of the character of the French people, which seem to have influenced him to the last, and the profound indifference of the latter to any possible efforts that may hereafter be made by him or his descendants for the recovery of the crown. The following particulars are from the "National":—

"The mayor and ex-adjoint were absent when the ex-King arrived at St. Cloud on Thursday about three o'clock, escorted by some national guards and dragoons to prevent his being annoyed. The commandant cried that the King had abdicated. After having descended from the little carriage in which he had come, he asked to have riding-horses. Being told there were none, he went into the public omnibus, which took him to Versailles. He was accompanied by the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, and the Duchess of Nemours. He only stayed at the chateau three

quarters of an hour. He told the adjoint he had been basely deceived. In the evening his valet, Provost, arrived at St. Cloud, bringing some clothes for the King; for in his hurry he had taken nothing. This valet had, in the morning, with tears in his eyes, said concessions must be made to the people, that Paris was very agitated. What think you was the reply? 'Tis only the gossip of the cafés, we will bring them to reason; in a few hours all will be settled.'"

Another account says:—

"The ex-King, when he left the Tuileries with the Queen, got into a brougham in the Place de la Concorde, and drove off to St. Cloud at such a rate, that when they had crossed the bridge the horse was too exhausted to mount the hill leading to the Chateau. Several men pushed the carriage up, however. After taking some papers, the ex-king entered a hackney coach at St. Cloud and drove off to Versailles, and thence to Trianon. He in a short time entered a travelling carriage; but before leaving the park he saw at a distance, approaching towards him, six men on horseback, and became afraid that they were in search of him. He, therefore, ordered the coachman to stop, alighted, and ran into a guard-house at the gate of the park, near the railroad station (Montretout), and concealed himself behind a stove. The men having passed, an *aide-de-camp* informed him there was no danger. He accordingly re-entered the carriage and drove off."

A letter received from Dreux, published in the 'Journal de la République,' states that the flight of Louis-Philippe had been so unforeseen that it was necessary, at Trianon, to make a subscription for his travelling expenses, which produced about 200 francs, with which sum he proceeded in a hired vehicle from Versailles to Dreux.

"Here they put up at the house of a person on whose fidelity they could rely, where they passed the night. This friend, whom we understand to be a farmer, procured disguises for the Royal fugitives and suite, the King habiting himself in an old cloak and an old cap, having first shaved his whiskers, discarded his wig, and altogether so disguised himself as to defy the recognition even of his most intimate friends. The other disguises were also complete.

"Although we have stated above that they passed the night at Dreux, they started long before daylight on their way to La Ferté Vidame, where Mr. Packham had been building a mill on some private property of Louis-Philippe. On their route they were accompanied by the farmer, who promised to see them in safety to the coast through a country with which he was well acquainted. They took the road of Evreux, 12 to 15 leagues from Honfleur. They travelled chiefly by night, and reached Honfleur at 5 o'clock on Saturday morning. They remained at Honfleur in the house of a gentleman whom the king knew for a short time, and then crossed to Trouville, a short distance from the town. It was their inten-



tion to embark at Trouville, but owing to the boisterous state of the weather, they were compelled to remain at the latter place two days, when, finding they could not embark, they returned to Honfleur, with the intention of embarking from that place, but the weather still continuing very rough, and the King fearing that the Queen in her exhausted condition would be unable to bear the fatigues of a rough passage, deferred his departure till the weather changed on Thursday. In the mean time information was secretly conveyed to the Express, Southampton steam-ship, that she would be required to take a party from Havre to England.

"On Thursday afternoon the gentleman who sheltered the dethroned monarch and his consort at Honfleur, engaged a French fishing-boat to convey the fugitives from Honfleur to Havre, and fearing that in this small vessel the features of the King might be recognised, the gentleman engaged a person to interpret French to the King, who, to render his disguise more complete, passed as an Englishman. Nothing of moment transpired on the passage to Havre, where the Express was waiting with her steam up, and at 9 o'clock on Thursday evening the royal fugitives and suite set sail for England. The vessel reached the offing of Newhaven harbor at 7 o'clock this morning, but owing to the state of the tide she could not enter the harbor till nearly 12 o'clock."

Friday, March 3.—The ex-King and Queen of the French landed at Newhaven. Their suite consisted of General Dumas and General Rumigny, a valet, and a female German attendant. Louis-Philippe, whose first reply to the congratulations addressed to him, was, "Yes, thank God, I am in England once again," appeared in the disguise which he had worn after his departure from Dreux; consisting of a green blouse, a red and white comforter, and a casquette, or peasant's cap. Over the blouse was a sailor's frock coat, borrowed of the captain of the Express. The Queen was attired in plain mourning, over which she wore a woollen cloak, of black and white plaid, with broad checks. We need hardly add that they were hospitably received in this country; but with a silent welcome on the part of the public. The residence assigned them by the English Government is Claremont; where for the present they take up their abode as the Count and Countess of Neuilly.

The Duchess of Orleans, who also reached England in safety with her two children, afterwards left for Germany, with the object, doubtless, of placing her interests and those of the young Count de Paris under the protection of the Northern Powers.

\* Daily News, March 4th, 1848.

This was a false step. The Northern Powers have now too many embarrassments of their own to engage lightly in a war with French democracy; and if the time should come for war with France to be proclaimed, it will not be in the name of the rights of the Count de Paris.

Friday, February 25th, 1848.—The existence of a National Republic, with a provisional executive strong enough at once to assume administrative functions, was formally announced in the following proclamation:—

"To the French People,

"A retrograde government has been overturned by the heroism of the people of Paris.

"This government has fled, leaving behind it traces of blood, which will for ever forbid its return.

"The blood of the people has flowed, as in July, but, happily, it has not been shed in vain. It has secured a national and popular government, in accordance with the rights, the progress, and the will of this great and generous people.

"A Provisional Government at the call of the people and some deputies in the sitting of the 24th of February, is for the moment invested with the care of organizing and securing the national victory.

"It is composed of

"MM. DUPONT (DE L'EURE)

LAMARTINE

CREMIEUX

ARAGO

LEDRU ROLLIN and

GARNIER PAGES.

"The Secretaries of the Government are—

"MM. ARMAND MARRAST

LOUIS BLANC and

FERDINAND FLOCON.

"These citizens have not hesitated for an instant to accept the patriotic mission which has been imposed upon them by the urgency of the occasion.

"Frenchmen, give to the world the example Paris has given to France. Prepare yourselves, by order and confidence in yourselves, for the institutions which are about to be given you.

"The Provisional Government desires a Republic, pending the ratification of the French people, who are to be immediately consulted.

"Neither the people of Paris nor the Provisional Government desire to substitute their opinion for the opinions of the citizens at large, upon the definite form of government which the national sovereignty shall proclaim.

"'L'unité de la nation,' formed henceforth of all classes of the people which compose it;

"The government of the nation by itself;

"Liberty, equality, and fraternity for its principles;

"The people to devise and to maintain order;—

"Such is the democratic government which France owes to herself, and which our efforts will assure to her.

"Such are the first acts of the Provisional Government.

(Signed) Dupont (de l'Eure), Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, Bedeau, Michael Goudchaux, Arago, Bethmont, Marie, Carnot Cavaignac, Garnier Pagès."

Of the members of the Provisional Government it may be briefly observed, that M. Dupont (de l'Eure) had attained by age, being in his 80th year, the venerable title of "Father of the Chamber of Deputies." He had taken part, when a young man, in the first revolution of 1789, in which commenced that struggle with monarchy which had lasted down to the present day; and his whole life had been one of honorable consistency. In 1842, the respect entertained for him by the French people, was shown by his election for four separate constituencies in the Department of the Eure.—He sat for Evreux.

Of the literary and practical reputation of M. de Lamartine we need not speak. His position in the Chamber of Deputies was that of Burke in the House of Commons, but with higher aims, and less narrow party sympathies than the English orator. His "History of the Girondists,"† which all men should read who would understand the political tendencies of the age, had prepared the way for the late revolution, by reviving the discussion of republican ideas, and pointing out the causes of their former failure. In the Chamber of Deputies he represented Macon. M. Crémieux, late Deputy for Chiron, is a free-trader, whose parliamentary career, as a leading member of the opposition, has been in part distinguished, like that of Mr. Bright, by an agitation against the game laws. M. Arago, as a mathematician, secretary of the Academy of Sciences, and member of the

\* A subsequent proclamation gives the following distribution of Cabinet Offices:—

M. Dupont (de l'Eure) President of the Council, (without Portfolio).

M. de Lamartine, Minister of Foreign Affairs.

M. Crémieux, Minister of Justice.

M. Ledru Rollin, Minister of the Interior.

M. Michel Goudchaux, Minister of Marine.

General Bedeau, Minister of War.

M. Carnot, Minister of Public Instruction, (a son of Carnot of the Convention).

M. Bethmont, Minister of Commerce.

M. Marie, Minister of Public Works.

General Cavaignac, Governor General of Algeria.

M. Garnier Pagès, Mayor of Paris.\*

† An English translation has been published by Bohn, in 3 vols.

\* This office was soon after assigned to M. Marrast; M. Garnier Pagès undertaking the duties of Minister of Finance.

Office of Longitudes, enjoys an European reputation. In France, as a politician he has always been known as an enemy of privilege and corruption. M. Ledru-Rollin, late deputy for Mans, was subjected to a government prosecution for an election speech, and thus obtained notoriety and popularity. He sat on the extreme left, and defended with ability the ultra democratic opinions of "La Réforme," against the policy, not only of M. Guizot, but also of M. Thiers and Odilon Barrot. Of the qualifications for a future ministry of M. Garnier Pagès, great expectations had been entertained by the members of the opposition.

These were the men, who, from their position in the late legislature, it was necessary to put prominently forward to secure public confidence; but the two men in France, to whom, more perhaps than any other, may be traced the energy and decision which frustrated the views of M. Thiers and Odilon Barrot for a Regency, and caused a Republic to be proclaimed, were M. de Lamartine and Armand Marrast; the latter twelve years ago, an exile in England—an escaped political prisoner from St. Pelagie, flying from the vengeance of Louis-Philippe; subsequently the Editor of the *National*, and in that capacity rendering himself formidable to the government, by his unrivalled powers of sarcasm, and as, in some respects, the ablest journalist of France.

The courage, eloquence, and judicious conduct of M. de Lamartine have been the theme of just and universal admiration. The happiest effects resulted from his influence over the people; and among these, perhaps not the least was his successful appeal to the armed crowds before the Hotel de Ville to throw away the red flag of the first revolution, which they had at first raised as the flag of the Republic (and which had excited general alarm as an emblem of blood), and to adhere to the tricolor, under which the armies of France had marched to victory. Addressing them for the fifth time during the day, and with muskets brandished about his head, from the yet prevailing feeling of distrust of the intentions of the Provisional Government in regard to a compromise with royalty, he said—

"Citizens! for my part I will never adopt the red flag; and I will explain in a word why I will oppose it with all the strength of my patriotism. It is, citizens, because the tricolor flag has



made the tour of the world, with our liberties and our glories, and that the red flag has only made the tour of the Champs de Mars, trailed through torrents of the blood of the people."\*

Never had orator a greater triumph. The people who had refused to listen to him, drowning his voice in their clamors, gradually became softened, shed tears, and finished by lowering their arms, throwing away their flags, and peaceably dispersing to their homes.

The first sitting of the Provisional Go-

\* The allusion here is to the "Massacre of the Champs de Mars." July 17, 1791. The flight of the king (Louis XVI.) from Paris having led to riotous demonstrations, during which some unprovoked murders had been committed, the National guard assembled to disperse the populace. The result is thus described by Lamartine in his "History of the Girondists."

"Bailly, Lafayette, and the municipal body, with the red flag, marched at the head of the first column. The *pas de charge* beaten by 400 drums, and the first rolling of the cannon over the stones, announced the arrival of the national army. These sounds drowned for an instant the hollow murmurs and the shrill cries of 50,000 men, women, and children, who filled the centre of the Champs de Mars, or crowded on the glacis. At the moment when Bailly debouched between the glacis, the populace, who from the top of the bank looked down on the mayor, the bayonets, and the artillery, burst into threatening shouts and furious outcries against the National Guard. 'Down with the red flag! Shame to Bailly! Death to Lafayette!' The people in the Champs de Mars responded to these cries with unanimous imprecations. Lumps of wet mud, the only arms at hand, were cast at the National Guard, and struck Lafayette's horse, the red flag, and Bailly himself; and it is even said, several pistol-shots were fired from a distance; this, however, was by no means proved; the people had no intention of resisting—they wished only to intimidate. Bailly summoned them to disperse legally, to which they replied by shouts of derision; and he then, with the grave dignity of his office, and the mute sorrow that formed part of his character, ordered them to be dispersed by force. Lafayette first ordered the Guard to fire in the air; but the people, encouraged by this vain demonstration, formed into line before the National Guard, who then fired a discharge that killed and wounded 600 persons—the republicans say, 10,000. At the same moment the ranks opened, the cavalry charged, and the artillerymen prepared to open their fire, which, on this dense mass of people, would have taken fearful effect. Lafayette, unable to restrain his soldiers by his voice, placed himself before the cannon's mouth, and by this heroic act saved the lives of thousands. In an instant the Champs de Mars was cleared, and naught remained on it save the dead bodies of women and children, trampled under foot, or those flying before the cavalry; and a few intrepid men on the steps of the altar of their country, who amidst a murderous fire, and at the cannon's mouth, collected, in order to preserve them, the sheets of the petition, as proofs of the wishes, or bloody pledges of the future vengeance of the people, and they only retired when they had obtained them."

vernment lasted night and day, without intermission, for sixty hours, during which it was besieged at every moment by tumultuous crowds or deputations; but finally succeeding in inspiring all with confidence in the integrity and firmness of its intentions. When, on the Saturday, February 26, its first initiative labors were brought to a close, M. de Lamartine again descended the steps of the great staircase of the Hotel de Ville, and presenting himself in front of the edifice, with his colleagues, thus expressed himself:

"Citizens—

"The Provisional Government of the Republic has called upon the people to witness its gratitude for the magnificent national co-operation which has just accepted these new institutions.

"The Provisional Government of the Republic has only joyful intelligence to announce to the people here assembled.

"Royalty is abolished.

"The Republic is proclaimed.

"The people will exercise their political rights.

"National workshops are open for those who are without work. (Immense acclamations.)

"The army is being re-organized. The National Guard indissolubly unites itself with the people, so as to promptly restore order with the same hand that had only the preceding moment conquered our liberty. (Renewed acclamations.)

"Finally, Gentlemen, the Provisional Government was anxious to be itself the bearer to you of the last decree it has resolved on and signed in this memorable sitting; that is, the abolition of the penalty of death for political offences. (Unanimous bravos.)

"This is the noblest decree, Gentlemen, that has ever issued from the mouths of a people the day after their victory.\* ('Yes, yes!') It is the

\* This just and generous sentiment of the Provisional Government, and the decree of "death" of the National Convention in 1792, after the trial and condemnation of Louis XVI., form one of the most striking contrasts of history. In Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," the conduct of the Duke of Orleans (the father of Louis-Philippe), at the memorable sitting when judgment was pronounced, arrests the attention of the reader. The votes of the Convention were taken openly, and with a proud solemnity befitting the occasion. Every member mounted in his turn the tribune, and raised his voice for "death," or "exile," or "imprisonment." The twenty-one deputies for Paris all voted for DEATH.

"The Duc D'Orleans was the last called. Deep silence followed his name. Sillery, his confidant and favorite, had voted against death. It was expected that the prince would vote as his friend had done, or would refuse in the name of nature and of blood. Even the Jacobins anticipated this exception; but he would not be excepted. He ascended the steps slowly and unmoved, unfolded a paper which he held in his hand, and read with the voice of a stoic these words: 'Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have at-

character of the French nation which escapes in one spontaneous cry from the soul of its Government. ('Yes, yes; Bravo.') We have brought it with us, and I will now read it to you. There is not a more becoming homage to a people than the spectacle of its own magnanimity."

The abolition of the punishment of death for political offences, at the moment when the Royal Family and the ex-ministers were flying for their lives or trembling in concealment, was indeed a noble inspiration; and it probably did more than any other act of the Provisional Government to produce that general conviction of the justness and moderation of their views, which led the entire nation to accept the new men, as the indispensable necessity of the time, with an unanimity to which there is hardly a parallel in history. On the part of the army, Marshal Bugeaud; on the part of the clergy, the Archbishop of Paris; gave in their adhesion to the new Republic. On the part of the middle classes, whether in Paris or in the provinces, and of the whole press, without a solitary exception, there does not appear to have been the hesitation of a moment. All seem to have felt by in-

tempted, or shall attempt hereafter, the sovereignty of the people, merit death, I vote for "death." These words fell in the silence, and to the astonishment, of the party to whom the Duc D'Orleans seemed to concede them as a pledge. He did not find, even from the Mountain, a look, a gesture, or a voice that applauded him. The Montagnards, whilst condemning to death a captive and disarmed king, might wound justice, affright mankind, but they did not appal nature. Nature revolted in them against the vote of the first prince of the blood. A shudder pervaded the benches and tribunes of the assembly."

Another decree, subsequently issued, but conceived in the same spirit, a spirit worthy of a great cause, must not be passed over in silence; it marks an epoch in the moral history of nations.

#### "THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY.

"The Provisional Government of the Republic, considering that during the last fifty years every new government that constituted itself required and received oaths, which were successively replaced by others at every political change; considering that the first duty of every republican is to be devoted without any reservation to the country, and that every citizen who, under the government of the Republic, accepts functions or continues in the exercise of those he occupied, contracts in a still more special manner the sacred obligation of serving it and devoting himself to its security, decrees:—

"Public functionaries of the administrative and judiciary order shall not take any oath.

"Paris, March 1st, 1848.

"(Signed) The Members of the Provisional Government:—Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Arago, Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin, Garnier Pagès, Marrast, Marie, Louis Blanc, Flocon, Albert."

stinct, that whether or not the people were prepared for Republican institutions, the time was come when a trial of them must be made; for after the fall of a government which but a few days before had enjoyed the reputation of being one of the strongest in Europe, and then suddenly vanished like a mist, there could be no further hope of security for person or property under the protection of royalty.\*

In this unanimity, which even subsequent distress, arising from financial and commercial difficulties has not in the least disturbed, lies the safety of the Republic. It is a guarantee against the recurrence of the sanguinary scenes of the first revolution. The timid English who have fled from Paris in the belief that the new political clubs that have sprung into existence, will, by exciting the passions of the people, lead to another reign of terror, have entirely mistaken the character of existing circumstances in relation to those of the past. The Jacobin clubs of 1791 were the leaders of a perpetual revolt against a court guilty of perpetual treachery—they were the terrible, but energetic defenders of their country against the armies of a foreign coalition.

But neither the duplicity of the court, nor the foreign coalition, would have given any mischievous influence to the clubs of Paris during the first revolution, but for an act of the National Assembly, originating in patriotism, of which the consequences have not been understood. This

\* This feeling was put to the test by a feeble attempt on the part of the few remaining friends of the elder branch of the Bourbons, which ended in the following ridiculous failure:—

"Ten young men attempted on Saturday evening," says the *Courrier Français*, "to get up a Legitimist manifestation in the Faubourg St. Germain. The people, seeing them all dressed in black, with white cockades in their hats, cried out '*Tiens! Tiens!*' A funeral! They are undertakers' men!" The young men, finding the people in such good humor, immediately set to work. 'Friends,' exclaimed they, 'remember Henry IV., and proclaim his descendant. Long live Henry V.!' The people, in the same good humor, immediately cried out, 'Ah, how is he, the dear prince? Is he not dead? So much the better! Make our compliments to him, if you please, gentlemen. How happy he will be! Henry IV. is dead! Vive la République!' Thus did the people turn Legitimacy to the right about. If we relate this fact, it is merely to add that, in despair for the cause, they immediately went to inscribe themselves at their respective mayoralities, as nearly all the young men of the Faubourg St. Germain had already done. Thus Legitimacy has turned into Republicanism, the wisest thing it could do. 'Henry IV. is dead. Long live the Republic!'"



was their celebrated self-denying ordinance, by which, when they had completed their work of framing a constitution for the nation, the National Assembly declared themselves ineligible as candidates at the next election; leaving therefore the further progress of legislation to a body composed entirely of new men, for the most part of unknown names, and inferior capacity. The immediate result of this measure was, a great accession of strength to the clubs, which a little before were dying of inanition. Robespierre, the disciple of Rousseau, the friend of peace, "the incorruptible," and the most popular man of the day, descended from the arena of statesmen to that of demagogues, and gradually yielded to the infection of that spirit of sanguinary violence (as means to be justified by the end) which he had been himself the first to denounce. This violence, however, only broke out when the party of the Girondists of the New Legislative Assembly, sought to put down the Jacobins; and that at a time, when, by their own temporizing policy with the court, they had lost their own popularity. It was then that the leaders of the Jacobins instigated the mob to attack the Tuileries, place the king under arrest, and proclaim the Convention, by which he was tried and condemned. But now the contest of sixty years has been brought to a close. There is no longer any "veto," but in the will of the majority. The object of political agitation will no longer be insurrection in disguise; for against whom are the people to be invited to rebel? Against the government? Why resort to arms when they can change it by a vote? The new clubs of Paris will be as harmless as our own election committees and parish meetings. They will discuss the merits of candidates, organize parties at elections, criticize the debates of the National Assembly, prepare petitions, and when there are no obnoxious laws to be repealed, sink into insignificance.

The apprehension of civil war arising out of freedom of debate, the freedom of the press, and universal suffrage, are as groundless in respect to France as the same fears would be in respect to America. And not less devoid of rational foundation has been the alarm of another continental war, as the immediate consequence of the revolution. On the announcement of the abdication and flight of Louis Philippe, the rates of insurance in London for vessels chartered for the Mediterranean rose to war risks; and yet

the first news that followed was that of an order given by the King of Prussia to recall the troops on their march to the assistance of Austria and the King of Naples. Up to the present moment the revolution, instead of increasing the preparations for war, has stopped those which were already on foot. Instead of further attempts to crush opinion by armies, the absolute governments of Europe have all suddenly been placed on the defensive. We hear no more of coalition, but of popular concessions; and that in countries where the spirit of liberty had been supposed to be extinct.\* The strongholds of despotism in Europe, whether in a mild and paternal form, or in that of naked tyranny, were Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. Two of these have surrendered, almost at discretion. How long will the third threaten the progress of civilization, or brave its assaults?

The following day, Sunday (Feb. 26), was devoted to the ceremony of a formal inauguration of the new Republic at the Column of July on the Place de la Bastille; and to masses in the church for the victims who had fallen on the side of the people.†

\* The policy of the French Government has been explained by M. de Lamartine (in a circular addressed to the foreign agents of the Republic, for which we have not room), to be one of peace, so long as the right of every nation to regulate its own internal affairs is respected by other powers; but of war, in the event of foreign aggression, whether manifesting itself in France or Italy.

† The following Saturday, March 4th, was devoted to the solemnity of their funeral; the National Guard, the troops of the line, the authorities, schools, &c., the whole population of Paris assisting. The ceremony was performed in the Madeleine, and the bodies were interred in the vaults of the Column of July, in the Place de la Bastille.

"The day was beautiful, and a brilliant sun shining on the sharp, clear outlines of the white Grecian church, on the lofty old-fashioned houses around it, so picturesque in their complete contrast with it, and glancing from the forest of bayonets bristling among hundreds of tricolored flags above the surface of the motley and closely packed crowd, of which no end was to be seen as far as the eye could reach, formed a spectacle that no city save Paris could furnish, and Paris only on such an occasion. There was something awful in that mass of human life; it was easy to imagine how armies fail in collision with such myriads; yet it was but a fraction of the host the city poured forth from every street into the main channel in which flowed the business of the day.

"While the authorities were with difficulty pushing their way into the church, the choir under the portico, drawn from the three operas, and conducted by MM. Girard and Laty, contributed its part to the proceedings. The arrival of the Provisional Government was hailed by the *Marseillaise*, splendidly sung, with the accompaniment of a military band. The instrumental piece that followed, a funeral

The killed on both sides appear to have been under two hundred; a number remarkably insignificant as compared with the result, and proving either that there was very little actual collision, or that the troops in firing must often have directed their muskets in the air. The number of wounded then lying at the hospitals was 428, of whom 78 belonged to the military or to the Municipal Guard. On the Tuesday, Feb. 29th, within a week only of the date of the first outbreak, order was perfectly restored; the barricades had been removed; the people had returned to their ordinary occupations; the railways were again open; and but few traces remained of the convulsion which had occurred.

The organization of a corps called the "National Garde Mobile," and the immediate employment on public works of all laborers without the means of subsistence, contributed to this result. These measures, which under any other circumstances would have been hazardous, and which, even in the present case, involved a heavy financial loss, with no permanent benefit to the working classes, were, in the situation of Paris the only course of safety. They at once cleared the streets of all the idlers with arms in their hands, from whose excited passions or real destitution danger might have been anticipated, and placed them, with their own consent, under the wholesome restraint of civil and military subordination.

In the provinces, the authorities appear to have had but little difficulty in maintaining public tranquillity. In no part of France was a voice raised for the fallen dynasty; and the news that the Revolution

march by Cherubini, was comparatively weak; little of it was heard above the hum of the crowd; this was succeeded by the 'oath' chorus from *Guillaume Tell*, a piece from the *Creation* ('the Heavens are telling'), and the 'prayer' from *Mose in Egitto*. The selection seemed to alternate mourning and supplication with the notes of triumph; the effect was sublime. As the music ceased, the funeral cars on which the coffins, fifteen in number, had been placed, were ready to proceed; as the first of the six moved onward, the *Marseillaise* was repeated; one verse was sung by the female voices alone, the men taking up the chorus, '*aux armes*.' As the spirit-stirring strain arose, the whole crowd uncovered and remained so till the last of the cars, which were open, showing the forms of the coffins under the black palls, had passed. The dramatic effect at that moment, the homage of the people, the fierce invocation to battle, the stillness of death, all uniting, made the hearts of all beat quicker with excitement."

was accomplished having been proclaimed in the same breath with the announcement of the first conflict, there was no pretext for riotous demonstrations in aid of the popular triumph. The only serious disturbances which the authorities were unable to repress, appear to have been of the class with which we are too familiar in this country to attribute exclusively to republicanism. Not a year passes in England without mob fights between English and Irish reapers, English and Irish railway laborers, each party seeking to expel the other from the field of employment; and it would have been strange in France, at a moment when the mob of every village naturally looked upon themselves as the sole masters of the country, if English operatives should not have suffered from Trades' Union combinations.

The temporary success of the lower order of protectionists in driving English workmen out of France must not, however, be received as an evidence that the tendencies of the new Republic will be adverse rather than favorable to the principles of free trade. We may notice one counter-symptom in the marked hostility that has been shown towards the Octroi system (town dues, on all articles of consumption), and this will probably end in the substitution of direct for indirect taxation to a much greater extent than now exists. We must bear in mind also that no National Assembly to be elected in France by universal suffrage can be composed of men more in the interest of monopoly than the late Chamber of Deputies. The majority were mere delegates of beet-root-sugar manufacturers, iron founders, and forest proprietors, and they carried protection as far as it would go. There will be now a better chance than before for the public consumer. His voice will at least be heard. Free trade leaders are not wanting; and we rejoice to hear of their activity. The growing influence of their new journal, "*Le Libre Echange*" is a favorable augury; and among the minor indications of progress which have not escaped us, the election of a journeyman watchmaker, M. Peupin, a member of the Free Trade Association of Paris, as a delegate to the Government Commission on the Labor question, a Commission named by protectionists, and still under their influence, is deserving attention. M. Peupin was chosen at a meeting of his own trade to represent their interests in the Commission, after a full explanation of his own opinions



as a free-trader: 212 persons were present, and the whole voted in his favor, with only one exception.

We have arrived at that portion of our narrative which relates to the alarm of the middle classes, both in France and England, and its disastrous consequences, caused by the supposed *Socialist* tendencies of the Revolution; which many who know nothing of socialism imagine must necessarily involve some violent levelling of all distinctions of property.

On the very first day of the revolution the working classes of Paris, and especially those who had taken a part in the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty, were not slow in making it understood, and we do not blame them for it, that this time the revolution was to result in some improvement of their position, and was not to be confined to the creation of a multitude of places under government for the middle and upper classes, as in the case of the Revolution of July.

Another thing they made apparent; and that was their conviction that in some way or other an improvement of their physical and social condition was an object within the power of attainment of an honest government. In this belief we share; differing with them upon the means, and differing especially upon the means thrust upon the Provisional Government of the Hotel de Ville. The labor question was one for the deliberation of the National Assembly, not for impromptu legislation. But pledges for the future would not satisfy the people; the pressure was serious; and hence the following decree:—

“Considering that the revolution made by the people ought to be made *for* them.

“That it is time to put an end to the long and iniquitous sufferings of workmen.

“That the labor question is one of supreme importance.

“That there is no other more high or more worthy of the consideration of a republican government.

“That it belongs to France to study ardently, and to resolve a problem submitted at present to all the industrial nations of Europe.

“The provisional government of the republic decrees a permanent commission, which shall be named *Commission de Gouvernement pour les Travailleurs*, which is about to be nominated, with the express and special mission of occupying itself with their lot.

“To show how much importance the provisional government of the Republic attaches to the solution of this great problem, it nominates President of the Commission of Government for Workmen one of

its members, M. Louis Blanc, and for Vice-President another of its members, M. Albert, workman.

“Workmen will be invited to form part of the committee.

“The seat of the committee will be at the Palace of the Luxembourg.”

If by the word “people,” in the first paragraph of this proclamation, we are to understand the working classes alone, it is not ingenuous, for nothing is more clear, than that without the support of the National Guards the revolution could not have been accomplished; and even with that support the government was only conquered because there were none who cared to defend it. But we will not cavil with terms or phrases. The mischief which followed the appointment of the Commission arose, not out of the appointment (for all inquiry is in itself useful), but out of the permission given to it prematurely to act. Before the Commission could be properly organized, so as to embrace the various sections of the working classes, including free-traders, as well as trades unionists, and embody a real representation of their interests, and in fact, before the Republic was a week old, we have decrees signed Louis Blanc and Albert, “*Ouvrier*,” (March 1 and 2), fixing the duration of a day’s labor at ten hours, and abolishing “*marchandage*,” or the customary division of large contracts among a number of sub-contractors, without which no great work can be executed, excepting at a greatly enhanced cost.

The ten-hours labor decree is of course only an exaggerated copy of the ten-hours labor act forced upon Lord John Russell, and we have not, therefore, a word to say against Louis Blanc that would not equally apply to Lord Ashley. Both the citizen and the noble lord had not learned (but we trust they have now better knowledge) that it is the competition of workmen among themselves that regulates the hours of labor, and not the good pleasure of masters, or the will of a legislature. True, a factory may be closed at six in the evening, or shut up altogether, if it so please a government; but what law can prevent the hand-loom weaver, who is his own master, working 18 hours out of the 24, when the power-loom is idle\* (and this is a common case); and

\* A law which restricts labor only in factories, and it is only in factories restriction is possible, is in fact a law against the use of machinery; and it seems somewhat remarkable this should not have been perceived by some at least connected with the Commission. M Albert, the Secretary, is a working

who is to say to the tailor, the shoe-maker, the watch-maker, the sempstress, toiling voluntarily to eke out scanty wages at their own homes, day and night, and often seven days in the week, "at such an hour shall you begin to labor, and at such an hour shall you cease to labor, that your competition may not interfere with the interests of those who are compelled in factories to submit to the same regulation?"

If the Labour Commission of Louis Blanc and Albert, "Ouvrier," had commenced its duties with *inquiry*, it would have been enabled to teach its constituents that the factory operatives of England, instead of being satisfied with their Ten Hours' Labour Act, would at the present moment be only too happy to set it aside, if the opportunity should ever again be offered them of making up for past losses, by working over hours. From the long-continued depression of trade, the majority of mill hands have been obliged to submit, since the act was passed, to half-time. Instead of sixty hours employment per week, they have found it difficult to obtain thirty; and projects of emigration to America, where the factory hours are fifteen per day, are at the present moment being seriously discussed, as the only remedy for the existing distress, by those who were foremost in the late agitation.

All that the law can do in regulating hours of labour, without injustice, or mischievous interference (the case of children excepted), is to define the meaning of a day's labour, in the absence of any written contract between master and servant, so that all claims for extra wages for extra hours might be settled without dispute. To pass a law that factory operatives, or any other, should not be allowed to work extra hours, what-engineer, and one of the editors of '*L'Atelier*,' a journal in which we find the following sensible address:—

Paris, Feb. 25, 6 p.m.

"Brothers!--We learn that amidst the joys of triumph, some of our companions, misled by perfidious counsels, have wished to tarnish the glory of our Revolution by excesses which we disapprove of with all our energy; they have threatened to break the mechanical presses! Brothers! These men are in the wrong. We suffer as they do the perturbations caused by the introduction of machinery into manufactures; but, instead of quarreling with inventions which abridge labor, but multiply produce, we charge none but egotistical and improvident Governments with being the cause of all our grief. In future this can never be. Therefore spare the machines. Besides, to attack machinery is to stop the march and stifle the voice of the Revolution. It is, under the grave circumstances by which we are surrounded, doing the work of bad citizens."

ever sum might be offered them; that a reaper, for example, should not be permitted to rise with the lark, and finish his work by the light of the harvest-moon, is, or would be, insupportable tyranny.

Louis Blanc has written a book on the Organization of Industry, full of generous thoughts. When called upon to realize its aspirations, he converts it into the sword of the destroying angel. The total *disorganization* of industry has been hitherto the only result of the decrees and proclamations of the commission. A temporary stagnation of trade, and a scarcity of employment, is in all cases a necessary consequence of revolution. The Commission meets it by pledges of more abundant employment, and increased rates of remuneration. It raises the wages of omnibus drivers and conductors, and is immediately beset with a thousand applications from other classes of operatives for a similar decree in their favour. It puts an end to sub-contracts (*marchandage*), without pausing to consider whether head contractors will be ruined or otherwise by the change, or what works it will cause to be suspended; and as if to add to the difficulties of merchants, manufacturers, builders, and every class of capitalists, it obtains from the Provisional Government a decree abolishing arrest for debt, without waiting to give the creditor a more effectual remedy for the recovery of his property; thus plunging every description of enterprise into an abyss of hopeless uncertainty and confusion. In such circumstances, every prudent man would necessarily seek to withdraw his capital from trade; not to embark it in new speculations. A strike for wages, or some new restriction of labour, compelling the discharge of one set of servants and the engagement of another, might in a moment change the fairest calculations of profit into ruinous losses. To undertake the execution of a new contract, when all old conditions of labour had become unsettled, would be to take a ticket in a lottery in which all the chances would be against the employer. We see, therefore, within the first fortnight of the labours of the Commission, trade paralyzed, and many thousand workmen, in every branch of industry, who had never before wanted employment, suddenly reduced to destitution.

In all this, however, we trace nothing of *socialism*. The first decrees of the Labour Commission were concessions, not to the



communists, but to the trade unionists. And it is here the real danger lies. The operatives who believe wages may be raised and the hours of labour lessened by arbitrary regulations, and who seek to effect their objects by the intimidation of masters, the destruction of machinery, and the exclusion of strangers or foreigners from the field of employment, are much more numerous than the socialists, whether in France or England, and are certainly not the disciples of St. Simon, Fourier, George Sand, or Robert Owen.

The term "socialist" has been applied without distinction to every person who has indulged in new speculations on the subject of social science, however much those speculations may differ. In this country, "socialism" has become a bugbear, from its supposed connexion with laxity of morals, and infidelity in religion; but its essential characteristic, and the only one in which all socialists agree, is the principle of "mutual co-operation for the interests of all." The extent to which mutual co-operation is practicable, without interfering with that individuality which is equally essential to happiness, is the question of *degree* upon which different opinions are entertained. And let us look this monster fairly in the face. The Athenæum Club, in Waterloo place, is a socialist community; confining its co-operation to the object of palace accommodation for gentlemen of literary tastes, and a *juste milieu* order of harmless politicians. The Reform Club, in Pall Mall, is another socialist community, composed principally of Whigs, and going one step further than the Athenæum, in providing sleeping accommodation for those members who require it. The Suburban Village Association patronized by Lord Morpeth, proposes to form socialist communities on a large scale, but confining their objects to comfortable cottage residences, amidst pleasant fields and gardens; with schools and churches, and cheap means of access by railways. It would be only to persuade the inhabitants of one of these suburban villages to become joint-stock partners in a farm and factory for their own benefit, and we should have an exact pattern of the kind of socialist communities Louis Blanc is probably seeking to establish in France at the present moment; but of the success of which Lamartine, Marrast, and other members of the Provisional Government, are not so sanguine as himself. That such communities would fail in the first instance is very pro-

bable—is almost certain; much has to be learned of the arrangements required, and modes of management, and until a knowledge of these has been gained by experience, there will be defective organization and a waste of means. But who would say that the experiment should not be tried? And with the evidence surrounding us of the marvels accomplished by joint-stock associations of capitalists, what data have we for a prediction that joint-stock associations of labourers (and labour is capital) may not one day realize the results of which philanthropists have dreamed? The difficulties to be overcome are not physical but moral. The theory is sound, and it is that of Christianity, that the interest of one is the interest of all; but the habit of identifying our happiness as individuals with the common good has to be formed. Education, when it has escaped its present trammels, may form it.

So far from socialism being a just cause of apprehension to the middle and upper classes, its prevalence in France, although but among a comparatively small section of the population, is really a valid security for the general stability of the existing institutions of property. The communists of every school deprecate alike the principle of confiscation or spoliation. They seek not to pull down the rich, but to raise the poor by placing them in a position to secure a better share than they now obtain of the fruits of their own industry; and they propose to accomplish this by purely voluntary associations, assisted in the first instance by government loans. Two or three millions sterling (one half the cost of our own poor Laws), will probably be the extreme expenditure of the French Republic for some years upon objects of this nature, and if the money should be all sunk it will not have been thrown away. The government will be popular with the working classes when they see it seriously occupied with schemes for their welfare; and those schemes, whether ultimately they fail or not, will, by the attention they will excite, and the discussions to which they will give rise at every stage of their progress, inspire hope, diminish the number of "strikes," and calm down the spirit of violence. But come what may of this new labor movement, we challenge Louis Blanc, or any republican philanthropists who may hereafter take his place, to produce, by any project, however visionary, likely to be sanctioned by the National Assembly, a

tithe of the social disorders which arose out of the Irish Labor-Rate Act of 1846,—the greatest curse under the name of relief with which any country was ever afflicted; and of which the cost was ten millions sterling!

The first measure of the Labor Commission, forced upon the government, not by the socialists but by the trades unionists, led to disastrous results. All the relations between master and servant, employer and employed, having become unsettled, multitudes of operatives suddenly found themselves thrown upon the resources of their past savings. This led to a run upon the Savings' Bank, and to a financial crisis, by which the whole industry of the country was brought to a stand.

We must not, however, exaggerate the influence of the bad political economy of the Trades Unions. Neither should we attribute to the revolution nor to republicanism consequences which do not necessarily belong to either. The revolution and the labor question precipitated a financial crisis; but the crisis would have stopped far short of that universal bankruptcy which ensued, but for two other causes in operation, one of which is sufficiently obvious; the other but little understood.

We allude first to the profligate expenditure of the late government, which, according to the financial report of M. Garnier Pagès\* (dated March 9th), had been at a rate exceeding the revenue of £44,000 per

day during the last 268 days, and which had caused 37 millions sterling to be added to the national debt of France since the year 1841. On the first of January, 1848, the national debt of France, deducting the government stock belonging to the sinking fund, amounted to £207,185,789. The whole of this burden it was necessary for the Republic to accept, and as the best possible pledge that it would accept it, and of its anxiety to uphold public credit, the Provisional Government commenced paying in advance on the 6th of March, out of the balance they found in the treasury, the dividends due on the 22nd. This measure, although re-assuring, did not prevent, as it was hoped it would, the great depreciation of government stock, as shown by the following quotations:—

1848.	Closing Prices of 3 per Cents.	Closing Prices of 5 per Cents.
February 21st	- - 73f. 85c.	- - 116f. 45c.
March 7th	- - 56f. 50c.	- - 89f.
" 8th	- - 47f.	- - 75f.

The fall of railway stock was in a similar, and in some instances in a greater proportion than the above, from the damage done to the northern lines, partly at the instigation of parties connected with the old road traffic.

Prices of Northern of France Railway Shares of £20—£10 paid.		
Feb. 21	- - 1½ to 1½	premium.
March 7	- - 6½	" 6 discount.
" 8	- - 7½	" 7 "

\* Given *in extenso* in the "Times" of March 13. The following abridged statement of the National Debt of France is from the "Times" of February 29th.

"On the accession of Louis Philippe to throne the capital of the funded debt of France had reached to about £172,000,000. Since that period an excess of expenditure over revenue has been the rule, and the following loans have successively been taken:—

*Period, amount, and rate of the French loans contracted during the last 18 years.*

Date.	Amount in francs.	Rate per cent.	Contract price.
1830	40,000,000	5	102
1831	120,000,000	5	84
1832	150,000,000	5	98.50
1841	150,000,000	3	78.52½
1844	200,000,000	3	84.75
1847	250,000,000	3	75.25
Total	910,000,000		

"We have here an addition of thirty-seven millions sterling (being at the rate of more than two millions increase each year), which brings the present total to about 209 millions. These stand in the following way:—

	Rentes.	Capital in francs.	Capital in sterling
5 per Cents.	147,000,000	2,940,000,000	115,294,000
4½ per Cents.	1,000,000	22,222,222	871,000
4 per Cents.	22,000,000	550,000,000	21,569,000
3 per Cents.	55,000,000	1,833,333,333	71,895,000
	225,000,000	5,345,555,555	£209,629,000



The failure of banking houses holding large securities in railway bonds, was one of the first symptoms of commercial alarm. But the subject of greatest uneasiness was the deficit of 1847, for which a loan of 14 millions sterling had been contracted by the fallen government, in November, on which £3,280,000 only had been paid. The balance of £10,720,000 remained to be paid by instalments of £400,000 per month, and as the loss to the subscribers would be ruinous, the contract price having been 75f. 25c. in the 3 per cents., it became a problem whether even the house of Rothschilds, through whom the contract had been taken, would not break down under its responsibility.

To check the run upon the Savings' Banks, the interest allowed the depositors was raised to 5 per cent., but this did not have the effect of quieting their fears. The run continued; and it became necessary to declare the inability of the government to meet it with any means at their disposal. The property of the depositors, amounting to £14,200,000 was chiefly invested in the funds. To convert this into cash by sales of stock after a fall of 35 per cent., or to obtain the cash by any other mode, was obviously impossible. The government at once announced the fact. It arranged to pay each depositor £4 in cash, to meet the case of the very poor withdrawing it from actual need, and to pay the surplus in exchequer bills at four and six months' date, and 5 per cent. stock at par.\* This measure in-

\* "The Provisional Government, considering that the fallen Government has left to the charge of a Republic a sum of 355,087,717f. 32c., arising from the deposits made in the savings-bank; considering that of this sum there only remains disposable, in cash, 65,703,620. 40c.; considering that the small deposits belong in general to necessitous citizens; whereas the large deposits belong, on the contrary, generally to persons in easy circumstances; and whereas it is desirable to reconcile the interests of justice with that of the Treasury, and that of private individuals with that of the public; decrees—Article 1. The *livrets* (receipt-books) showing a payment of 100f. and under, shall, at the demand of the depositors, be reimbursed in cash. Art. 2. Deposits of from 101f. to 1,000f. shall be reimbursed in the following manner:—1, 100f. in cash; 2, the remainder, up to half of the sum paid in, in one or more treasury bonds, at four months' date, and bearing interest at 5 per cent.; 3, the last half in a coupon of five per cent. rentes at par. Art. 3. For the receipt-books in which the sum paid in shall exceed 1,000f., the savings banks shall pay—1, 100f. in cash; 2, the remainder up to half the amount in treasury bonds at six months' date and bearing interest at 5 per cent.; 3, the last half in a coupon of 5 per cent. rentes at par. Art. 4. The receipt books inscrib-

stead of relieving the pressure, aggravated it into panic. The depositors finding that a transfer warrant given them as 100 francs, would only sell for 75 (although they were not obliged to sell it in an unfavorable market), considered themselves robbed. The anxiety to obtain gold or silver to hoard in the event of worse contingencies increased on every hand; a run commenced upon all the banks throughout the country, including the Bank of France, which finally (March 15th) was obliged to suspend specie payments. The government then adopted the only course which remained; it issued a decree, authorizing the substitution of notes for coin, and declaring the notes of the Bank of France a legal tender.

The next day a 1,000 franc note was sold for 825 francs in silver, establishing what a bullionist writer would call a *depreciation* of paper of 17 1-2 per cent; but more correctly—for no one has ever doubted the solvency of the Bank of France, an *appreciation* of bullion, or rise in the value of silver to that extent. The alarm spreading throughout the continent—the demand for the precious metals, with a view to hoarding, became general. The two great banking corporations of Belgium, the *Société Générale* and the *Banque de Belgique*, were compelled to follow the example of the Bank of France; and within a week of the same date.

Two months only had elapsed since the Bank of England had been drained of its treasures by a similar panic, but originating in different causes, and had been compelled to protect itself by an order in council (October 23), authorizing an enlargement of its discounts at 8 per cent. upon notes which had become already practically inconvertible, and which were then sustained solely by the credit of the corporation. Previous to this order in council, panic had succeeded panic, crisis had succeeded crisis, throughout the two years of 1846 and 1847; but without a whisper of revolution or republicanism. When at last the news came of a Republic established in France, the English funds and the shares of joint-stock companies fell instantly, almost in the same proportion in London as French funds and shares in Paris.

ed in the name of societies for mutual assistance shall not be subject to the preceding provisions; their deposits shall be reimbursed in cash. Receipt-books for deposits made since Feb. 24, 1848, are also excepted from the measure. March 15th, 1848."

	Closing prices of 3 per cent. consols for money.	Closing prices of London and N. Western shares.
Feb. 21, 1848	89½ to 1	147 to 149
28	81 ¾	133 138
Mar. 9	80½	130 133
13	80½ ¾	128 130
22	82½ ¾	125 127

At the moment we are writing it is almost difficult to say whether the stagnation of trade, from the depression of every description of stock, without exception, in which capital has been invested, is not as great in England as in France; and yet not a thought has been entertained in any quarter of the people of this country suddenly agreeing to exchange the sceptre of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria for another Commonwealth or Protectorate like that of Cromwell. To what then are these universal embarrassments, these periodical ague-fits of commerce, to be really attributed? To the false monetary principles by which commercial transactions are regulated. False in reference to the use of coins as a "fixed standard of value;" a standard as uncertain as if a yard measure were sometimes to mean 36 inches and sometimes 24; and false in reference to the mode of adjusting the payment of contract debts; the medium agreed upon being one which in unforeseen circumstances, such as those which have recently arisen, may become impossible, by disappearing altogether from circulation.

Before we quit the subject of the labor question, we would ask the trades unionists of Paris, and all who have sought to regulate wages by a money-standard, to consider well what it is they seek to fix. In settling the wages of a day laborer at 15s. per week, they fix undoubtedly the quality, weight, and number of certain silver coins which he is to receive. But is this all their object? It is not. Their ulterior object is the food, clothing, fuel, and shelter which, it is supposed, 15s. will purchase. But will 15s. always purchase an uniform quantity of these? They will not. A bushel of flour in 1846 was 8s. one week and 12s. another;—with the same quantity of silver at his command, the day laborer was one week fed, and another week starving. This does not happen when wages are paid in kind. The contract of a domestic servant being principally for his board, whether flour be 8s. or 12s. per bushel, he obtains the same quantity of bread, or of some other equivalent food. If provisions be scarce the loss falls upon

his master; that is upon *capital*. In the case of money wages, it falls wholly upon *labor*. A most serious difference. It is idle to talk of coins as fixed standards of *value*. They are fixed in nothing but weight and quality. Their real want of uniformity of value while retaining the same names, or rather the want of a true standard of value, founded upon general averages, is the source of endless confusion. Trade will continue to be a lottery, and the labor question will never be understood and placed upon a right footing until this mischief has been traced through all its ramifications and corrected.

The doctrine of "convertibility," or the law which makes metallic money the only legal tender, with no means of adjusting its varying value to the equity of contracts, is another of the delusions, pregnant with disaster, of the same currency theory. At first sight it seems plausible enough to say that a promise to pay one hundred sovereigns (we purposely avoid the word pounds) should be discharged with sovereigns only, and not with tea or sugar, or some other commodity, at the pleasure of the debtor; but as it is notorious that there is not in existence one sovereign for every thousand that would be required to discharge all commercial obligations in gold, *at once*, is it not folly, amounting to lunacy, to contend that the debtors and creditors of a nation shall not, with their own consent and that of the legislature, protect their common industry from fluctuations greater than those of the gaming table, by allowing other property than gold or silver to be substituted for the precious metals at a previously agreed price, in certain emergencies?

Imagine the commander of a garrison issuing a contract for beef, and upon a murrain among the horned beasts of the district rendering it impossible for the contractor to fulfil his engagement to the letter, refusing to accept, instead of beef,—mutton, pork, fowls, veal, or venison, and deciding to hang the contractor, and allow his soldiers to starve, rather than consent to any modification of the original agreement. The position of the contractor in this case is that of all the bankers of Europe. Their business as bankers is to invest in securities bearing interest the surplus portion of the deposits placed in their hands, not likely in ordinary circumstances to be required by the public. These deposits, although originally lodged perhaps



in the form of checks and notes, are all liable to be demanded in gold or silver, and to be so demanded *at once*. In addition to which, all bank notes payable on demand are liable to be presented at once. The consequence is, that any event which produces general distrust may cause a sudden demand for gold and silver to an amount greater than exists in the whole world. Such a demand can only be even partially met by forced sales of investments, at whatever sacrifice such sales may be effected; depressing therefore alike the value of all securities that are not metallic, and making the fortunes of every man connected with commerce or manufactures hang upon a thread.

The wisdom of the nineteenth century has as yet discovered no remedy for this tremendous evil. A remedy worse than the disease is endured in the belief that there are absolutely no other means of checking excessive and fraudulent issues of paper money than the test of "convertibility;" a test which fails the moment it is applied on a large scale! No one now even suspects a government of abusing the prerogative of the mint, and debasing the coinage, as in the time of Henry VIII., but fraudulent issues of paper money, it seems, however restricted and regulated by Act of Parliament, would be too severe a temptation for the virtue of statesmen!

It is now assumed that the consequence of a suspension of cash-payments on the part of the Bank of France, will be the same inundation of inconvertible paper, based upon nothing, with which France was deluged during the first revolution, under the name of assignats; the whole of which became valueless. This was in 1796. The next year, however (1797), the Bank of England suspended cash payments. Yet the English assignats did not become waste paper, but on the contrary, so far maintained their value, that on the return of peace they bought back the gold which enabled the bank to resume cash-payments in 1821.\*

\* *Assignats* were first issued by the NATIONAL OR CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY, in 1790, to the extent of £48,000,000; the government receiving them back again in the taxes, and in payment of confiscated estates sold by auction. In 1795, the CONVENTION being at war with the whole of Europe, issued them to the amount of £787,980,000, by which the value of 100 francs in paper, fell to about that of 100 pence in copper. In 1796 the issue of Assignats under the DIRECTORY, reached the almost incredible amount of £1,823,160,000 (45,579,000,000f.). An

There is obviously no physical or moral impossibility in giving to a currency of inconvertible paper an uniformity of value at least as great as that of gold, and we believe a much greater uniformity, for two reasons,—one, that paper when in excess of the demand can be contracted, while there are no means of withdrawing gold from circulation;—the other that it would not be, like gold, subject to the fluctuations arising from a foreign demand, or a home panic. The question is merely one of the mode by which the supply should be adapted to the demand; a question upon which the time will come when political economists will be agreed.

A plan, which might have been suggested to M. Garnier Pagès, would have been, instead of declaring the notes of the Bank of France inconvertible and a legal tender, to have issued a new paper currency founded upon the security of the funds. When, for example, M. Garnier Pagès paid his debts to the depositors of the savings' banks with transfer warrants of 5 per cent. stock at par, why did he not *make those transfer warrants a legal tender*, so that the savings' banks depositors could have paid *their* debts with them at the same price? The advantage of such a currency over that of inconvertible *bank* paper is that it would have upheld the funds, and therefore have maintained both public and private credit, while the solidity of the security would have been unquestionable. The dividends of the French fundholders amount to £8,000,000 per annum. Can any man doubt the ability of a population of 35,000,000 to pay this sum annually, or the willingness of the French people to accept the obligation. If not—in that equitable adjustment of national affairs, of which the object is to supersede or prevent universal bankruptcy, what ought the annual payment of £5 per annum (in silver if required) thus guaranteed, to be received as worth? In ordinary circumstances it would be worth 25 years' purchase. No injustice therefore could be done by making it a legal tender at 20 years' purchase, or £100 (divisible into fifths and tenths). Such a currency would also have the recommenda-

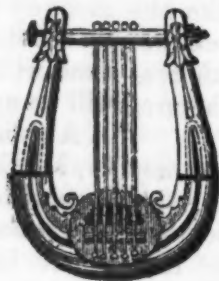
Assignat of 100 francs (£4) was then currently exchanged for six sous (3d.).—*Storch, Vol. IV., p. 162*

The amount of English Assignats, or Bank of England inconvertible notes, in circulation during the war, never exceeded £30,000,000, and they were issued always upon securities, in the discount of bills,—not, as the French Assignats, in payment of the government expenditure.

tion of regulating itself, and being wholly independent of capricious issues. It could never be in excess, because, whenever, from the abundance of money, or capital, money ceased to be worth 5 per cent. in the public market, the holders of these 5 per cent. notes, instead of paying them away, would receive the dividends upon

them, and keep the notes in their own drawers.

These remarks may appear as a digression, but they were necessary to separate in the minds of our readers two questions, both of importance, but perfectly distinct, although now accidentally connected—the question of republicanism and that of the currency.



From the People's Journal.

### THE VILLAGE HOME.

BY SYDNEY YENDYS.

A Village Home, a Village Home  
By a smiling village lea,  
With the calm rich life of its tranquil scene,  
And the joy that smiles thro' its ancient mien,  
And its daily flowers and its olden treen  
That sigh and lean o'er the graveyard green,—  
Oh a Village Home for me!

Oh a Village Home! where all,  
From the babbling village brook  
To the village sky that shines on high,  
Hath the same sweet village look!

And the sun hath a face for that happy place,  
Which never he knows elsewhere,  
As a villager gay, in his harvest array,  
He strides thro' the morning air:

Pane by pane, thro' hamlet and lane,  
He peepeth in every one;  
And right fair speech hath his love for each—  
That brave old neighborly sun!

A Village Home for me—  
And the village peace that plays  
Thro' the calm delights of its holy nights,  
And the thoughts of its quiet days.

And a Village Home for me  
When my village life is o'er,  
And the village hum at eve may come  
On my twilight ear no more,—

That sleep so calm and sound  
How the weary heart would love,  
With the village graves around,  
And the village bells above;

And the village blessing borne  
On the balm of Sabbath air;

And the tears in simple eyes that mourn  
At village hour of prayer,  
As they point to the stone with moss overgrown,  
And think of the sleeper there.

A Village Home, a Village Home  
By a smiling village lea,  
With the calm rich life of its tranquil scene,  
And the joy that smiles thro' its ancient mien,  
And its daily flowers and its olden treen  
That sigh and lean o'er the graveyard green,—  
Oh a Village Home for me!

### WHAT MIGHT BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D.

What might be done if men were wise  
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,  
Would they unite,  
In love and right,  
And cease their scorn of one another!

Oppression's heart might be imbued  
With kindling drops of loving kindness,  
And knowledge pour  
From shore to shore,  
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs—  
All vice and crime may die together;  
And wine and corn,  
To each man born,  
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod—  
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow—  
Might stand erect  
In self-respect,  
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done—  
And more than *this*, my suffering brother—  
More than the tongue  
Ever said or sung  
If men were wise, and loved each other.



From the Metropolitan.

## LINES TO A YOUNG LADY.

I look'd for thee the landscape o'er,  
 I sought thee, but in vain;  
 And true, it seems, that nevermore  
 We two may meet again.  
 Thine eye so bright, may shed its light,  
 In halls untrod by me;  
 Where mirth and song the glad night long,  
 May fill the heart with glee;  
 Where melting bosoms own the might  
 And pride of minstrelsy.

And yet, I would have loved thee well,  
 Maid of the liquid eye;  
 And yet upon me is the spell  
 Of thy fair presence nigh.  
 And yet I feel 'tis vain to tell,  
 How I alone must sigh:  
 How the fond hope that bade me swell,  
 Is crushed, despondingly.

Oh, be thou still as pure, as fair;  
 As now thou seem'st to me;  
 Be still thy heart as void of care,  
 Thine eye from weeping free:  
 Still may thy tresses, rich and rare,  
 Hang down luxuriantly.

Enough for me in secrecy  
 To nurse the sacred flame:  
 To fill the cup in festive glee,  
 And give the honored name;  
 To drink to her who generously  
 Will not a poet blame.

## A FIRST OFFENCE UNPARDONED.

BY THOMAS HARRISON.

O there has many a tear been shed,  
 And many a heart been broken,  
 For want of a gentle hand stretch'd forth,  
 Or a word in kindness spoken!

Then O! with brotherly regard  
 Greet every son of sorrow;  
 So from each tone of love his heart  
 New hope—new strength shall borrow.

Nor turn—with cold and scornful eye  
 From him that hath offended;  
 But let the harshness of reproof,  
 With kindlier tones be blended.

The seeds of good are everywhere:  
 And, in the *guiltiest* bosom,  
 Sunn'd by the quickening rays of love,  
 Put forth their tender blossom.

While many a noble soul hath been  
 To deeds of evil harden'd—  
 Who felt that bitterest griefs—  
 A first offence unpardon'd!

For O! if one that slightly errs  
 Be pass'd by unforgiven  
 By kindred beings, weak and frail,  
 How can he look to Heaven?

From Howitt's Journal.

## THE RICH AND THE POOR.

BY ROBERT STORY.

THE high-born commander who fearlessly leads  
 His host or his fleet in the "cause of mankind,"  
 Is enriched if he lives, and is mourned if he bleeds,  
 While his name is in song and in story enshrined.  
 But the soldier, or sailor, whose arm won the day—  
 Who survives, it may be, with the loss of a limb—  
 What hand will enrich him, what guerdon repay,  
 What song will resound through the nations for  
 him!

The favored by Fortune, the favored by Birth,  
 Who earned, or inherit the wealth they have got,  
 Enjoy all the good Heaven pours upon earth,  
 And have flatterers that call them the gods they  
 are not.  
 But the poor man whose toil has produced all this  
 wealth,  
 Whose sinews have shrunk, and whose eyes have  
 grown dim—  
 What heart thinks of him, in his sickness or health?  
 What flatterer will waste a soft phrase upon him?

Enough of old parties and leaders; we want  
 A leader and party with *heart* and with *nerve*,  
 Who will work with a zeal which no obstacles  
 daunt—  
 To win for the masses the rights they deserve.  
 O, never did party in England yet drain  
 A cup filled, like theirs, with delight to the brim!  
 And never did leader the blessings obtain  
 That will gratefully shower from all hearts upon  
 him!

## WORK, NOT COMPLAINT.

MAN, grieve not though thine eye sees not  
 Beyond the far horizon's bound:  
 Complain not though thine intellect  
 So weak and limited is found?

From hill to hill, through vales make way  
 And form a new horizon's bound:  
 From truth to truth, in toil ascend,  
 And day by day take in fresh ground!

The sun, the ruler of the heavens,  
 Sees not at once the wide earth o'er;  
 Shall man, a tenant of the earth,  
 The heavens with a glance explore?

## OUR APPOINTED TIME.

BOUND down to earth, the weary soul complains,  
 And struggles to escape; panting to rise,  
 And wing its way back to its native skies,  
 But He whose breath it is, who ever reigns  
 Supreme, amid the light of lights sustains  
 Its fainting strength, and giveth life new ties,  
 To make endurance sweet, and thence supplies  
 A ray of heaven's bliss to earth's sad plains.  
 Peace, weary one! thou hast a work to do,  
 Which being fitly ended, thou shalt soar,  
 And having gained it, quit thy home no more.  
 Then with firm constancy thy course pursue,  
 Until all knowledge open on thy view,  
 When life is love, and love is to adore.



**PUNCH ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.**—Punch is down upon Louis Philippe, as a matter of course, like a thousand of brick. One of the large caricatures in Punch represents a *Sans Culotte* in a Roman helmet extinguishing Louis Philippe with the Phrygian Liberty Cap. The King sits on a candle stick like a pale candle half burned out. The following are cuts in letter-press of the last number :

*Romance of History.*—Who would have thought that the "coming man" would have been Louis Philippe.

*"Le Commencement de la Fin."*—All that is now left of the French "Nobility," is the initial syllable "No." A bad beginning, but a worse end.

*A Cat may look at a King.*—This is a very ancient maxim ; but, if kings do not take care, it will become obsolete, for though it may be always true that a cat may look at a king, the time may come when a cat must look very sharp, indeed, to find one. We hope, nevertheless, that a cat may enjoy the privilege of looking at a Queen, and that the feline animal may, throughout the whole of its nine lives, have our own Victoria to look upon.

*The Bo-peep of the Bourbons.*—Louis Philippe has lost his sheep, and never again will find 'em. The people of France have made an advance and left their King behind 'em.

*Counterfeit Coin.*—It is evident that much counterfeit money must of late have been put in circulation, for during many days the people of Dover, Southampton, and other sea-side places, have been keeping a sharp look-out for a bad sovereign.

*The worst cut of all.*—Louis Philippe, the ex-King turned out of France, and scorned by all Europe, incurs the pity of Mr. D'Israeli. They say this cut up the King, more than any other of his mis-haps.

#### *The Lost Game.*

At cards a sly and an old man played  
With a nation across the sea  
And oaths were taken, and bets were made  
As to whose the game should be.

They played so long, and they played so well,  
It was difficult to scan  
If the sly old man should the people "sell,"  
Or the people the sly old man.

The people were "flush" of "clubs" and "spades,"  
And played as if in despair;  
And "diamonds" he had, in all their grades,  
But never a "heart" was there.

The last "heat" came of the game I sing,  
And the people played pell-mell;  
But the old man lost, tho' he played the "king,"  
For he played the "knave" as well.

#### *The Three Glorious Days of Prince Louis Napoleon.*

Feb. 26th. I left London for Paris.

" 27th. I reached Paris.

" 28th. I left Paris, and reached London.

**MORAL.**—I came; I saw; but somehow did not conquer.—**CÆSAR**, (*a little altered*).

**Ominous.**—This is the second time that titles have been abolished in France. The rule of Lindley Murray says, "two negatives make an affirmative," but as the French are not particularly fond of English rule, there is still hope left for the French nobility.

*Citizen Louis Philippe in Paris.*—Such is the confidence of the French Republicans in the durability of their form of Government that, it is said, in a very little time they will allow all the Orleans family to return to Paris to enjoy the comforts of private citizenship. Louis Philippe, we understand, proposes to set up in business as a money changer.

*The Patentees of Government.*—We are so profoundly convinced that no Ministry can survive for a week unless it is compounded of the Nobility, that we have the most serious alarms for the duration of the Provisional Government at Paris. Why, there is not a single Lord amongst them! It is true that the members are all men of genius, every one of whom has distinguished himself, more or less, by his talents—but what has that to do with Government? No! Give us the *Red Book* before all other books, be they histories, or the best works on political economy, or the cleverest book you like. What is a man like Lamartine to a Marquis? How can a person like Louis Blanc, much less the editor of a newspaper, know as much about statesmanship as an Earl, or a Viscount, or even a Right Honorable? No; the probability is absurd. The race of statesmen are all born with coronets. It is a breed of itself. The branches of Government, to flourish, must be covered with strawberry-leaves. For a country to be happy, to be free from debt, to be prosperous, the Ministers that guide it must be selected on the golden rule of "Nobility before Ability."

The preference reads rather absurd, but the thing has been proved so often in England, that the justice of it must be true; and are we not particularly happy?—Look to the Income-Tax. Are we not free from debt?—Only refer to the National Debt.



And are we not prosperous?—But it is useless solving these questions when we have a Whig Ministry. The Genius of Statesmanship abides only in Herald's College.

*St. Helena the Second.*—The Napoleon of Peace has worked out his resemblance to his namesake. He now only wants a St. Helena, which we hope he will find at Claremont, where, upon his two millions in the British Funds, he will be enabled to rough it quietly for the remainder of his days.

*The Mouth-Slopper of France.*—The Minister of the Interior has declared Reform Banquets illegal. Louis Philippe evidently disapproves of the too great readiness to help themselves displayed by his subjects at those dinners. So anxious is he to stop the mouths of his people that he now forbids them from dining. But no doubt his paternal views of Government would be fully answered if his lieges would behave at table like well-regulated children, and eat—but not talk.

*Equivocal Insanity.*—Count Mortier is declared to be mad. One of the alleged signs of his insanity is his belief that M. Guizot is desirous of depriving him of *his skin*. For ourselves, we think there may be some truth in this. For in the present state of things, we believe it likely that M. Guizot should wish himself in any other man's skin than his own.

**THE SOCIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.**—In a former paper it was shown that the bulk of mankind, according to the testimony of all travellers, require something in the nature of a stimulant. Wherever this stimulant is tea, there is to be found, as will presently be shown, the spirit of civilization in full activity. Where it is wanting, or used in small quantity, barbarous manners are still predominant. I therefore propound that tea and the discontinuance of barbarism are connected in the way of cause and effect. The original country of tea had arrived, at the date when history began to be written in Europe, at a stage of refinement which was unknown in the west for many centuries after. The Chinese were shut up with their tea between the desert and the ocean; and when visited at the end of many centuries by Europeans, who crossed the deep, or penetrated through a cordon of savage nations for the purpose, they were found to possess the political and social institutions, the manners, and even the frivolities peculiar to civilized life. Tea is suggestive of a thousand wants, from which spring the decencies and luxuries of society. The savage may drink water out of his calabash till doomsday; but give him tea, and he straightway exercises his faculties in the invention of a cup worthy of such a beverage. Tea was thus the inventor, I have little doubt, of that rich porcelain called china, from which arose numberless ideas of elegance in form, and beauty in coloring. The Japanese are perhaps still greater tea-drinkers than the Chinese; and they afford a more striking instance than the latter of the union of this custom with a high state of refinement and politeness. Tea was hardly known at all in this country till after the middle of the seventeenth century. It would not be easy to trace, in direct manner, the operation of this new agent in civilization, for tea does its spiriting gently. It is no vulgar conjuror, whose aim it is to make people stare. It insinuates itself into the mind, stimulates the imagination, disarms the thoughts of their coarseness, and brings up dancing to the surface a thousand beautiful and enlivening ideas. It is a bond of family love; it is the ally of a woman in the work of refinement; it throws down the conventional barrier between the two sexes, taming the

rude strength of the one, and ennobling the graceful weakness of the other. Tea, however, philosophically considered, is merely a rival of alcohol. The desire for an agreeable and exhilarating drink is natural to man, for it exists in all states of society; and the new beverage, gratifying the taste as it does without injuring the health or maddening the brain, must be considered a blessing to the human race. We are apt to look with disgust at such statistics as I have ventured to introduce, though sparingly, into this article; but if we consider the moral consequences attending the consumption of a few additional million pounds of tea, the arithmetical figures will be invested with more than romantic interest.—*Chambers's Journal*.

**MIRABEAU.**—Poets tell us clouds take the forms of the countries over which they pass, that moulding themselves upon the valleys, upon the plains, or the mountains, they preserve their impress, and thus bear them across the heavens. This is the image of certain men, whose collective genius, so to say, moulds itself upon their era, and in themselves embody all the individuality of a nation. Mirabeau was one of these men. He did not originate the revolution, he manifested it. Without him, perhaps, it would have remained a mere idea or tendency. He was born, and in him it found form, passion, language, that which causes a crowd to exclaim; "Behold here is the thing itself!"

He was born a gentleman, of an old family, originally from Italy, but refugees, and established in Provence. This family was one of those which Florence had repulsed from her bosom during the tempestuous times of her liberty, and for whose exile and persecution Dante so severely reproaches his country. The blood of Machiavelli and the restless genius of the Italian republics showed themselves in all the individuals of this race. The proportions of their souls are above their destiny. Vices, passions, virtues, all are beyond the common line. The women are angelic or wicked, the men sublime or depraved, their very language is emphatic and grand like their characters. Even in their most familiar correspondence there are the coloring and vibration of the heroic tongues of Italy. Mirabeau's ancestors speak of their domestic affairs as Plutarch of the quarrels of Marius and Sylla, of Cæsar and Pompey. You feel that they are great men lost amidst ignoble things. Mirabeau from his cradle was filled with this domestic majesty and this manhood. The source of genius is often in the race, and the family is sometimes the prophecy of destiny. Mirabeau's education was rude and cold, like the hand of his father, who was called the *Friend of Men*, but whose restless spirit and selfish vanity rendered him the persecutor of his wife and the tyrant of his children. Honor was the only virtue taught him. That was the name then given to that parade virtue which was often only the exterior of probity and the elegance of vice. Entering the military service early, he only contracted a taste for dissipation and play. His youth being passed in state prisons, his passions there exasperated themselves, his genius whetted itself on the chains of his dungeon, and his soul lost that modesty which rarely survives these precocious chastisements. Removed from prison to attempt, at the desire of his father, forming a connexion with Mademoiselle de Marniguan, a rich heiress of one of the great families of Provence, he practised himself in cunning and audacious scheming on this little stage of Aix. He displayed cunning, seduction, bravado, all the resources of his nature to gain success; and he did

succeed; but scarcely had he married before he is pursued by fresh persecutions, and the strong castle of Pontarlier opens to receive him. A love, which the "Letters to Sophie" have rendered immortal, once more open the gates for him. He carries off Madame de Monnier from her old husband. The happy lovers take refuge for some months in Holland. They are overtaken, are separated, are placed in confinement, one in the convent, the other in the dungeon of Vincennes. Love, which like fire in the veins of the earth, always shows itself in some recess of a great man's destiny, kindles into one ardent flame all the passions of Mirabeau. In his vengeance, it is outraged love which he satisfies; in liberty, it is love which he again wins and rescues; in study, it is also love which he makes illustrious. Entering obscure into his dungeon, he leaves it a writer, an orator, a statesman; but perverted, ready for anything, even to sell himself for fortune and celebrity.

The drama of his life has been conceived in his brain; a stage is alone wanting, and that time prepares for him. In the interval of the few years which passed between the time of his quitting the fortress of Vincennes, and his entering the National Assembly, he accomplished a mass of polemical work, which would have wearied any other man, but which only kept him in breath. The Bank of St. Charles, the Institutions of Holland, the work on Prussia, his encounter with Beaumarchais, his style and the part he had to sustain, those grand pleadings upon questions of war, of the balance of European powers, of finance; those biting invectives, those word-duels with the ministers and popular men of the time, already recalled the Roman Forum at the time of Clodius and Cicero. You feel the antique spirit in these modern controversies. You already believe you hear the first roaring of those popular tumults, which are soon to burst forth, and which his voice is destined to govern. At the first election of Aix, rejected with scorn by the nobility, he throws himself on the mercies of the people, sure to make the balance fall on that side on which he bestows the weight of his audacity and genius. Marseilles disputes with Aix the possession of the great plebeian. His two elections, the discourses which he delivers there, the addresses which he draws up, and the energy which he displays, occupy the attention of all France. His echoing words became proverbs of the revolution. From the moment of his entrance into the National Assembly, he alone occupied it; he in his own person is the entire people. His gestures are commands. He places himself on a level with the throne. His very vices cannot prevail over the clearness and sincerity of his intellect. At the foot of the rostrum he is a man without shame and virtue, at the rostrum he is an honest man. Yet the people are no religion to him, only an instrument. His God is glory; his faith posterity; his conscience only in his intellect, the fanaticism of his idea is entirely human; the cold materialism of the age deprives his soul of the motive and the strength given by imperishable things. He dies, exclaiming, "Cover me with perfumes and crown me with flowers, that I may enter into the eternal sleep." He is of time alone; he has imprinted nothing of the infinite on his work. He has not sanctified either his character, his acts, or his thoughts, with an immortal sign. Had he believed in God he might have died a martyr, but he would have left behind him the religion of reason, and the reign of democracy. In a word, Mirabeau was the intellect of a people—yet that is not after all being the aith of a people!—*Lamartine's Girondins.*

**PORTRAIT OF LOUIS XVI.** Louis was at this time thirty-seven; his features were those of his race, rendered rather more heavy by the German blood of his mother, a princess of the house of Saxony. He had blue eyes much open, rather clear than dazzling, a round retreating forehead, a Roman nose, deprived somewhat of the usual energy of the aquiline form, by the nostrils being soft and heavy; a mouth smiling and gracious in its expression, thick lips, but well cut; a fine skin, a rich and bright complexion although somewhat flaccid. His stature was short, his figure stout, attitude timid, gait uncertain. In repose an uneasy balancing of himself, first on one hip, then on the other, it might be a movement contracted by him in the impatience which seizes princes forced to give long audiences, or a physical sign of the perpetual balancing of his undecided mind. In his whole person an expression of good-humor, more vulgar than royal, exciting at the first moment rather mockery than veneration, and which was seized upon by his enemies with a wicked perverseness and exhibited to the people as a symbol of those vices which they desired to immolate in royalty. In short, a certain resemblance to the imperial physiognomy of the last Cæsars at the time of the decay of their race and the empire; the gentleness of Antoninus, with the heavy corpulency of Vitellius; such was the man!

The young prince had been brought up at Meudon, in complete seclusion from the court of Louis XV. That evil atmosphere which had infected the age, had not penetrated to the heir of the throne. The soul of Fénélon seemed to have revisited this Palace of Meudon, where he had educated the Duke of Burgundy, to watch over the education of his descendant. That which was most nearly related to enthroned vice, was perhaps the purest thing in France. Had not the age been as dissolute as the king, it would have lavished all its affection upon him. But the age had reached that point of corruption when purity appears ridiculous, and when modesty is derided. Married at twenty to a daughter of Maria Theresa, he continued till he ascended the throne, his life of domestic seclusion and study. The horror inspired by his grandfather, formed his only popularity. For a few days he enjoyed the esteem of his people, but never their favor. Honest and well-informed he was, but spite of his feeling the necessity of reform, he had not the soul of a reformer; he had neither the genius nor the boldness necessary. He accumulated tempests without giving them impulse.—*Lamartine.*

**MARIE-ANTOINETTE.**—The Queen seemed to have been created by nature, as a contrast to the King, and to excite for ages, interest and compassion in one of those state dramas, which are incomplete without the sufferings of a woman. Daughter of Maria Theresa, her life had commenced amidst the storms of the Austrian monarchy. She was one of those children which the Empress held by the hand when presenting herself as a suppliant before her faithful Hungarian subjects, they exclaimed,—“Let us die for our King Maria Theresa!” Her daughter also had the heart of a king. At her arrival in France, her beauty had dazzled the whole kingdom; this beauty was still in all its splendor. She was of a tall, graceful figure; a true daughter of the Tyrol. The two children she had presented to the throne, lent to her person that character of maternal majesty which suits so well the mother of a nation. The presentiments of her misfortunes, and the anxieties of each day had only somewhat paled her first freshness. The natural majesty of her carriage de-



stroyed none of the grace of her movements; her neck rising freely from her shoulders, had those grand bendings which give such expression to attitudes. You felt the woman beneath the queen, the tenderness of her heart under the majesty of her destiny. Her light brown hair was long and silky; her forehead high and slightly swelling; her eyes of that clear blue which recalls northern skies, or the waters of the Danube; her nose aquiline, the nostrils open, and distended with emotion, a sign of courage; her mouth large, the teeth dazzling, Austrian lip, that is to say, prominent and full; the contour of her countenance oval, her physiognomy changing, expressive, full of emotion. Her whole countenance clothed with that indescribable splendor, which sparkles in the glance, glows in the shadows and reflexions of the flesh, and surrounds all with a halo similar to the warm and colored vapor in which objects bathed with sunshine seem to swim; the highest expression of beauty which gives to it the ideal, renders it living and changes it into attraction. Together with all these charms, a soul thirsting for affection, a heart easily moved and only asking for a resting place; and a smile pensive and intelligent.—Such was Marie-Antoinette as the woman.

This was enough to make the happiness of a man, and the ornament of a court. To inspire an undecided king, and be the salvation of a state more was needed. Genius for government was needed; and this the Queen had not. Received with a mad intoxication by a corrupt court, and ardent nation, she was likely to believe in the eternity of their sentiments. She had let herself be lulled to rest amidst the dissipations of Trianon. She had heard the first mutterings of the tempest without believing in the danger. The court was become importunate, the nation hostile. An instrument of the court intrigues upon the heart of the King, she had at first favored, then combated all those reforms which would have prevented or delayed the crisis. Her name became to the people the phantom of the counter-revolution. We are ready to calumniate what we fear. She was painted as a Messalina. The most infamous pamphlets were circulated; the most scandalous anecdotes believed. She might be accused of tenderness; of depravity, never. Beautiful, young, and adored; if her heart did not remain insensible, her secret sentiments, innocent perhaps, never justly gave room for scandal. History has her modesty; and this we will not violate. On these memorable days, the 5th and 6th of October, the Queen perceived only too late the enmity of the people. Emigration commenced, and she regarded it with favor. She was accused of plotting the destruction of the nation. Her name was sung aloud in the anger of the people. One woman became the enemy of an entire nation. Her pride disdained to deceive the people. She shut herself up in her resentment, and her terror. Imprisoned in the Tuileries she could not show her face at the window without provoking outrage, and hearing insult. Every noise in the city made her fear an insurrection. Her days were desolate, her nights agitated. Her martyrdom was each hour throughout two long years, and multiplied in her heart by her love for her two children, and her uneasiness about the King. Her servants were spies. She caused much evil to the king; endowed with more mind, more soul, more character than he, her superiority only served to inspire him with confidence in her fatal counsel. She was at once the consolation of his woes, and the genius of his destruction; step by step she led him towards the scaffold; but she mounted it with him.—*Lamartine.*

THE REVELATIONS OF SCIENCE.—Robert Hunt, Esq., writing in the *Pharmaceutical Times*, says:—"The all-vigorous mind of the most inspired of British bards, who tuned his lyre to the song of creation, never, in the rapture and the trance of poetic conception, dreamed of any system so singularly complete as that which science has revealed unto us. The dependence of all systems of worlds upon each other, the adjustment of the balance of powers by which they are retained in their places, the disposition of matter in the mass of the earth, the relation of every kingdom of nature to each other, the harmony of the action of those forces upon which all the great natural phenomena depend, and the probable flow of all these quickening principles from the sun, and, consequently, the enchainment of the earth by mysterious powers to that luminary, present to every reflecting mind a series of circumstances calculated to awaken the most soul-ennobling thought, and to carry conviction that, however wonderful may be the marvellous creations of the poetic mind, they are far exceeded by the revelations of science,—that, indeed, *truth is strange, stranger than fiction.*"

"THERE'S NOTHING LIKE LEATHER."—This old adage (like many others) seems doomed to be crushed under the wheels of progress. Gutta Percha (pertsha) has fairly "stepped into the shoes" hitherto monopolised by tanned hides. Vegetarians, who believe that men may have all their wants supplied by the vegetable kingdom, and live without the shedding of blood, are rejoicing in the discovery, and seem to have realized much good for their "soles." Some little account of this new commodity may not be uninteresting:—

Gutta Percha is the gum of a tree which grows on the island of Borneo, and the entire Malayan Peninsula abounds in extensive forests of this most valuable production of the tropics. The tree is very large, and bears some resemblance to the India-rubber tree, but differs from it in its botanical characteristics. The sap of the tree exudes from its lacerated surface, but quickly becomes hard on being exposed to the air. It is purified by being boiled in hot water, when it becomes soft and plastic; below a temperature of fifty degrees it is nearly as hard as wood; it is extremely tough, but becomes plastic when it is cut into thin strips; at a temperature below boiling water it becomes as soft and yielding as melted wax or putty, and may be moulded into any form, or stretched out thinner than the finest paper. When it cools, it becomes hard and tough again, and retains its plastic shape without the slightest change by contraction or warping. Its tenacity is wonderful; a thin slip sustained a weight of fifty pounds; the process of melting and cooling seems to have no effect in injuring its qualities. It burns freely, and emits an odor when ignited similar to that of caoutchouc; it is easily dissolved in oil of turpentine, but with difficulty in ether and other solvents of India-rubber. The uses of this valuable material are almost infinite; it combines all the valuable properties of the best tanned leather, with the elasticity of caoutchouc, and a durability which neither of them possesses, and for strapping machinery supplies a want that has long been seriously experienced. It will answer all the purposes to which leather is applied, and is immensely superior to that of India-rubber for boots and shoes. A leaf of Gutta Percha, no thicker than bank-note paper, is as impervious to water as glass: for umbrellas, overcoats, roofs of houses, bottoms of ships, covering of boxes, and in all cases where protection from wet is

desired, its use will be invaluable. It can be formed into gas-pipes and water-pipes of any size and degree of strength that may be required; and used for such purposes will not decompose or wear out; and being ductile and elastic it may be applied in a thousand shapes and for thousands of purposes where iron or lead cannot be used. It will supply the place of tin, wood, copper, iron, stone, and even glass, for such purposes as buckets, tubs, vases, goblets, drinking cups, and all manner of utensils which are not used over the fire. But its uses for ornamental purposes are even more varied. In England it has already been used to a considerable extent in bookbinding, and for that purpose alone it must soon entirely supersede leather. For mouldings of all kinds, for the cornices of a house, the capitals of pillars in architecture, to the most delicate and intricate fancy work, such as snuff-boxes, picture-frames, knife-handles, and the ornamentation of rooms, carriages, fountains, ships' cabins, steam-boats, and the innumerable articles which are made to gratify the eye, it must supersede many other materials. Air, acids, and the ordinary chemical agencies, have no effect upon it. It is harder than horn, softer than wax, more tenacious than caoutchouc, more durable than iron; nothing can injure it but a hot fire, and even that does not destroy it; and no ordinary rub can deface it. For floor-cloths it will supersede the use of all other materials, as it can be made of extreme thinness perfectly impervious to air or water, and of greater durability than any other flexible material known. In its hard state it can with difficulty be cut with a knife or saw, but when it is soft it can be moulded into the most delicate forms by the hand of a child."

MR. BABBAGE ON TAXATION.—Mr. Babbage regards taxation as payment for protection; and he thinks that it is just to tax income and not property, for a limited time, because income is annual, and therefore it is fit to pay an annual sum for its defence. If you tax property, he says, you tax one man for being richer than another. In this limitation of temporary taxation, our great calculator seems to be misled by the community of the term "annual" as applied to the tax and the duration of the thing which he consents to protect: but in fact that coincidence does not signify much: if a man needs protection for a year, he does not need it only for his perishable goods; the nurseryman, who is obliged to hire watchmen against the casualties of a particularly hard season, will not set them to watch his annuals only, but will be still more solicitous about his perennials: the income of 1848 needs protection only in 1848, but the fixed property which is enjoyed in 1849 also needed protection in 1848. It seems curious that it should be necessary to call to mind that there are other things which need protection through a storm besides those which are naturally deciduous.

Let us assume that the purposes of taxation are expressed with tolerable fairness by the term "protection": it will appear that there are three classes of protection exacted by the tax-payer from the state.

1. Protection for his own person. All men enjoy this equally; and, Wat Tyler notwithstanding, justice would be satisfied, on the score of this particular protection, by a perfectly equal polltax on every living soul.

2. Protection for his possessions. Income is, as we have shown, only one thing that a man possesses. He would think it very scanty defence which secured him only his dividend, and suffered his stock to be confiscated—only his rent, and suffered his land to be ploughed with salt. He wants protection, if at

all, for the whole of his possessions, and most of all for those which are most lasting.

3. Protection for his free action. This it is impossible to tax directly; the needful surveillance over a man's actions being incompatible with liberty. But you arrive at much the same result, *à converso*, by taxing all that he consumes and uses—by a system of taxes on consumption. In order to make those taxes fall equally, they ought to be rated on all things according to a uniform standard *ad valorem*, so as not to interfere with the operations of trade by deranging the proportions of price. A perfectly equal pressure of taxes would be quite accordant with perfect freedom of trade. Absolute perfection would be impossible; but it would be possible to readjust the tariff on this principle—that no taxes should be excessive, either in heaviness or lightness, as compared with others.—*Spectator*.

LOUIS PHILIPPE.—The remarkable man who now governs France is in his seventy-fifth year. He has travelled much, he has seen much, and he has learned much; and perhaps there is no man in Europe, whether sovereign or subject, who has had a greater commerce with, or experience of, men and things. Without possessing any brilliant or showy talents, he is a personage of great general information; of a calm and tranquil nature, of a naturally cold and reserved disposition, in affairs of moment: distinguished alike in great things and in small by prudence and perseverance. He is a man of immense labor, taking a pleasure in affairs and in the transaction and dispatch of business. He examines himself all important papers connected with the affairs of State, reads the principal journals, and attends even to the details of his own private fortune, and to the management of the affairs of his family and children. He is an excellent linguist, speaking with fluency, English, Italian, and German, and very lately he astonished the Ambassador of Bolivia, by addressing him in the primitive language of Peru. Though in public the King is an incessant and rather egotistical talker on ordinary topics of no moment, yet he speaks but little at Cabinet Councils, generally listening very attentively. Sometimes he interrupts, for the purpose of asking a question, and sometimes he interposes objections. It very often happens that he knows practically more of a question than all his Ministers, especially if it have reference to foreign affairs or diplomacy; and should the Council not agree with him, delay is generally interposed, where practicable, and in the meanwhile the monarch sets about seriously to carry his point. In this purpose he is most frequently, by perseverance, successful, so that the *pensée immuable* is not a fiction. To say that he is a sincere, a fair-dealing, or an honest man, would be impossible; to say that he is a very superior man would be flattery; but he is a cold, calculating, reflective man; resolute, prudent, unscrupulous, crafty, and sagacious. He knows the Courts of Europe, and the characters of the principal statesmen and ambassadors better than any man in his dominions. He very well understands, also, the feelings of the richer middle classes, commercial and landed, of France; and on them he places his firmest reliance. But for the last three years he has, in endeavoring to aggrandize his family, made great mistakes, and descended to more than questionable subterfuges, unworthy of a politic king, and disgraceful to a gentleman and man of honor. His Ministers have been for the most part his tools, and to their persons and principles he is utterly indifferent, otherwise than as they, to use a vulgar phrase, "carry out" his personal system.—*British Quarterly Review*.